

# THE **New Movie** GAZINE

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JULY

**10c**

15¢ in Canada

**I RETURN**  
by  
**ELSIE JANIS**

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



**CLEOPATRA WAS NO DIFFERENT** by Cecil B. DeMille



PN1993  
N4

# Tell us.. YOUR MOST ENJOYABLE

Name the most **Helpful**  
**DRUG STORE** Sales Person  
who has ever served **You**.  
Describe the incident . . .

**\$1,000 IN CASH**  
for Answers

Shopping means thrills for every woman . . . Thrills in finding new items for home and personal use . . . New values . . . New time-and-labor saving articles that modern manufacturing and merchandising make possible!

Write, in 50 words or less, the most *helpful* service ever given you by a Drug Store salesman or saleswoman. Tell us about this enjoyable shopping experience — *what* you bought — *how* you were helped in making your purchase. Then put that sales person's name on the ballot at the right (or facsimile thereof). Fill the ballot in completely. Mail to us as directed. That's all. Act *at once* to share in July's \$1,000 in awards!



## A Two-way Opportunity:

- (1) To earn easy, quick cash yourself
- (2) To help a Drug Store Sales Person win both local and national FAME

Read this double-page announcement before you begin to write. Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Drug Store Sales Person. During what recent Drug buying experience did you receive such *helpful* attentions? *How* and *why* were you pleased?

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of the sales person's service to *you*—manner in which you tell of the Drug buying incident, etc. Keep your letter within 50 words. Have both it and your ballot in the mail before midnight, August 15, 1934. Address Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Look for this seal on store windows

(Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.)

Duplicate awards will be paid in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly Cash Offers in this series. Tower employees and their families are excluded.

**DEALERS:** Beautiful two-color *Friendly, Helpful Service Window Seals* are yours for the asking. They will identify you as co-operating in this tremendous nationwide movement to improve store **SALES** and **SERVICE**. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HOME • SERENADE • NEW MOVIE

TOWER RADIO • MYSTERY

# Tower



# Shopping Experience

## \$1,000 IN CASH AWARDS!

Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll  
CASH for TOWER Readers—FAME for Store Sales People

Get better acquainted with store sales people. Learn to accept their judgment and *helpfulness*. You will be repaid in greater values and satisfaction every time you shop!

Through this program of awards and recognition, TOWER MAGAZINES hope to encourage a finer relationship between stores and their customers. You owe it to yourself to try for an award—and to your community to help a local Drug Store sales person win membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. Send both a statement and ballot *today!*

### To All Retail Drug Sales People:

Be courteous—*helpful*—always. The receipt in our office of 5 ballots bearing *your* name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales HONOR Roll. You will be given an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

### 10 FREE Trips to New York

In addition, each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to America's retail capital—New York—FAME as one of the nation's *ten best* retail store sales persons—This is the final goal for each of those 10 Drug Store Salesmen and Saleswomen who write the best ten (50-word) statements on WHAT CONSTITUTES *FRIENDLY, HELPFUL* SERVICE. Think, now, what *you* will write when *your* name appears on the Honor Roll! Be the Drug Clerk from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities! Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

# Magazines

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1934

Watch August issue of Tower Magazines . . . \$1,000 in added awards for enjoyable experiences buying groceries. You may try for each month's Cash Prizes.

### 82 CASH AWARDS:

- (1) First Prize for the *best* 50-word letter . . . . . \$250.00
- (1) Second Prize for the 2nd *best* 50-word letter . . . . . 100.00
- (1) Third Prize for the 3rd *best* 50-word letter . . . . . 50.00
- (4) Fourth Prizes for the (4) *next best* 50-word letters, 25.00 ea.
- (25) Fifth Prizes for the (25) *next best* 50-word letters, 10.00 ea.
- (50) Sixth Prizes for the (50) *next best* 50-word letters, 5.00 ea.

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

### MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Drug Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK  
(Drug Store Sales Person's name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....  
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....CHECK  
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....  
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....  
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?.... (apartment?).... (house?)....  
CHECK WHICH

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER





## The Girl on the Cover

# ANNA STEN

The glamorous Soviet star whose talent so impressed Samuel Goldwyn that he brought her to America where for one whole year she prepared for her debut in American films. New Movie predicted her great success in the March issue. She will be seen soon again in "Resurrection." The cover is by Armand Seguso.

## THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

VOL. X, No. 1

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

JULY 1934

### THE BEST OF THIS MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Helen Mack's Diary.....	William Ulman, Jr.	8	The Real Mae West (Part 2) ..	Aileen St. John Brenon	34
Hollywood Day by Day.....	Nemo	10	Garbo's Destiny .....	Potter Brayton	36
George Arliss—Mystic.....	Rose Feld	64	Durante Goes Loopy.....	Barbara Barry	43
I Return to the Metropolis.....	Elsie Janis	20	Pioneering in the Movies....	As told to George Gerry	44
Cleopatra Was No Different....	Says Cecil B. DeMille	27	The Boulevardier Goes Blackface .....	Herb Howe	46
How Hollywood Men Keep House...	Grace Kingsley	30	Having Fun in Hollywood.....	Grace Kingsley	52

### News of the Films That Brings You Up to Date

What to Expect in the New Films.....	Barbara Barry	16
First Nights on Broadway.....	Frederic F. Van de Water	48

### New Movie's Outstanding Special Departments

Junior Hollywood Gossip.....	Henry Willson	6	Now It's Needlework.....	Frances Cowles	56
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions.....		39	Cooking with Mona.....	Nancy James	58
The People's Academy.....		50	Taking the Sun in Hollywood.....	Ann Boyd	106
News of the New.....	opp.	51	The Make Up Box.....		76
Music in the Movies.....	John Edgar Weir	54			

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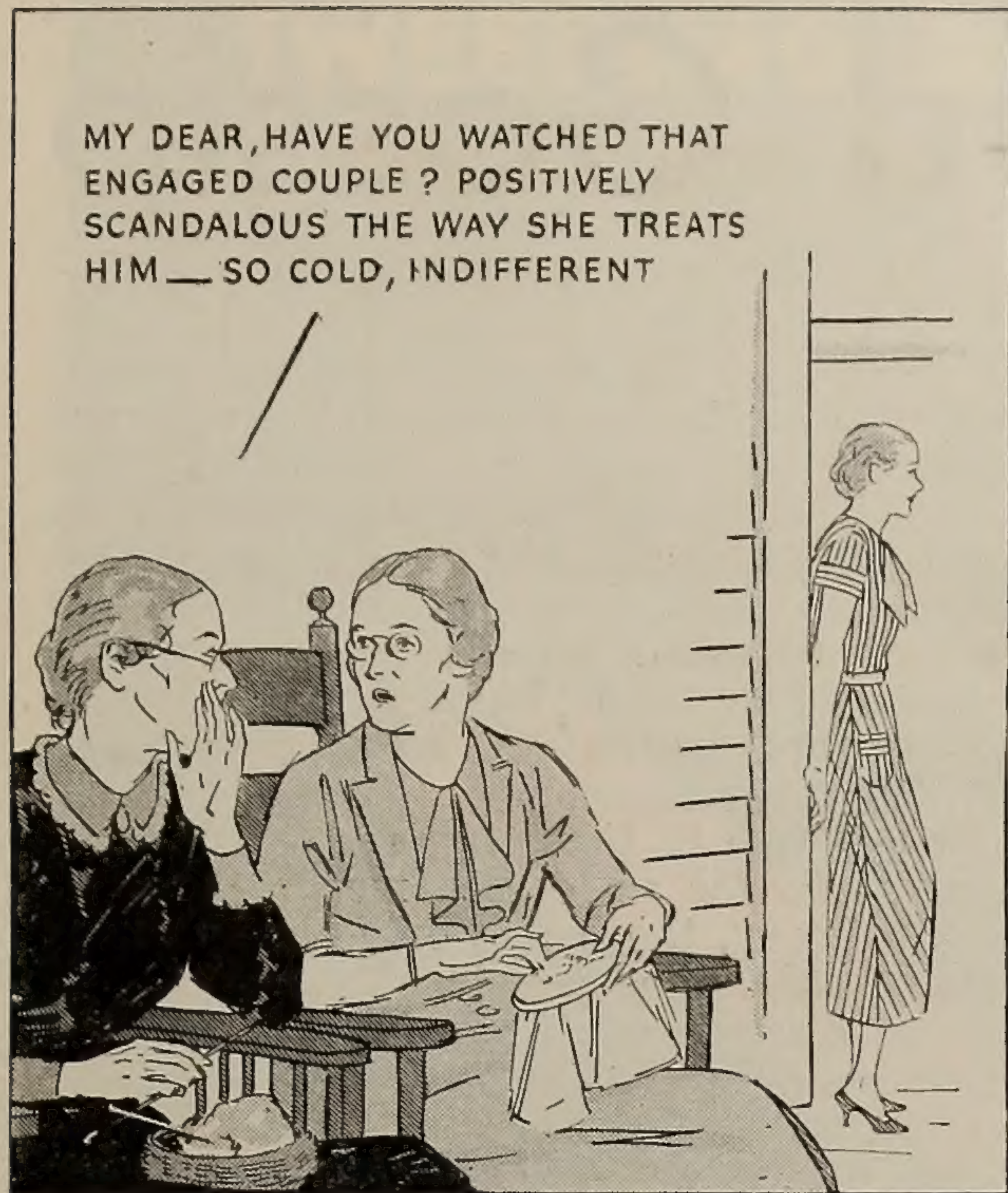
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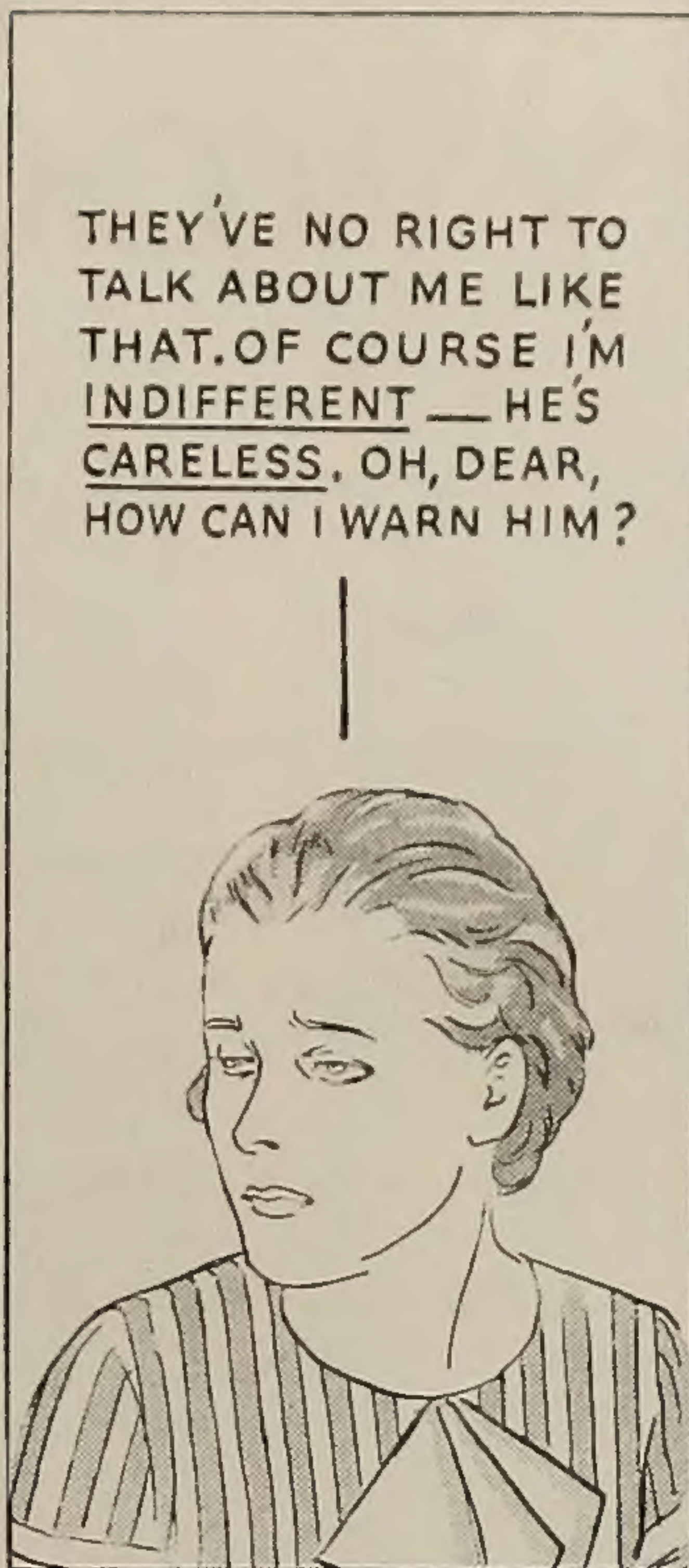
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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH





MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT



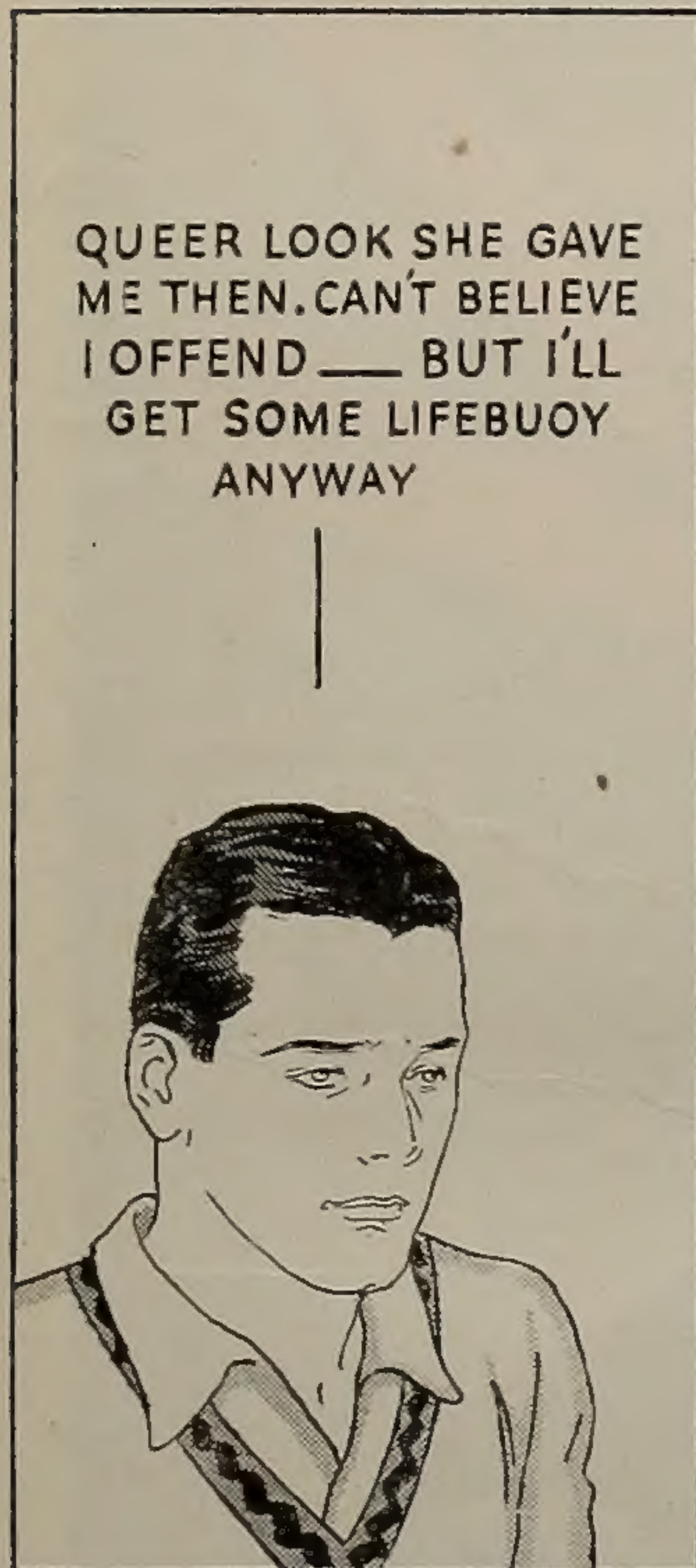
THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM?



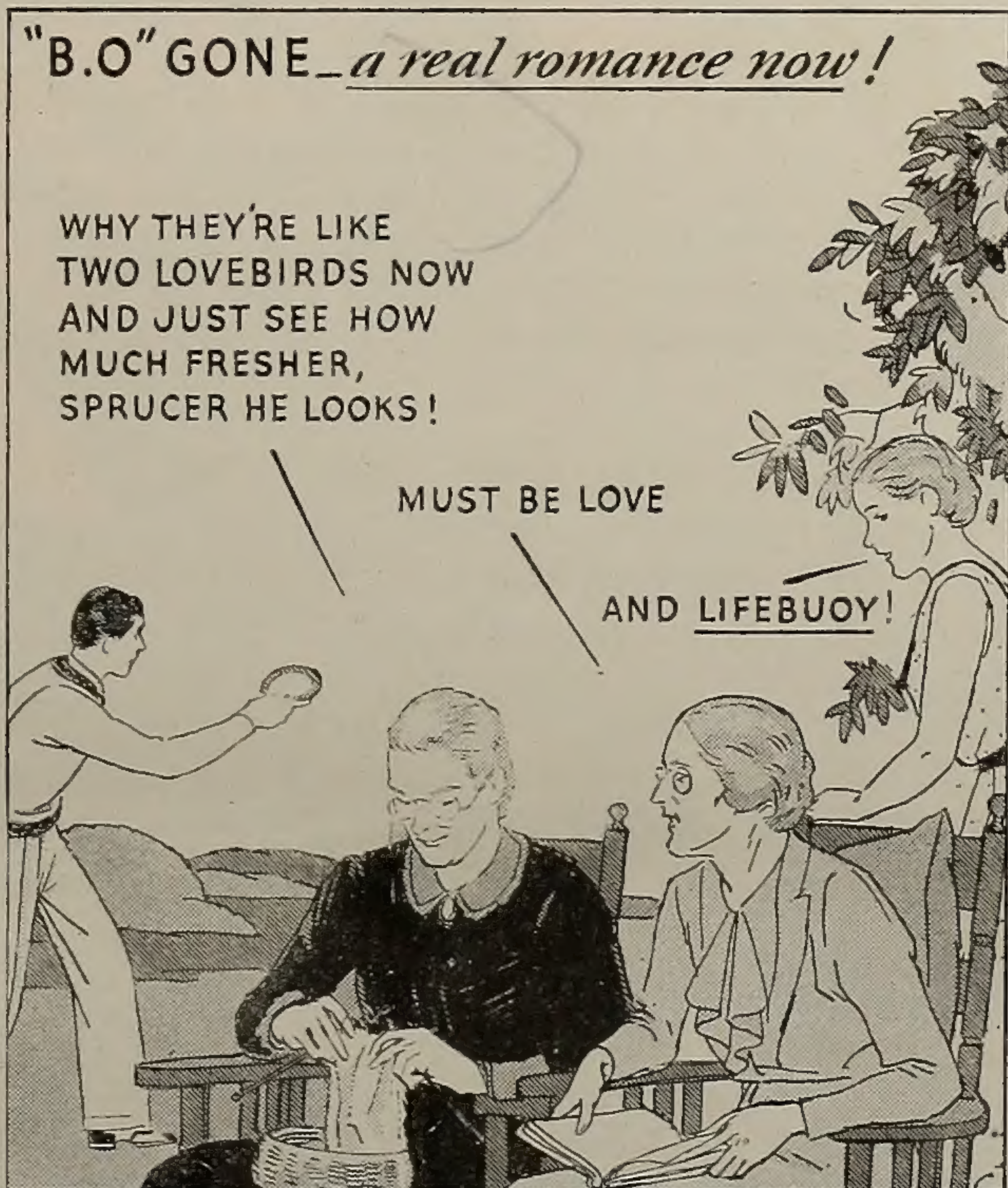
LATER — *a gentle hint*

SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET?

SOME LIFEBOUY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS



QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY ANYWAY



"B.O." GONE — *a real romance now!*

WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS!

MUST BE LOVE

AND LIFEBOUY!

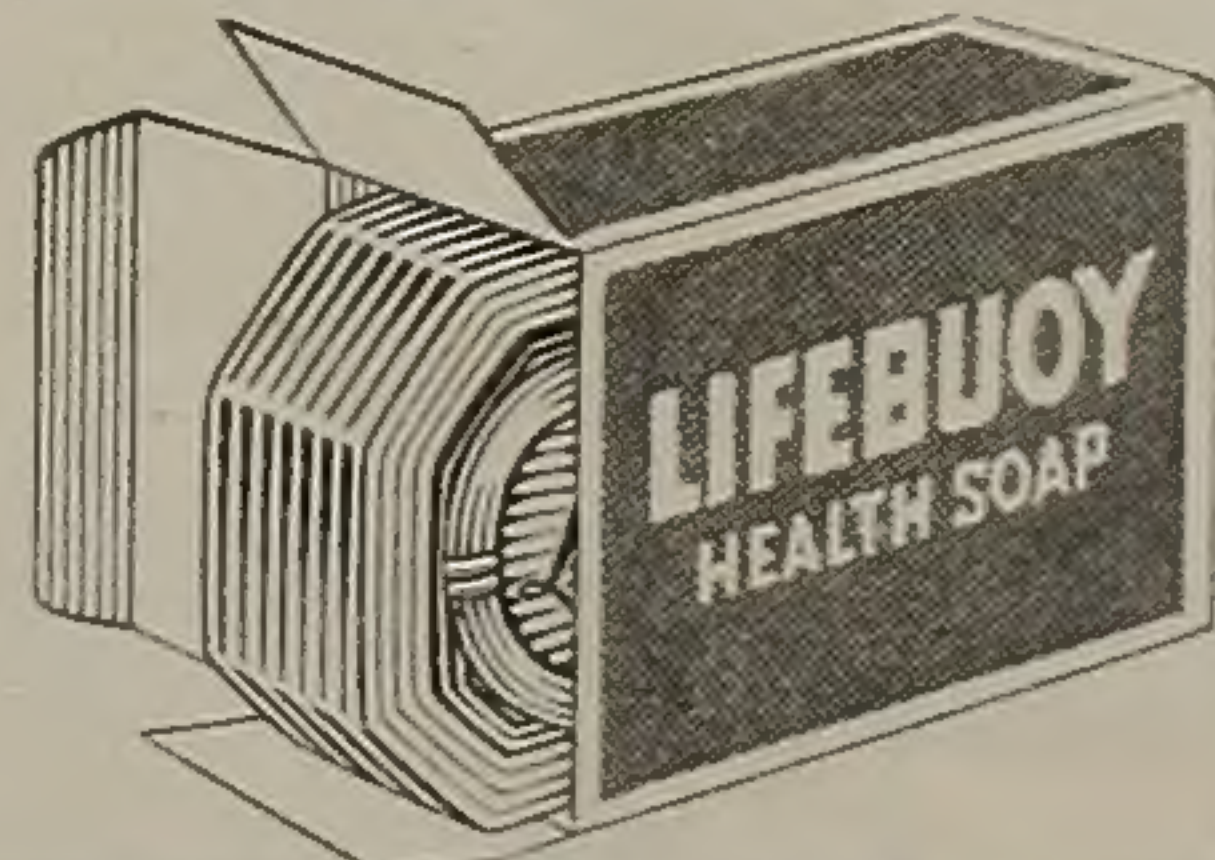


SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBOUY — SO REFRESHING!

**L**IFEBOUY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and purifies pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your mind's at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (body odor).

**Complexions need its mildness**  
Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather. Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by  
Good Housekeeping Bureau



## EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT...



GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY

HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING



WHY, I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS... IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY

AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO



ONE WEEK LATER

YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?

I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

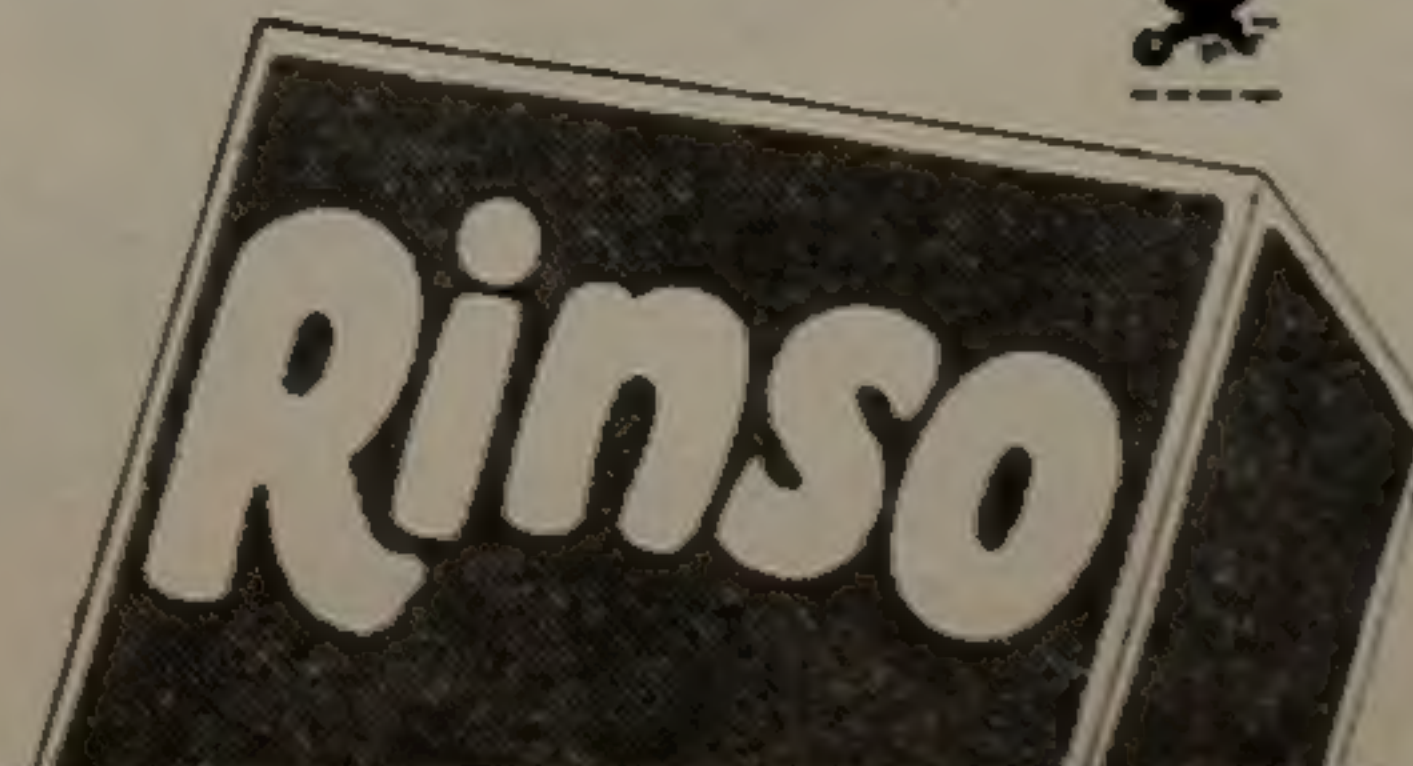
AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...



**Y**OU see, Rinso soaks out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for all cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — even in hardest water. Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.





# Junior Hollywood Gossip

Here and there in Movieland  
with the Younger Set

By  
HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

ERIC LINDEN is back in the fold. Hollywood called the second time and he came. But it is a new Eric Linden who has returned to filmland—a softer, quieter and more retiring Eric. The young actor received a cable sent to the large Normandy villa where he had locked himself up to be alone and write—a hide-out that brought him comfort after the many disappointments Hollywood had caused. The message offered Eric parts in three pictures and also promised to publish his first book, "The Light from Beneath." The temptation was too great, and forty-eight hours later found Linden and his companion, Morrie Willows, bound for home.

Eric has rented a beautiful little house in the canyon above Beverly Hills, but he won't dare venture forth for at least a month, he says, because they left Europe in such a hurry, there was only time to pack one bag with two suits, a couple of shirts and a pair of sneakers. Of course, he has written back to the housekeeper in France, telling her where to find the rest of his belongings and to ship them on immediately. But Eric may be surprised with what arrives from the other shore. He is not too sure of his foreign vocabulary—and the housekeeper may not recognize Eric's version of her native tongue.

\* \* \*

Dorothy Dell, new and attractive Hollywood contract player, sees no reason why a man should not marry an actress, but she wouldn't want to marry an actor. "The actors I have known are too self-centered for a happy married life," she declared. "On the other hand, there are few actresses who wouldn't gladly give up their careers for a home and the right man. And even if she continues acting, her home becomes her primary interest."

Yeah?

\* \* \*

Katherine DeMille is pulenty burned—and President Roosevelt may receive a telegram any day now from the famous producer's daughter, requesting an N. R. A. code on a girl's weight. Who can blame her? After dieting, starving herself, and being pounded by a masseuse for eighteen days, to lose weight for a role in (*Please turn to page 98*)



Wide World

(At top) Ida Lupino has just organized a Sunday afternoon swimming club.

A group at Patricia Ellis' party. Can you name them? If not, turn to page 99



**SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS  
OF THE NATION!**

# VIVA VILLA!

**AT POPULAR  
PRICES**  
Direct from its  
\$2 Broadway  
Engagement!



**10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!**

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

**Starring WALLACE BEERY**

with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**





# HELEN MACK'S DIARY

**Some of the high spots in the career of an actress as revealed by her own personal day by day writings**

(Excerpts selected by William A. Ulman, Jr.)

Oct. 3rd, 1926—Gosh! Here it is October and no work yet. Mother is worried but she tries not to show it; guess I am too, a little. Everybody says it's going to be a swell season though; two more shows went into rehearsal today, a Brady and Wiman musical and something Chamberlain Brown is doing up at Columbus Circle. I do wish there'd be some good kid parts in something!

Oct. 5th, 1926—Am I excited tonight! Listen diary, Mother had just gone to the store when Murray-Phillips' Agency called and wanted me to come down right away. I couldn't wait so I grabbed the subway and went down by myself. Miss Morris

just looked at me and said, "Sorry, my dear, but they shouldn't have called you. I'm afraid you're not the type they want—a little too young." I nearly died, and then I saw Helen McCaffrey over at the window getting a card. We went down the elevator together and she told me it was George M. Cohan's new show, "YELLOW" and that she was going over with a lot of other girls and why didn't I come, too, even if Murray-Phillips wouldn't give me a card; nobody ever paid any attention to the cards anyway if they like you for a part. We went right over to the Lyric and there were dozens of other girls standing around the stage and John Meehan (he's swell) and Mr. Cohan were looking at them and whispering. Well, we stood and stood and I started watching Selena Royale talking to the best looking boy named Chester Morris until Helen nudged me and I looked and saw Mr. Meehan looking right at us and smiling and waving for us to come over. He talked to Helen first and then he turned to me and asked how old I was and I told him 13 and he smiled and started to turn away. I stopped him by talking just as Mother does and told him I'd been in "POMEROY'S PAST," "NEIGHBORS," "IDLE INN," "THE LADY NEXT DOOR" and pictures and he said, "All that?" and I said, "Yes."

And he said I could have a small part as a page girl in a night club scene at the end of the third act and to come down to the theater for rehearsals at eleven tomorrow. . . . And Murray-Phillips were that surprised when I told them! It was marvelous. Mother has just been washing my hair now and it's still all wet so I guess I'll have to sit up a while until it dries, though I'm awfully tired.

Oct. 12th, 1926—Just time for a line before I fall asleep. I couldn't write a thing last night. It was marvelous. Dress rehearsal and we worked till nearly two. I slept in Miss Royale's dressing room on the couch until they got to the third act where I go on and by that time Mr. Cohan was jumping up and down and yelling but nobody minded because they say that he's always that way at dress rehearsals; once he slipped and nearly fell into the pit and came up terribly mad and red but Mr. Meehan was just as calm as ever. I think he's wonderful and his white hair is so sort of impressive and he's got the nicest, understanding smile. Anyway, that was last night. Tonight was the big night. I'll always remember it and the sound of the curtain going up even if I didn't go on for nearly two hours. It was a grand audience and the whole company got several calls. Everybody congratulated everybody else and said it was a hit and that means weeks and weeks and weeks. Oh, I'm so tired! No rehearsals any more, thank goodness.

December 24th, 1926—This is probably one of the grandest Christmas's I ever had. Everybody back stage was swell and wishing everyone else Merry Christmas and before the curtain went up some of them sang "Holy Night" very softly and Selena (Royale) gave me a hand-made pin cushion that she made herself and Chester (Morris) gave me an autographed picture and Mr. Meehan gave me candy and called me the company mascot and Harry Bannister—gave me candy. Gee, everybody is nice; especially Chester. And Mr. Meehan, too, only he's older and more like a father, but in about six years I'll be nineteen and—oh, gosh! Chester's picture looks grand on the dresser. He's sweet!

(Please turn to page 81)



(Left) A recent portrait of Helen Mack. (Below) Taking it easy in the living room of her Hollywood residence. Helen will be seen next in "Kiss and Make Up" with Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton.

William Walling, Jr.



John Miehle



THE GREATEST NOVEL  
OF THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY NOW BRINGS TO  
THE SCREEN HUMANITY'S  
TORTURED HEART-CRY!



LESLIE HOWARD

IN

"Of Human Bondage"

By W. Somerset  
MAUGHAM

The story of a man  
who burnt up his soul  
for an idol cold as ice!... with

BETTE DAVIS

FRANCES DEE · KAY JOHNSON  
REGINALD DENNY

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE  
Directed by John Cromwell  
A Pandro S. Berman Production

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

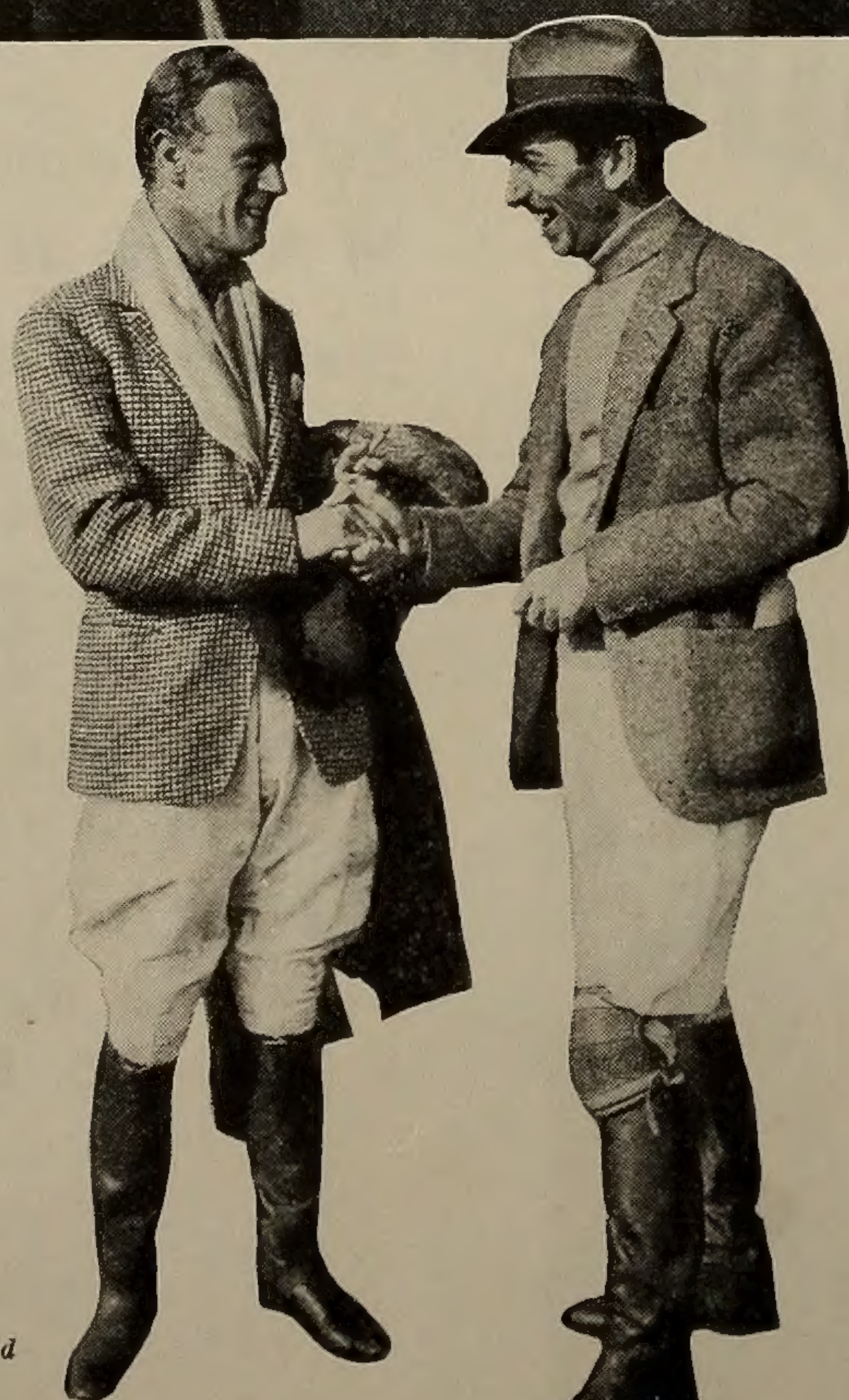
DECEMBER





Lucky Ruth Matteson! Clark Gable saw her in New York, arranged tests and now she is in Hollywood with an M-G-M contract. The photo shows Clark looking her over with critical eye when she arrived at the studio.

Polo enthusiasts . . . Leslie Howard, stage and screen star, and Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, exchange greetings at the Riviera Country Club during the recent games.



Wide World

# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY *by* DAY

## Gossip of the Stars

**H**OLLYWOOD loves a good, hearty feud and was anticipating with much enthusiasm the opportunity of seeing George Raft and Mae West crowding each other in the close-ups of "It Ain't No Sin."

George was eager to play opposite the voluptuous star feeling, not without reason, that he could hold his own.

"No matter how small my part is," George insisted, "I'm going to play it if I can write one line of dialogue into the script."

The proposition, so the story goes, was submitted to Miss West, who promptly vetoed it and George was replaced in the picture by Roger Pryor.

The line of dialogue George wanted to say to Miss West was: "You can be had."

**O**NE harmless little feud which Hollywood is watching with interest is the one between Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow. Neither girl makes any bones about it. It is just good, clean fun. And as though it were not bad enough for Joan to have had to relinquish Franchot Tone to Madeline Carroll for one picture, she now has to watch him make love scenes with her platinum rival, Jean, in "100% Pure." At least I presume Joan will watch the sizzling love scenes because she is having a vacation and she can make Jean plenty uncomfortable by visiting Franchot on the set.

**T**HERE is no known explanation for it except that the people involved are more interesting, but Hollywood feuds always seem much more picturesque than differences between plain, ordinary mortals not only to Mr. and Mrs. John Public but to Hollywood's inner circle as well.

The film colony enjoyed for weeks the incident of a star finding a rival's portrait on her set as a prop, tearing it down and throwing it on the floor.

**W**ILL ROGERS started into the Assistance League for lunch, stopped, peered in and, turning around started down the stairs. Ruth Roland, who was doing duty as head waitress that day, ran after him, shouting:

"Come back here. What's the matter?"

"I didn't see any men," he explained, "and I thought I was in the ladies' room."

Ruth told him he hadn't looked far enough; that there were about thirty men from the Fox Studio eating lunch. Mr. Rogers went on in and then insisted upon paying the checks for the entire company. He never orders a table d'hôte meal. He says: "Bring (Please turn to page 12)"



# Tintex—

## World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES



John Held Jr.

### Use TINTEX for

Underthings	Slips
Negligees	Blouses
Pajamas	Sweaters
Stockings	Dresses
Men's Shirts	Scarfs
Children's Clothing	
Luncheon Sets	Doilies
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Drapes	Slip Covers

## Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.—needs TINTEX

EVERYTHING you wear—from the time you get up until you go to bed—needs Tintex. Apparel that has faded from the sun or frequent launderings becomes as colorful as when new—with Tintex. Or you can give anything an entirely different color, if you wish. And so easily! So quickly! So perfectly! Let the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors keep your summer wardrobe gloriously gay and ever-new in color—and at the cost of just a few cents!

*On sale at drug stores and  
notion counters everywhere*

**PARK & TILFORD, Distributors**



AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

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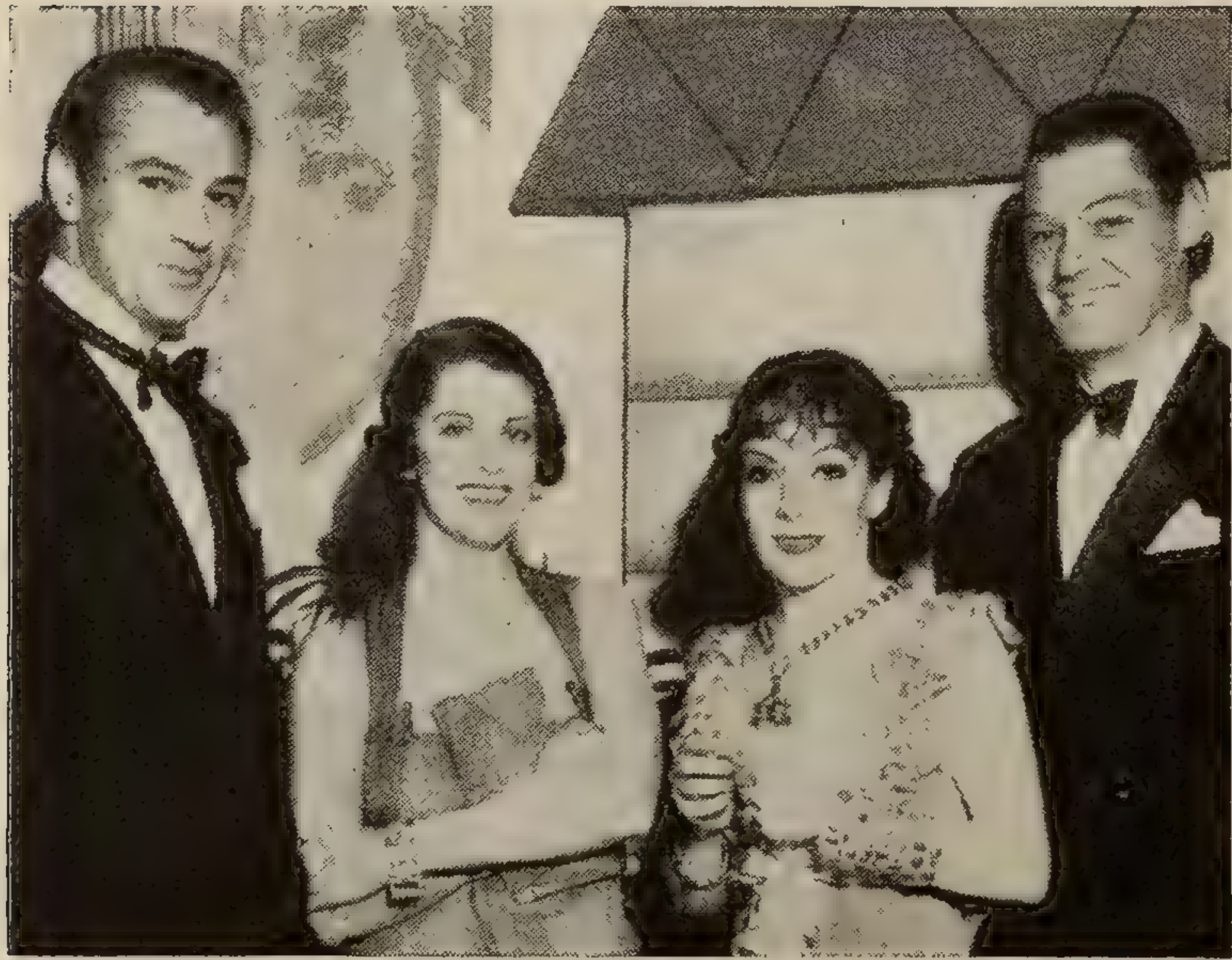
NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY *by* DAY



Wide World

Gary, Sandra, Lupe and Johnny attracted all eyes when they stepped out together recently. Guess that fixes that!

No, it's not Gary Evan Crosby pictured here, but Lester Muchmore, aged eight months, one of Bing's staunchest rooters.



(Above) Shirley Temple, Fox Films' starlet, whoops it up between studio parade sequences.



(Continued from page 10)  
me some of that and some of that and that," pointing to what he wants, "but don't bring it on one of those blue plates. I don't like those partitions."

Rogers admits it is only recently that he discovered he has any vanity in his make-up. While flying in the Orient his plane landed on an English flying field to get gas. Rogers, pacing restlessly up and down, was asked by a small girl to autograph her book. He did so and wrote: "Will Rogers, U. S. A."

"The United States is a pretty big place isn't it?" inquired the little girl. "Haven't you any other address?"

"Well, you wait until I get home," he told her boastfully, "and then you write me a letter addressed that way. If I get it, I'll answer it."

Shortly after he returned home he received a letter from the child addressed just that way.

"I was so relieved to get that letter," he confessed, "that I answered it the same day."

EVERY star has a weakness and Norma Shearer cheerfully admits that hers is work. She seems tireless. With the advantage of being a star as well as the wife of one of the most influential producers she nevertheless works hard and is never content to rest on her laurels or rely upon influence to further her career. I recall one time in particular when she had an appointment for an interview. Before the day arrived the writer who was to interview her was whisked to the hospital to become a mother.

"I'll go to the hospital to see her," Norma said. "And if she feels well enough she can interview me there." What's more, she did it, taking an armload of flowers for the mother and a present to the baby.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has it written into his new M-G-M contract that he is to have a three months' vacation every year. This Summer he is spending it on his farm at Pawling, New York, "building a fence around the place," he says. His place is near Cornwall on the Hudson, the school he attended when a youngster, and Bob has that "Oh, to be a child again" feeling.

THE studio was trying to get some home pictures of Madge Evans but she was working every day. Suddenly she telephoned the publicity department. "I have Saturday afternoon off," she said. "If the cameraman wants to give up his Saturday afternoon I'll give up mine."

### ANOTHER HEPBURN?

WHICH is quite different from Universal's new star, Jane Wyatt. She was signed to a motion picture contract while appearing on the New York stage and came to Hollywood to have tests made for her first picture. She was very upset when they experimented with her hair and tried different methods of making her up and requested that not a word of publicity be written about her until after she sees her first picture.

Miss Wyatt is from the same school of acting as Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan and the three are good friends. Perhaps Kate and Maggie have been coaching her about a publicity procedure.

WANDERING all over the back lot at Universal hunting the "Little Man, What Now?" company, I was led to them by wild shrieks of laughter, and found Margaret Sullavan with six or seven children wading in a creek. The child having the best time was Margaret.

The next day, searching for the same company, I found Margaret and Douglass Montgomery in a big feather bed. When the scene was finished they got up and we talked in the bathroom which, in any other business, would be out of the question, but in this instance the bathroom was just a part of the set.

## Gossip of the Stars



REGULARLY, at intervals, new rules are issued by the studios. The latest to affect the greatest number of people is to the effect that outsiders may not eat in the studio dining rooms. Unusually heavy productions have been in progress at most of the studios and several times it has happened that the dining rooms were so filled with visitors who wanted to see Jeanette MacDonald or Maurice Chevalier eat their spinach that there was no room for the poor actors. So the cheapest and most satisfactory way to entertain visitors is now denied studio employees.

# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY by DAY

WHEN Alice Brady agreed to appear on the Los Angeles stage in "Biography," the producers took out \$250,000 insurance against her nonappearance. Only Lloyds would cover this sort of catastrophe and the cost was \$400. When Alice heard about it she said dryly: "So Lloyds took a chance that the old frame would hold together for four weeks, eh?"

### INSURANCE ALL VARIETIES

THERE are several varieties of insurance taken out by motion picture producers. There was an actual case of a film company taking out snow insurance before packing into the high Sierras for location scenes. In the event the snow had stopped falling while the company was on location, the insurance company would have been compelled to reimburse the studio for all expenses of the trip.

When a large number of extras are being called for exterior work in which rain would interfere and the weather looks at all doubtful, they are given a rain call. If it does not rain by a certain hour in the morning they are to report for work. But if it does rain they await a second call.

The M-G-M studio appears to have taken out "love" insurance in the case of Virginia Bruce, who fell in love with and married Jack Gilbert after having been exploited at considerable expense as a coming star. Instead of cancelling her contract, as she requested, it was suspended. If she wishes to work again her contract with M-G-M will again be active.

No doubt this same company wishes it had Hays insurance. When "The Postman Always Rings Twice," James Cain's new book, looked like a hit, this company bought the picture rights at a reported cost of \$25,000. Shortly after the Hays office banned it for picture purposes so they are going to try it on the stage first.

PRODUCERS are continually being warned against overstepping the "Haysian" bounds of propriety in their new offerings. The Hays office here states that it is being deluged with protests from exhibitors all over the country that the themes and dialogue of recent pictures have not been of the type desired. Their protests, of course, are merely a reflection of the opinions and protests of their patrons.

In the larger cities the more sophisticated pictures are well received but in smaller communities many parents complain about the attractions and say they are not fit for their children to see.

CHARLES R. ROGERS stoutly maintains that he didn't know who she was when he signed Mrs. John D. Spreckles, III, wife of one of the sugar heirs, to a contract to appear in "Here Comes the Groom." His story is that he saw her at the races at Caliente and, liking her looks, asked her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. Mrs. Spreckles accepted his offer and, amid much secrecy, appeared at the studio shortly after and made a satisfactory test. She will play a very small role under her maiden name, Rosana Brown.

(Please turn to page 14)

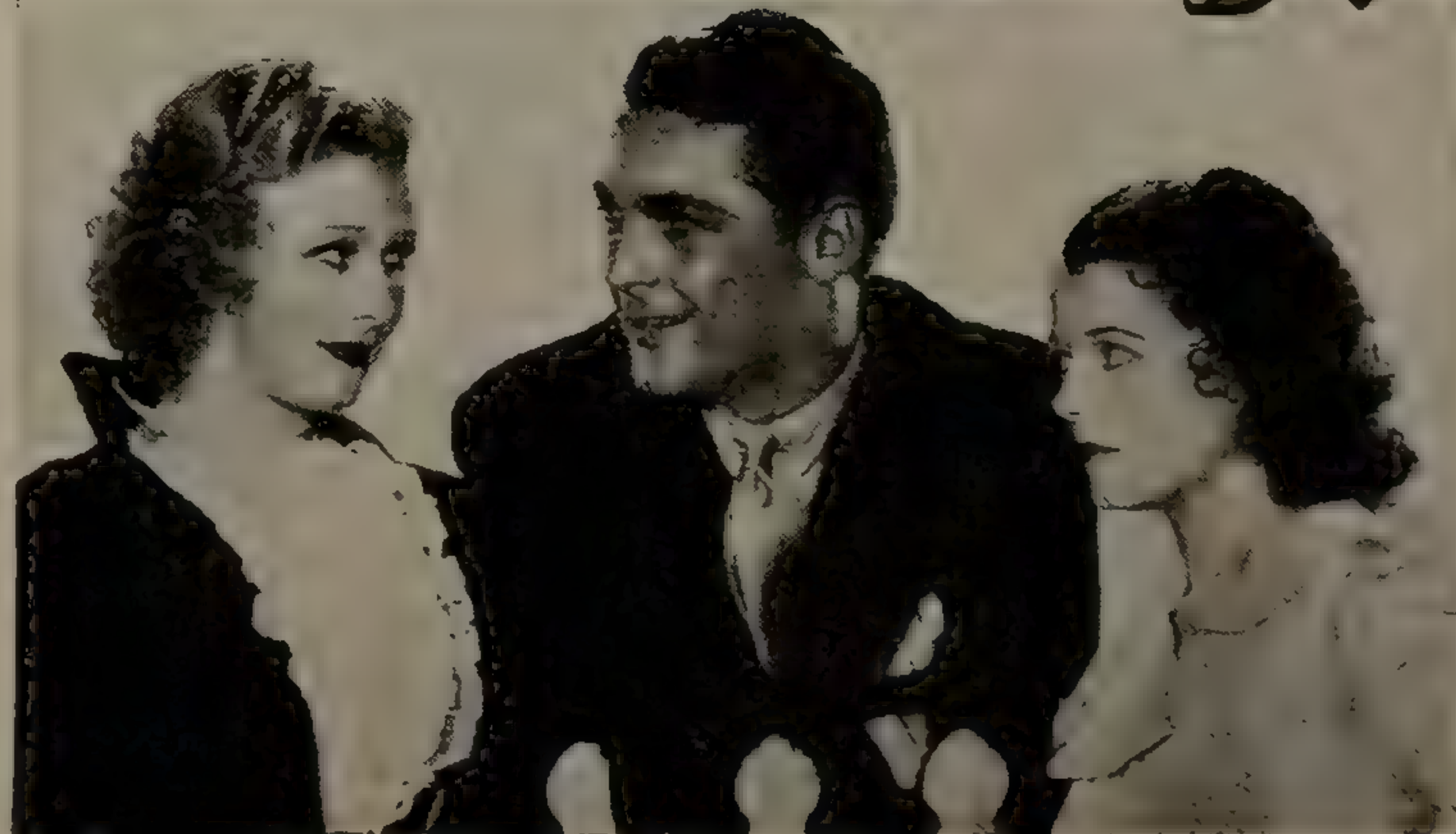


Nope, not a ticket, just the lovely Harlow checking in at the M-G-M studio gate.

George Burns, Gracie Allen and Guy Lombardo in Hollywood. Maybe they're looking for that little blue hat!



(Below) Over the back fence, Charlie Farrell gives Ginger Rogers and Janet Gaynor the latest news.





# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY by DAY



Here's a new autograph stunt. Director William Kiehle and Jean Muir of Warners, sign the quilt that is making the rounds of all the studios.

Franchot Tone, M-G-M player, out for a stroll between scenes. Notice the gardenia in his lapel?



(Below) Charles Laughton, star of *Henry the VIII*, the British hit picture, continues to stay away from Hollywood, to appear in the Shakespearean play, "Hamlet," in dear old London.

Wide World



(Continued from page 13)

UNA MERKEL telephoned her friend, Nydia Westman, and was told by the colored maid that Miss Westman had gone to the studio at seven o'clock that morning.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Una. "I didn't know she left so early."

"All prosperous folks does, Miss Una," replied the maid.

WHEN Orry Kelly, Warner Brothers fashion expert, stepped on Louise Fazenda's train and tore it at a very swank party, Louise merely laughed, repaired the damage with a safety pin and went right on having a good time. . . . Charles Boyer was barely coming out of the ether following his marriage to Pat Paterson when he read in a newspaper that he was to star in "The Loves of Casanova". . . . Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins and a swell writer in his own right, recently dismissed his press agent because, he said, he was sick of seeing his name in print.

SPEAKING of Miriam Hopkins, she is back in Hollywood for at least a part of the Summer. No mother could take more precautions for her child than Miriam does for her little adopted son, Michael. When she goes across the country she never takes him with her. She goes ahead, makes all arrangements for his comfort and then sends for him. Her recently acquired New York house is to be her permanent headquarters, she says, and also admits she would never have bought it but for the baby.

**GOOD ROLES FOR JOAN** FINDING good stories is the biggest problem picture producers and the search for good roles is the most important task of an actor. Joan Blondell, who usually takes what is given her without a murmur and is what is known as a "good scout," jumped the traces recently and refused to take a certain part. The Brothers Warner got out the big stick and papa spanked. In other words, Joan was taken off salary while she thought it over. At the end of four days she said: "They have to have a picture and I want to work, so what's the use?" She went back to work.

An actor who tries to walk out on any of the major picture companies finds himself unable to earn a living in his chosen profession in almost any country. He cannot work for any other picture company, here or in Europe; he cannot do radio work here or in Europe and he may not appear on the stage. That's how long the arm of the Motion Picture Producers' Association is.

It is the opinion of most of Joan Blondell's fans that she seldom gets a good part. She plays the same role in every picture. For that reason she was delighted with her part in "Without Honor," which gave her a chance to act. "I never cracked a smile in the whole picture," she said. "It gave my face a good rest."

ALICE WHITE was so disturbed when a family of frogs took up choir practice in a neighbor's fountain that she went poetic. She wrote the following little rhyme and put it in her neighbor's mailbox:

"If you will ship your frogs to Singapore  
I may be able to sleep some more."

WHEN Patricia Ellis signed her Warner contract she was 5' 5" tall. Recently she has grown two inches, making her 5' 7", which is quite tall for a girl to be if her leading man happens to be short. Her doctor attributes this fast growth to the circus picture in which she worked with Joe E. Brown. Between scenes, as well as in the picture, Pat couldn't stay away from the trapeze and the doctor says she stretched herself.

Gossip of the Stars



THE girls who make the fashion pictures at Paramount say that Baby LeRoy is a swell fashion model. "He takes his work too seriously, however," said Gretchen Messer, who was posing him in what the well dressed baby will wear this Spring. The only way we could get him to smile was to choke his mother. When we abused her he laughed heartily.

# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY by DAY

### CHAPLIN'S METHOD

REMEMBER last Summer we told you that Charles Chaplin had promised to have his picture finished by Christmas? Well, now he says that he meant next Christmas. A dozen times he has torn up his story and rewritten it. This is the first time that Chaplin ever attempted to have a script to work by, and it is possible he may even yet revert to his usual method of shooting.

While Charlie works away at his script, Paulette Goddard, his leading woman, amuses herself in various ways. Their friends believe the reason this romance has lasted so long is because Paulette is a very resourceful girl, not depending on anyone for amusement. Charlie's yacht the Panacea, is now frequently the scene of gay parties with Paulette and her mother as hostesses and Charlie strangely absent. Not "strange," however, when you learn that he is in his office at the studio conferring with Henry Bergmann and Carter DeHaven on the story. Paulette is eager to get started on the picture but reasons she can help best by keeping out of the way. And she says there will be no marriage announcement, one way or the other, until the picture is finished.

One of Charlie's prop men at the studio received an unexpected raise in salary the other day. The prop man's wife went to Charlie with a long tale of her husband's derelictions. Charlie listened, said he would see what he could do and dismissed the woman. She left the studio in high good humor. Then Charlie called in his studio manager and questioned him about this particular prop man. He learned that the man concerned was a very faithful worker and well liked by the other employes at the studio, who felt very sorry for him because he had a shrewish wife.

"Raise his salary five dollars a week," he instructed the manager.

"To me there is just one star in motion pictures today and that is Charles Chaplin," said a tourist to her hostess, Viola Dana, in the Vendome Cafe recently at lunch time. And just then Chaplin came into the dining room.

"Hey, Charlie," called out Viola. "Would you like to meet a tourist from Colorado Springs?"

Charlie, in one of his charming moods, said he would be delighted. He joined (Please turn to page 77)



Scotty Welbourne



World Wide

Ethelreda Leopole, new Warner contract player, is shown the ropes by Ric Cortez on her first day at the studio.

Mitzi Green, the former child star, is now a charming young lady. This photo was taken at Palm Springs, where she is vacationing.

Wide World



(Above) Reunion in Hollywood: Famous stars of the days before talkies gather as guests of Lila Lee. They are (left to right, front row): Mrs. Harold Lloyd, the former Mildred Davis; Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Carmel Myers, Barbara Kent (Mrs. Harry Eddington); Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, the former Virginia Fox; Edna Murphy; Mrs. Charles Farrell (the former Virginia Valli), and Mrs. Paul Sloane. (Left to right, rear row): Helen Ferguson, Gertrude Olmstead (Mrs. Bob Leonard); Mrs. Bennie Ziedman, Lila Lee, Carmelita Geraghty, Patsy Ruth Miller (Mrs. John Stahl), Sheila Geraghty, Mrs. Leonard Tufford and Hedda Hopper.



# WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE NEW FILMS

WITH the "DuBarry" set closed and padlocked against press invasion, a first-hand description of the historical proceedings is practically impossible.

However, Dolores Del Rio has been cast in the title role, that part played so passionately by Pola Negri in the silent days.

## DUBARRY

Warners

Del Rio vamps Kings, dukes, and cardinals, until every woman in France despises her thoroughly. Ignorant and uncouth as she is, her power over these national leaders is so great that, by a mere gesture, she can either promote or avert wars.

When, to prevent her presentation at court, the Duchess de Grammont (Verree Teasdale) has her presentation gown and carriage stolen away, the reckless DuBarry bursts into the throne room wearing nothing but a night gown, and is duly presented to his majesty by the amused Victor Jory (as the Duc d'Aiguillon).

All is well, and the infamous DuBarry reigns supreme, until her angel, King Louis, dies of a stroke. Then, Marie Antoinette (Anita Louise) has her thrown out of the palace and imprisoned in an abbey. Which gesture DuBarry minds not at all, in view of the handsome soldiers sent to guard against her escape.

The author, Edward Chodorov, has touched but lightly on the stuffier angles of French history, giving the center of the stage almost entirely to the intriguing escapades of this wildest of French wenches.

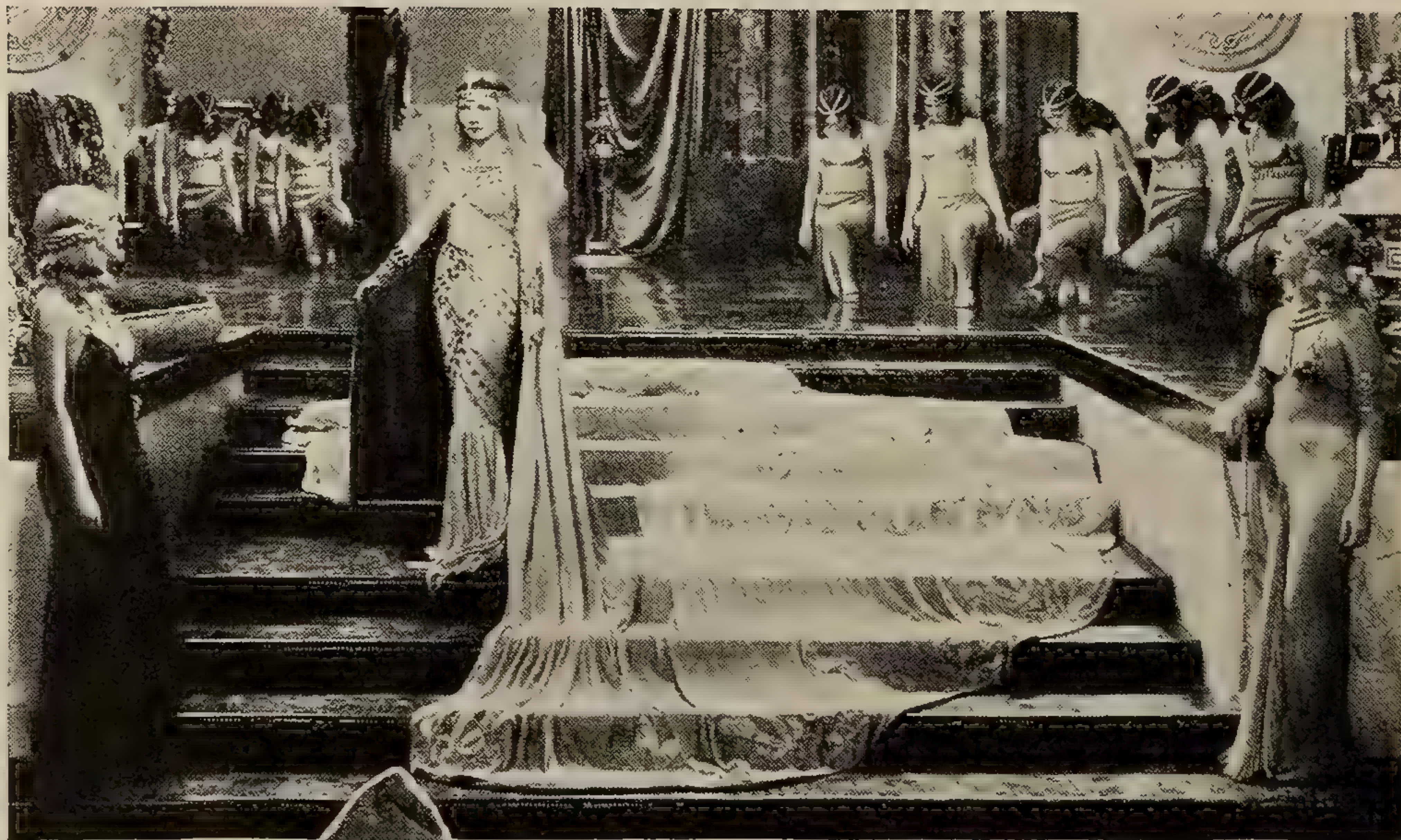
Director Wm. Dieterle handles the fireworks.

## CLEOPATRA

Paramount

UNLIKE Dieterle, C. B. DeMille has no aversion to directing in the presence of the Fourth Estate. And, if we must be trite, "Cleopatra" certainly looks as though it is headed for the "super-colossal" class.

A mighty fan triumvirate—Clark Gable, in the type role that first made him famous; William Powell (borrowed from Warner's) and Myrna Loy, in "Manhattan Melodrama."



Claudette Colbert (above) as the glamorous Cleopatra in the C. B. DeMille spectacle.



(Left) Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler go to town once again in the Warner picture, "Dames."



In "Midnight Alibi," Dick Barthelmess gives one of the best performances of his career. The girl is Helen Chandler.





Advance news on the pictures now being made in movieland. Cleopatra heading for super-special class. Clark Gable back in the type of role that won him first recognition • • • By BARBARA BARRY



(Above) Du-Barry, as portrayed by the colorful Dolores Del Rio, Reginald Owen and Victor Jory in the Warner production.



In "Little Man, What Now?" Director Borzage is following the book closely. Pictured here are Douglass Montgomery as Pinneborg and Margaret Sullavan as Bunny.



As usual, with "C. B." at the helm, nothing has been spared in giving a most glamorous and breath-taking slant on the private life of the siren of the Nile.

Claudette Colbert, as the gal who made a "mark" out of Antony, is so beautiful that even the original "Cleo" would forgive her for being a few pounds short of voluptuous.

History being just a bowl of sour dates to ye rancid reporter, we can't say just how authentic Bartlett Cormack's adaptation may be. Nevertheless, it's going to be some fun watching the sleek Claudette work her way up through the ranks eventually to play "clap hands" with Julius Cæsar. And swap cyanide cocktails with Mark Antony.

Warren William plays Cæsar, Henry Wilcoxon is the long-sought Antony, and Irving Pichel, Ian Keith, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith and others supplement the heavy cast.

## PARTY'S OVER

Columbia

THE early bird gets the worm, according to Hoyle, and

in this tale, by Daniel Kusell, Stu Erwin is the "worm," taken for all he's worth by a good-for-nothing family of greedy parasites.

Stu wants to be an artist, but the demands of mama, papa, sisters and brothers, are so great that the poor fellow must keep his nose to the grind-stone constantly or else the family combine to make him plenty miserable.

Ann Sothern, his secretary, loves the put-upon Stu and tries to convince him that his only salvation lies in making the family shift for themselves.

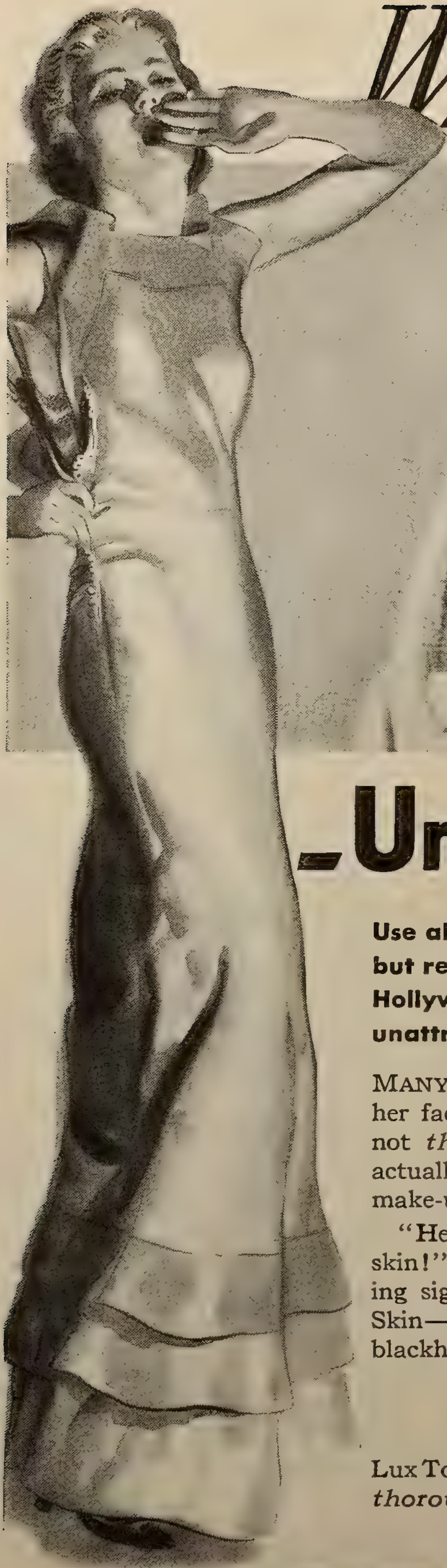
Stu tries but can't bring himself to make the break, until Ann, in exasperation, goes out of his life, presumably forever. And that's the best thing she could possibly do, because, with the girl of his heart lost to him, Stu sees red, tells the folks that "the party's over" and dashes out in time to catch up with Ann and live his own life. Walter Lang directs.

(Please turn to page 87)

(Center, right) Shades of "Billy Bones." Here are Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Peterson and Jackie Cooper in M-G-M's version of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Big Bad Wally Beery is in it, too!

(Left) George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman," outwits his rascally relatives once again. Shown here with him are Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson and Janet Beecher.





*When you undress for bed—*



## **—Undress your FACE too!**

**Use all the cosmetics you wish,  
but remove them thoroughly the  
Hollywood way—guard against  
unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin!" Soon she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

***Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way***

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather

sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!



I use cosmetics, of course!  
But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid  
of Cosmetic Skin

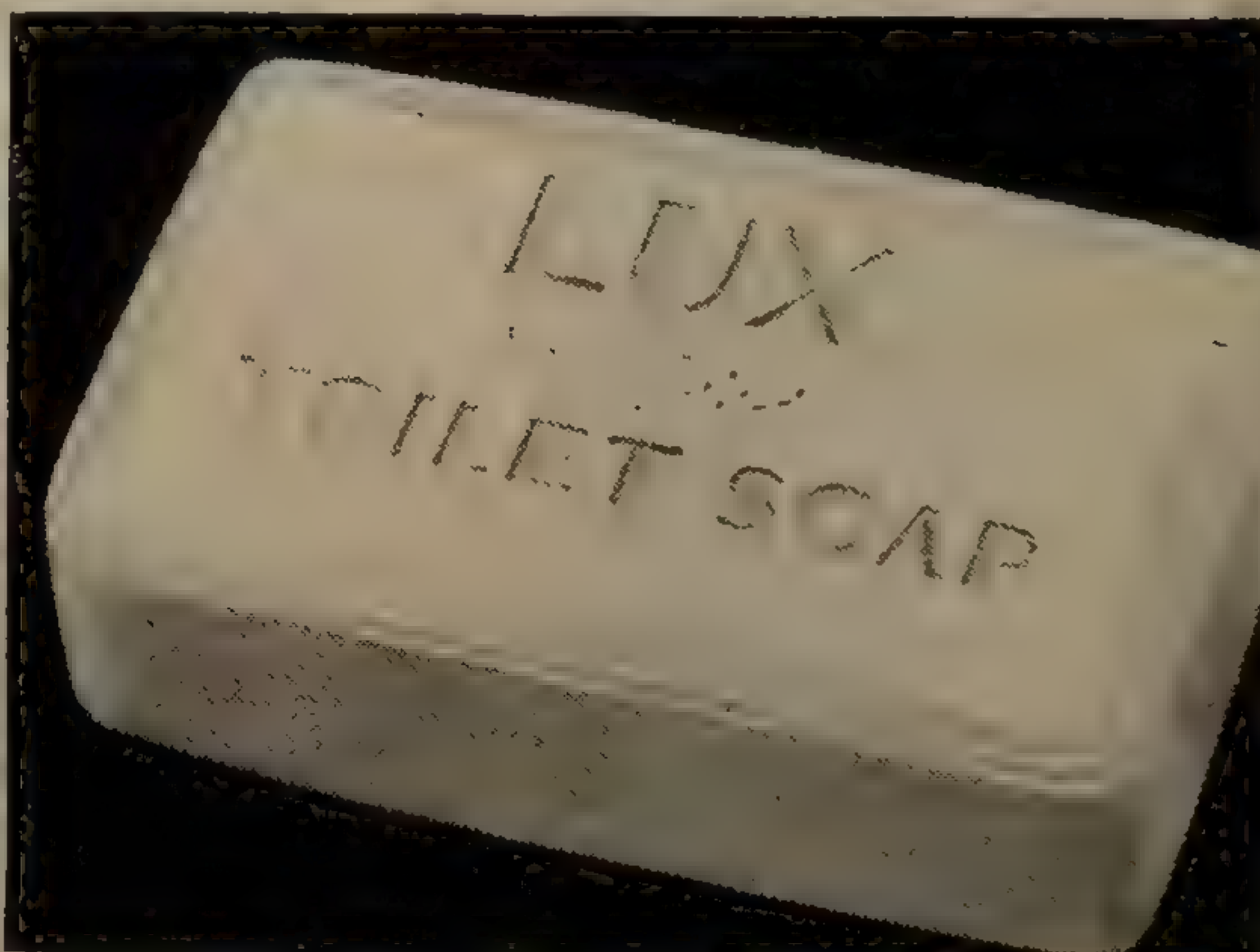
**Joan Blondell**

STAR OF  
WARNER BROS.'  
"SMARTY"

### **Precious Elements in this Soap**



In this soap are precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!





This charming young actress has been getting far better roles since she changed her name from Harriette Lake to Ann Sothern.



Carl De Voy

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

# GALLERY of STARS





# I RETURN

Wilshire Boulevard, on the outskirts of Hollywood, filled with fine shops and apartments.

**Hollywood is rapidly becoming the most cosmopolitan city in the world. They used to say that if one sat in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris long enough, he would see every interesting person he knew—I claim that the same thing applies to Hollywood.—Elsie Janis**

**A**ND I don't mean New York City. I have looked up the word Metropolis and found this definition, "the chief city of a country." No mention of size or population. I looked up Chief. My dictionary says, "a commander, a leader, the principal."

Well! Hollywood commands attention, leads the fashions and has more citizens putting away a hunk of principal every week than any one spot in the country, so I'll stop looking up words and put down a few to the effect that even if Hollywood is not strictly metropolitan, it's where I'm parking my blizzard-battered chassis from now on.

I've spent the past winter in galoshes, long underwear, old fur rugs and the throes of near-pneumonia. It's all right for Admiral Byrd to travel thousands of miles in search of a freeze-out, but I only went East to spend Christmas. I finished by spending everything that the Government hadn't already taken and got myself so tangled up in eastern speed that I didn't even have time to write for NEW MOVIE. Perhaps you have not missed me but I bought the magazine each month and was extremely put out by my absence.

It's tough to learn how well people can get along without you.

**The Harlem section of Hollywood, where syncopation in sepia and dusky drama can be found.**



*All Photos by  
Wide World*

Elsie Janis, world traveler, famous actress and author of this interesting article, returns to Hollywood and her work there for New Movie.





# to the METROPOLIS

says **ELSIE JANIS**

Olvera Street provides Mexican music, chili, tortillas, pottery and the soft languor of the South.

(In circle) A view of the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, the Pacific coast cross roads of the world.



During my six months in the East I glimpsed many of our Hollywood highlights. They were there for a week or so vacationing, seeing shows, sampling the much advertised night life and usually just about to return to California. The lucky so and so's. I, having taken unto myself the role of godmother to a small Revue called *New Faces*, was sunk in the hardest work I have done in nearly three years. You see, when a bank closed with a lot of my hard earned dollars on the inside I decided that the less one makes, the less one worries and have drifted along, with the wolf doing sentry duty outside the doors of the three houses I can't get rid of. He and the tax collectors have become great pals.

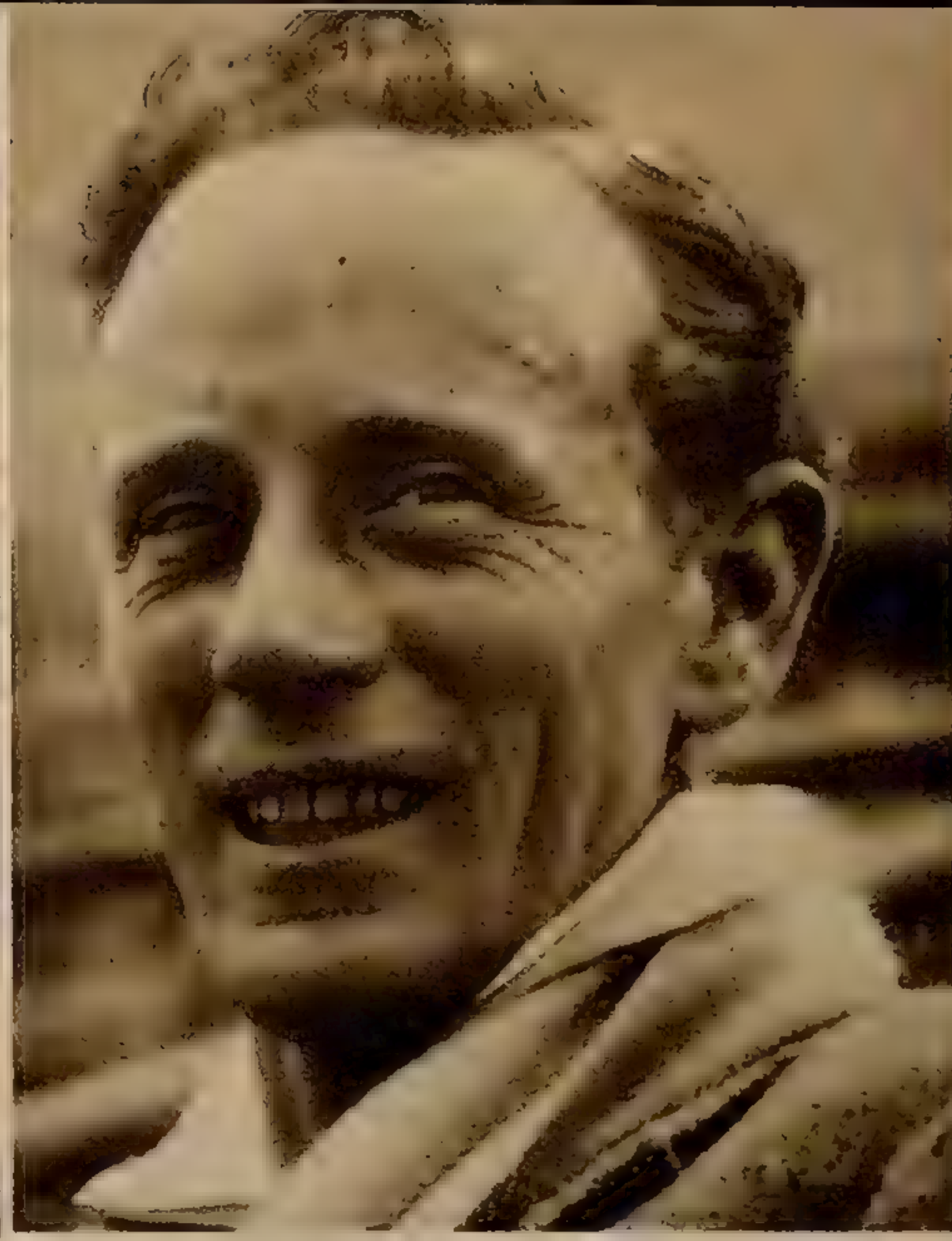
Having stubbornly refused to re-enter the theater in any capacity for five years, I woke up in the middle of a blizzard trudging down Broadway to a hall where a group of clever young people were rehearsing a show that had everything but costumes, scenery, orchestrations, a sponsor, a backer and a theater to play in. My embarrassment at not being able with one sweeping signature on a check to give these ambitious and worthy artists all that they needed was acute. I set about squaring myself. All I needed was blue glasses, a tin cup and of course a beggar's license.

The star angel who flapped the first wing in answer to my plea was one who has long since won her angel billing. You may know her as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. You may love her more as Mary Pickford. I knew her and loved her when she was Baby Gladys Smith, an old trouser of four. Mary asked no questions. She listened quietly to my story of how I wanted to help those kids and how I felt that I had been "sent" East to do something for somebody instead of sitting peacefully in my California garden. Mary agreed, and did

Hollywood recognized the Soviet long before the NRA. Below is a view of the popular Russian Eagle, one of the most colorful meeting and eating places in the movie colony.







Paul Lukas, the Viennese

Anna Sten, of Soviet Russia

Leslie Howard, Englishman

Greta Garbo, from Swe

more than agree; she signed a large check. Other angels were not quite so easy to find but it all turned out O.K.

Sitting here in the sunlight I've forgotten icy blasts, all night rehearsals, hot dogs I swallowed whole in my haste to get back to the grind. Birds are singing, roses are bursting out of bounds, the hedge needs trimming, but I am back again in my Metropolis, which reminds me that this article was supposed to be about Hollywood and not an example of how far one can go with the first person singular in less than five hundred words.

I hear people who have never been out of America and whose "travel talks" on our own astounding country consist of a few words about New York, Chicago, perhaps Boston—and certainly their own home city—say that Hollywood is just a big country town. I hear them, but not for long. Bang! goes my conversational bombshell. Hollywood is the most cosmopolitan place I have ever lived in! By the time they realize that their hearing is still good, and that ye bombshell thrower has lived all over the world, the conversation usually switches to the NRA or some other equally baffling subject. Where in the world but Hollywood can you round up actors of every race, shape and age in a few hours? I'm not saying what kind of actors they are, but I'm claiming that Shanghai had better give up that war and look to its laurels. Hollywood is rapidly becoming International City. When I say Hollywood I naturally mean Los Angeles, but fearing that you may not have heard of this rising little village of over nine hundred thousand souls, I followed the example of the Motion Picture Industry which would have you

believe that everything of importance on the Western Coast takes place in Hollywood, with the possible exception of earthquakes. Those, according to the press, pass over, or rather under Hollywood, unclaimed and unsung, perhaps because the studios are usually staging big "shake-up's" of their own. What's a falling building compared to a rising star?

During the five years that I have lived in California, colonizing has been surpassed only by advertising. *One has merely to "call his colony."* Our Chinatown (from now on I brag as a resident) if not larger, is

Norma Shearer  
fair neighbor  
from our sister  
country on the  
north.



Wini Shaw, of  
American - Hawaiian  
parentage.



(Left) Barry Norton,  
from the Pampas of  
the Argentine.

(At extreme left) Ted  
Fiorito and his band,  
in the Cocoanut Grove  
of the Ambassador  
Hotel, Los Angeles,  
one of the meeting  
places of movie town.





Lupe Velez, the Mexican



Victor Jory, from Alaska



Marlene Dietrich, of Germany



Will Rogers, native American

certainly cleaner than any other I have visited in search of Chop Suey or Jade. Close by is the Japanese Quarter. My only way of telling them apart is to ask for chop suey in a Japanese restaurant. As I am being ushered politely out I realize that I have "called the wrong colony."

A few blocks away one may find everything Spanish from castanets to the bull, and a theater where only Spanish pictures are shown, including Mickey Mouse, Walt Disney masterpieces, and newsreels, as well as feature pictures. I've been there several times to previews of Jose Mojica's films. The audience might have been transplanted from a theater in modern Spain, even to the shouts of approval for the hero and hisses for the villain. Surrounding the theater are Spanish shops, Spanish restaurants, hotels; in fact the only obviously American touches are the policemen, parking spaces and the cars which overcrowd them.

If you are Mexico-minded, shoot another quarter! Olvera Street. It cuts through the heart of a squalid sector with an unforgettable gash of old Mexico. A few years ago this short thoroughfare, once important in early California history, had become part of the slums. It has since then been salvaged by loyal

descendants of those who helped make that history.

Reconstructed and reborn, it smiles an old world welcome to strangers, and sticks out a cobble-stoned chest proudly when the stars of a new world tread upon it gaily in search of real chili, tamales, tortillas, jumping beans and, above all, music. Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Mojica, Gilbert Roland and Raquel Torres are just a few of the "big money" Mexican colonists who park their Rolls Royces or Fords around the corner to place the footprints of approval on old Olvera Street.

LONG before America recognized Russia she was all set and taking bows in Hollywood. The Russian Eagle was dishing out Russian delicacies and seductive Slavish music to the stars for several years previous to the advent of the Blue Eagle. There are other Russian restaurants but the Eagle still draws the celebrities and where the celebs go, Mr. and Mrs. Lion Hunter go, too. I don't know how flourishing the Russian Colony is, but if you see any particularly hair-raising stunts done on horse-back in a film, you may be pretty certain that the guy hanging by his toe from the stirrup is one of a troupe of Cossacks that has had the cowboy stunt riders sitting up in their saddles for some time. Though there are not many stars from the Steppes, you might be surprised to know what an important part Russia plays in pictures. Directors, camera-wizards, lighting experts, costumers—for some unknown reason you have to see an exquisite bit of work, ask who did it, hear the name, ask what nationality he is and at last dig up the information that he is a Russian. They have a habit of dropping the Skis, Vitch's and Offs from their names, probably because they can't stand our pronunciation. Some one said, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." In Hollywood it's scratch a technician and you're apt to find a Russian. Serge Eisenstein and Louis Milestone are two Russian lads who have contributed enough directorial "wows" in pictures to make America not only recognize, but bow low to them.

(Please turn to page 62)



All Photos by Wide World

A view of the Brown Derby, in Hollywood where many of the stars gather for lunch and dinner.

Jack La Rue, from sunny Italy.



Toshia Mori, of Japan



Mala, the Eskimo, from the Arctic



Rouben Mamoulian, Armenian







*Kenneth Alexander*

**CONSTANCE BENNETT**—Costumed thus for her part in 20th Century's "The Affairs of Cellini," Constance Bennett causes one to wonder why Cellini's loves were plural. No more fascinating lady could have been found in all medieval Italy. In "Moulin Rouge" she gave you two diverse personalities. Here is a third, even more provocative.





*Kenneth Alexander*

**RONALD COLMAN**—has not appeared before the camera since he made "The Masquerader." Now he will present a new series of adventures playing the part of his most famous screen character, Captain Hugh Drummond, in 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." With the support of the lovely Loretta Young, it should be highly entertaining screen fare.





*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

**MAURICE CHEVALIER** —Rebellion against repeated roles won this delightful Frenchman a chance to portray Prince Danilo in Irving Thalberg's forthcoming production of "The Merry Widow." He will make love to the alluring Jeanette MacDonald, whose lovely voice will intone many of the delightful lyrics of the original Franz Lehar score.





# Cleopatra

**WAS NO DIFFERENT!**

says CECIL B. DeMILLE

**For ages the seductive Circe of the Nile has been branded by historians as a wanton siren. Judged by modern standards, she seems no worse and no better than the average woman of to-day**

**F**OR over 2,000 years Cleopatra has had a reputation she doesn't deserve.

The jealous Romans of her time started a whispering campaign against her. That resulted in the spicy tales of historians who paint her as a ruthless woman, beautiful, debauched and merciless in her lust for lovers.

But in the light of 1934 modernism, Cleopatra does not shine out as a wanton siren. The fact is, by modern



Cleopatra, as portrayed by Claudette Colbert, in the Paramount production directed by Cecil B. DeMille, based on the life of the most famous queen of the ancient world. In the panel, Warren William, as Julius Caesar, mighty statesman of Rome





A scene from the picture showing one of the large bathing pools that were common in ancient days. In this reproduction are two old-time favorites: Bryant Washburn and Jack Mulhall (at extreme left) and in the center Gertrude Michael, as Calpurnia, Caesar's wife. On the right, seated, is Ferdinand Gottschalk.

standards, she seems to be quite an average woman.

Cleopatra actually was no worse and no better than the average girl or woman of the present time.

She had but two lovers, Julius Caesar and Marc Antony, and she married both of them.

That record certainly would not rate her as distinctive in Hollywood, where numerous stars have had three and four husbands.

I made a very thorough study of the life and personal habits of Cleopatra for the picture I have just made in which Claudette Colbert plays the role of Cleopatra. By spending much time in research I discovered many little-known facts about this glamorous woman of history.

**C**LEOPATRA resorted to the same beauty aids and enticing costumes that women seek today.

She took milk baths, butter baths, and had innumerable scented oils and lotions which she used to beautify her skin. She may not have had flavored toothpaste, but she used ground pumice stone to whiten her teeth. Nor is that all.

Cleopatra was a great artist in the matter of make-up. She used powders, rouges and paints of various kinds. And she was particularly fond of eye shadow. Frankin-

**The picture at the right illustrates the elaborate care Cleopatra gave to her toilette. She took daily oil massages and cool milk baths • used perfumes and scents • painted and polished her nails • wore slinky gowns and rugged sports clothes • was a brilliant conversationalist • was an ardent sportswoman and was a proficient hunter and fisher • never acted spoiled or out-of-sorts and always appeared affable when around the man with whom she was in love.**



Henry Wilcoxon, as Marc Antony, pleads with Caesar (Warren William) to give up the enchantress of the Nile. In the background Enobarbus (C. Aubrey Smith) looks on.







AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

cense, antimony or burnt almonds were used in mixtures to stain the eyelids.

For that matter eye shadow was not confined to the Egyptian women. The men used it too!

What is more, Cleopatra was fully aware of the charm of beautiful hands and feet. She painted and polished her fingernails and toenails. And superfluous hair was carefully shaved from her body.

She also was a great lover of perfumes. Attar of roses, myrrh and other rare and expensive scents were important items in her toilet accessories. Some of the ancient perfumes of Cleopatra's day have been discovered in old tombs during recent years, and even after 2,000 years they send out a fragrance of rare loveliness and strength.

Remember that Cleopatra made use of all these beauty aids 2,000 years ago. But it was not until about twenty years ago that modern American women decided

they must do something to enhance and perpetuate their beauty. Before that, beauty aids had been condemned as sinful. Nice women avoided them.

SO, if Cleopatra's spirit should come back to earth today, she would marvel to find that women are beautifying themselves in the manner she did centuries ago. She probably would be a little scornful because modern women have not made more progress in the field of beauty.

It may be a coincidence, but I suspect our modern fashion designers have been delving into a secret study of Egyptian relics to seek inspiration for their 1934 creations. Our great designers have announced that stream lines are the vogue for 1934.

That would make Cleopatra smile. For Cleo discovered the flattering effect of stream lines long ago.

The wardrobe that she (*Please turn to page 99*)



New Movie's Society Writer Visits the Homes of Male Movie Stars to Report

# HOW HOLLYWOOD MEN Keep House



Top: W. C. Fields in the garden of his Toluca Lake home.

Center: Francis Lederer studies for world peace in the library of his Beverly Crest home.

Randolph Scott in the patio of his Hollywood residence.



**Adventuring with the male home-keepers of the film colony — Chaplin's system — Edward Everett Horton's rambling buildings — Jack LaRue's solution of the dish problem**

By GRACE KINGSLEY

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN'S house is run almost like clockwork. But there was a time, I hear, when Charlie lived in one room and did his own housework when you might have called the place Racketty-Racketty House and got no argument even from Charlie.

Charlie's own hours are very irregular. Sometimes he breakfasts at seven, sometimes at noon. Nevertheless he is a careful housekeeper, and knows, his servants say, if there is a spoon out of place in the kitchen!

He loves the best silver, china and napery obtainable, and I can testify that his table is exquisite.

There are certain things that annoy Charlie greatly. One is the moving of the book he happens to be reading from the small stand by his bed. Charlie never goes to sleep without reading a little.

Charlie likes simple food, and leaves its preparation and selection to his chef. He likes vegetables, and fruit for dessert, with wine served when there are guests. But Charlie himself doesn't care for wines or any kind of alcoholic drink.

The comedian keeps a retinue of five Japanese servants, all thoroughly trained both for gardening and for housework, so that one can slip into another's place when necessary, for Charlie doesn't like





Douglass Montgomery in the living room of his villa in the heart of Hollywood. The walls of this room are dull white and the curtains are dark purple of rough material.



Richard Cromwell uses his library also as a working room. Here you see him completing one of the masks for which he is famous.



George Raft before the fireplace of his apartment in Hollywood.

to be bothered with details. All five, too, are used to driving cars.

There is one inexorable rule in Charlie's house. No matter what time he comes home, there must always be a bright fire burning in the fireplace in his room, if the weather is at all cold or gloomy. There are fireplaces all over the house.

Charlie abhors big dinner parties, but likes groups of eight or ten, and then there is always music on the big pipe organ and usually a picture is shown on the screen which lets down in the library.

His chef is really his housekeeper, and all details are left to this man, who is a genius at guessing the movements of his employer. And he must needs be, for Charlie is the most uncertain person in the world. Dinner is sometimes prepared, with no one to eat it, but not often, due to this head servant's guessing powers, and due also to the fact that Charlie abhors waste, and usually remembers to telephone if he is not coming home to dinner.

**G**EORGE RAFT has an entirely different point of view. "I'm so darned lonesome I can't stand it. No machines rattle past the door. None of the fellows or girls drop in to turn on the radio and dance, except at week-ends. No elevator men to talk to because there aren't any elevators. I'm going to give up this house!"

That's what George Raft said when he moved from that house at Malibu Beach a few months ago and took an apartment in Hollywood.

George likes a place to hang up his hat and to go to bed when he's tired. And a place to keep his very immaculate clothes, including his fine linen handkerchiefs, of which he has more than a hundred. Beyond that he doesn't care where he lives so that it is in the midst of things.

And he is just as immaculate when he is at home as when he goes to the fights or to dance at the Cocoanut Grove.

The actor keeps one servant, a liveried chauffeur, who is also his valet. His trainer, Mack ("Killer") Gray, whom you may soon see in pictures, also lives in the apartment with him.

When meals are cooked in the apartment, which is seldom, either George does it or Gray. His food is simple. Occasionally, on a Sunday morning, breakfast is prepared in the apartment. But likely as not to consist of a glass of milk and coffee cake. For dinner, steak, roast beef or turkey play an important part. George also loves potatoes. He likes malted milk and ice cream and frequently makes a meal of either one of these delicacies.

"I tried once to fry some eggs, but they didn't turn out so well," he laughed. "I (Please turn to page 72)





Wm. A. Froker

**RALPH BELLAMY**—has played heroes and villains and believable combinations of both. But they gave him no more villainous roles because he gained too much sympathy and that would never do in this circumspect world of ours. He will give a boost to the cause of law and order as Inspector Trent in Columbia's "Crime of Helen Stanley."





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**GLORIA SWANSON** —A permanent personality in the fluctuating turmoil of Hollywood, where ingenues are seen today and gone tomorrow. Gloria Swanson will soon lend radiance to M-G-M's vocal revival of "Three Weeks." And in the meantime she is thrilling audiences making personal appearances.



# The Real Mae West

Continuing the life story of the Brooklyn Blonde  
who has shattered every screen tradition

**EDITORS NOTE:** *So much has been rumored, said and printed about the blonde tornado who has swept aside many of the screen's accepted standards, that NEW MOVIE readers have been asking for the real life story of Mae West. Last month you met her in these pages as the youthful instigator of delightful new mischief for her companions and as she experienced the joys and sorrows of young love. Now go on to her girlhood, her struggles, disappointments and triumphs and why, though men are "crazy" about her, she has not married.*

**C**ANNILY shrewd, totally unaffected, Miss West's witticisms are a mixture of common sense and wisecracks. A young woman wrote to her asking for advice. "What," she asked, "is the best way to hold your man?"

"The best way to hold your man," replied Miss West, "is in your arms."

I asked Miss West one day if she believed to be true what a charming, cosmopolitan elderly lady once remarked to me: "Every woman is a rake at heart."

"Certainly," replied Miss West, "it's all a question of how you direct your energy. I'm sure I could be a very

bad woman if I weren't too busy doing other things."

All her life Miss West has devoted herself to the theater, and she knows all phases of it. Burlesque and vaudeville were a natural step forward for the precocious and talented little girl who had graced the stages of the Clarendon Stock Company in Bushwick and Brighton Beach.

"Battling Jack" West, who knew his professional world, wasn't a bit anxious to have his little daughter spend her life among theatrical folks, but Mae's mother, always strongly in sympathy with her, insisted, and the little West child, flaxen curls bobbing up and down in tune with her nimble feet, had studied dancing with Ned Wayburn and was well-rounded, (with her proficiency in child roles behind her) for a varied and promising career. Wayburn remains to this day one of her close and valued friends—characteristically Mae West.

Mae was thirteen years of age when she made her debut in vaudeville, where she was known as the "baby vamp."

At this juncture it might be amusing to hear the story of her first beau. Tired of the knickerbockered lads of her acquaintance, she longed to have a date with a boy who wore long pants. She plotted and schemed,

BY AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON



Eugene Robert Richee

Mae West turns on one of the sidelong glances which have aroused so much comment among movie fans. This is a scene from her forthcoming picture "It Ain't No Sin."

Right: A new and heretofore unpublished portrait of the "Queen of the Wisecrackers," reflects the strong individuality and inherent talent which have helped to carry her along the roadway to success.







and finally achieved a date with a likable young man who eager to please the volatile and exacting Mae, went so far as to buy a pair of long pants in order to find favor in the fair damsel's violet eyes. His name was Joe Schenck, and he, too, eventually became a great theatrical favorite in the team of Van and Schenck.

Miss West and Schenck became inseparable pals. Joe was a wizard on the piano, and they would spend hours singing, dancing and playing in the brownstone-fronted house of the West family. Their first date nearly ended in a fiasco because Mae, due home at nine, strutted about with her long-trousered youth until eleven, while Papa West, the prize-fighter, waited in the parlor to give that young whipper-snapper of a Schenck a lesson. Mama West, however, intervened at the crucial moment, and Joe Schenck's hide and her daughter's pride were saved.

In vaudeville, Mae West as the "Baby Vamp" traveled from Oshkosh to Cicero and back, and back again, finally achieving the goal of all ambitious vaudevillians—the Palace Theater. She had sung and danced her way all over the country.

Always a good showwoman, ambitious, with an eager eye on the spotlight and a keen eye for the "breaks," Mae achieved what is known in vaudeville parlance as "the big time" when she was sixteen. She initiated, she says, the shimmy dance, and audiences everywhere began to perk up their ears and eyes at the name of the young newcomer, Mae West.

She decided that with a few songs, a few dance steps and a fine accompanist, she could do a single turn. By 1919 she had written a vaudeville act of her own called "The Gladiator." She looked about for a personable young man, good looking and interesting, to fill the bill. She found him. His name was Harry Reichman.

"But I never could remember his name," she exclaimed, "I always introduced him as Harry Rikeman, or Reekman, or Rachman, so we decided to give him a name I couldn't forget—Richman. He's known everywhere now—Harry Richman, 'King of the Vagabond Songsters.'"

The new act "clicked," and Miss West figured, as she says, "We'd give a still bigger flash with an extra pianist 'a Jack Smith' with a nice voice and a (*Please turn to page 71*)



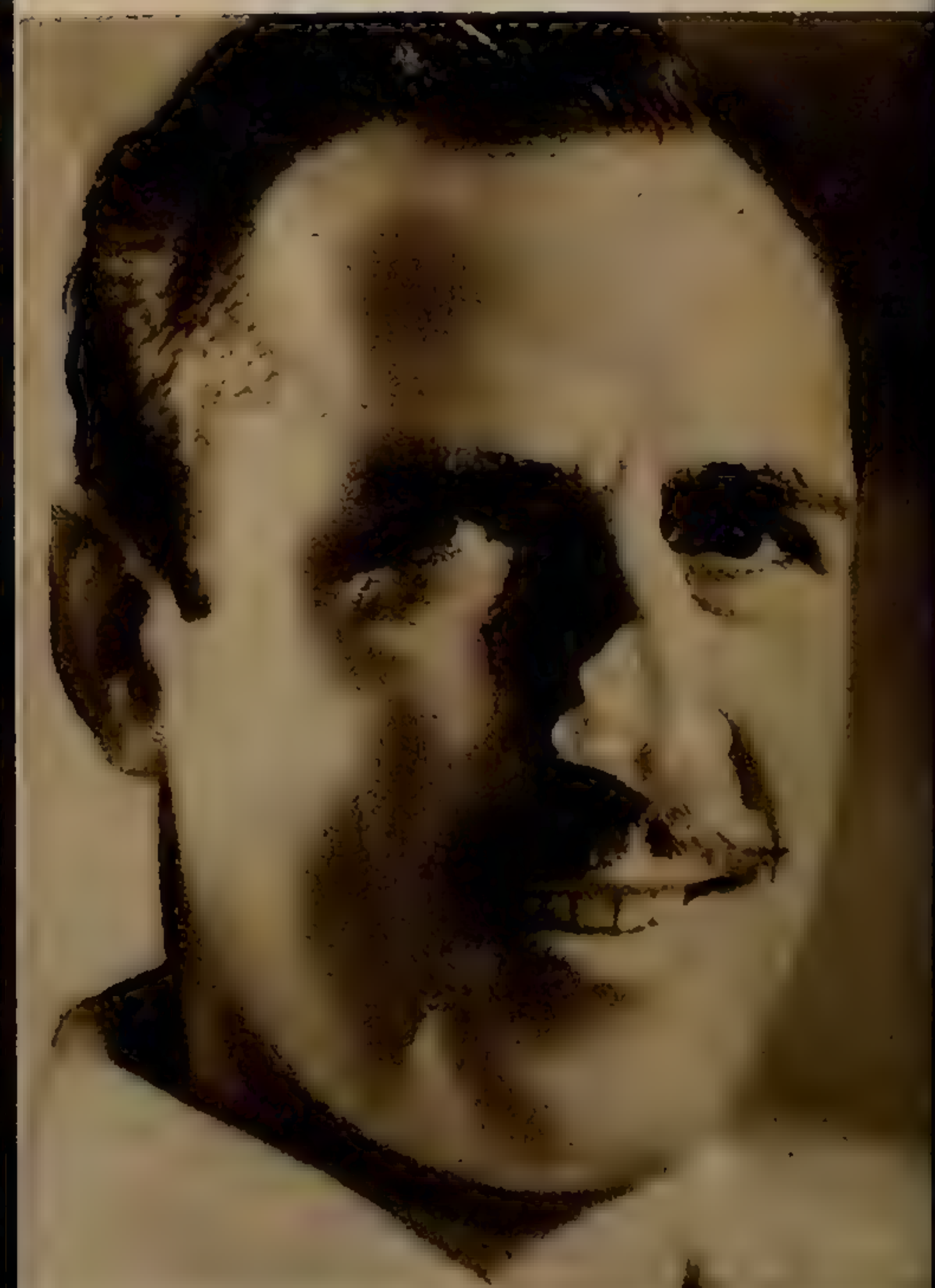
One of the beautiful gowns that Mae wears in her latest picture. The boy with her is John Mack Brown.

Above: Mae and John Mack Brown in the gaming room scene in "It Ain't No Sin."





Ramon Novarro (in "Mata Hari") says: "She has the rare quality of agelessness."



John Miljan (in "Susan Lennox") feels she is "shy," and Gilbert (in "Christina") "Her imagination is limitless."



# GARBO'S DESTINY

By POTTER BRAYTON



**What is to be the future of the glamorous Greta? Will she become immortalized as another Bernhardt, or another Duse? Here are some answers from stars who have worked in pictures with her. Do you agree?**

**W**HETHER you call her "Greeta," or "Grayta," or "Gretta," the glamorous Swedish star will always remain just plain "Garbo" to all the world.

You've noticed writers are coming more and more to refer to Greta Garbo by her last name alone. It's a fact that when Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse first began to taste immortal fame, one of the earliest indications of their outstanding importance in the theatrical world was the insistence of writers and the theater-going public on dropping the "Sarah" and "Eleonora."

I rattled off "Sarah" and "Eleanora" just like that. But I may as well confess I had to look up Duse's first name in the dictionary just now. Some day, if Greta Garbo becomes immortal too, we'll be looking up her first name in the dictionary.

—If Greta Garbo becomes immortal—but that is a matter of destiny! And who are in a better position to predict that destiny than those men who have starred with Garbo in pictures, who have known her on and off the set, studied her, laughed with her, and worked with her!

Ramon Novarro, for instance, whose emotional Latin outlook usually disguises his opinions, is very clear and altogether original in his impression of Garbo's power. "Working with Greta Garbo in *Mata Hari* was one of the most memorable and outstanding experiences in my life. I shall never forget it," Ramon began with his customary exuberance.

We were sitting at lunch in the M-G-M rectory. He suddenly smiled and pushed back his plate. "But I didn't mean to say that—that tells you nothing!" he laughed. "What I meant to say was that I had expected to find an artist—not just another actress—who would demand of me all the ability and experience which I possessed.

"I found that, and also I found one of the

Below: Robert Montgomery (in "*Inspiration*") says: "She is an enigma." On the right: Mauritz Stiller, who brought Greta to America from Sweden and who also believed in her immortality.

most sympathetic, human women whom I have ever met, a woman who, in spite of all her success and fame, is astonishingly self-conscious and modest. So much for her definable characteristics.

"As for her hold on the public, I say: Yes, Garbo is inspired. In the first place, she has the rare quality of agelessness. Off the screen she is a surprisingly young woman. On the screen she might be any age. Bernhardt had that quality. So did Duse. So have all great artists.

"And Garbo defies imitation. You can see that! Other women can copy her appearance, her clothes, her mannerisms, even the husky timbre of her voice. But they cannot copy the inner self which is the real Garbo and which the camera sees and photographs. There has never been a second Bernhardt or Duse. There will never be a second Garbo. They are immortals."

**J**OHAN MILJAN, well-known screen heavy who appeared with Garbo in *Inspiration*, *Susan Lennox*, and additional pictures, on the other hand is of the opinion that the Swedish actress is not great.

"Garbo is a product," says Miljan, "of Mauritz Stiller's advice, and of sure-fire publicity. When Stiller brought his protégée to America, he drilled into her one fact:

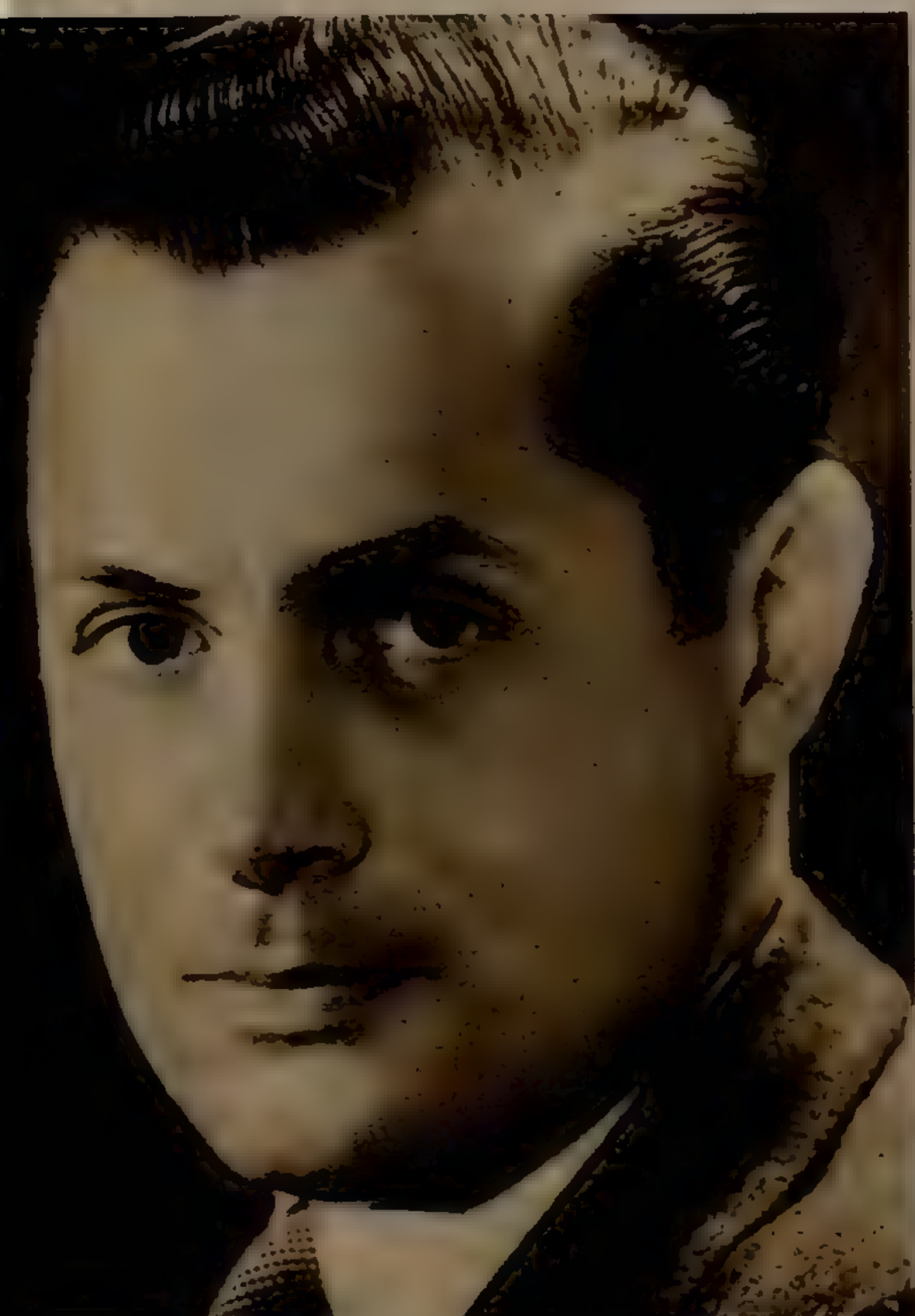
"'In America,' he told her, 'you are an actress, a master of your art. Let nothing that would please or hurt you as an individual affect you; think only in terms of your career as an actress.'"

"When Garbo found herself alone and baffled by American ways, she remembered Stiller's advice. If people misunderstood her and frightened her, she would stay away from people; she would concentrate on acting in pictures. M-G-M (Please turn to page 101)



Wide World

Hurrel



Clark Gable (in "*Susan Lennox*") believes: "She possesses something more than acting ability. Left: Charles Bickford (in "*Anna Christie*") says: "Her power comes from within."





*Roy D. MacLean*

**MARGARET SULLAVAN** —“Only Yesterday” introduced her. Only today, she is a nationwide sensation. Only tomorrow, to what heights may she attain? Her followers harbor no doubts as to the answer. She will soon give life to the adorable, sacrificing little “Bunny” in Universal’s version of Hans Fallada’s best seller, “Little Man, What Now?”



# NEW MOVIE'S Hollywood Fashions



Paramount Photo



Paramount Photo



Claudette Colbert, Paramount star in "Cleopatra," chose this irregularly draped, wide brimmed hat to go with her new bangs. The design shown here in white straw is from James Hopkins.

By

MARY LANE

**Film stars choose the smartest styles in summer hats and wear them with a style and glamour all their own.**

(Above) Yachting cap of knitted wool worn by Dorothy Dell.

(Right) Black baku worn by Joan Marsh. Both Paramount players.



# THE STARS ENDORSE

PARIS still has much to say about women's fashions, but Hollywood reserves the privilege of talking back, and within recent years the film stars not only modify French styles to suit their taste and individuality but frequently originate a new trick of wearing clothes that has a serious influence on the work of a great French designer.

Milliners in Paris this season worked overtime to devise new and ingenious headgear. Hollywood was amused at some of the new models, delighted with others and completely indifferent to a number of the hat fashions that Paris considered most smart. The fact is that no screen star can afford to wear a hat simply because it is dictated by Paris. Her hats must be becoming and they must emphasize the traits and

(Left) Nancy Lyons, appearing in the Warner Brothers' film, "Hit Me Again," wears this summer evening frock of printed black crepe. The dress features the new longer train skirt.



Broadway Hollywood

(Below) Crimson velvet evening gown worn by Esther Ralston.

M-G-M Photo



Paramount Photo

(Above) Sylvia Sidney wears this black Elizabeth crepe evening gown in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess." The softly draped black crepe skirt ends in a train and the low-cut back is accented by white mousseline ruches.



# COOLER SUMMER FASHIONS

characteristics that go to make up her personality.

Afternoon and evening fashions are becoming more formal but for leisure hours in Hollywood no clothes are worth wearing unless they are becoming and easy to wear. In spite of the cooler evenings in southern California, it still remains in a latitude some fourteen degrees south of Paris and this difference in climate not only favors lighter, cooler clothes but gayer colors and a greater nonchalance in dress. Low-backed evening gowns remain in favor with the narrower décolletage sponsored by Paris, which gives a flattering line to the figure.

(Right) Claire Dodd wears this blue and white Orry Kelly tennis frock in her latest Warner Brothers' film, "Hit Me Again."

Warner Brothers



Scotty Welbourne



Paramount Photo

(Above) Ann Dvorak, in Warner Brothers' "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," wears this honey-colored pencil stripe organdy. (Right) Crinkled organza in daisy design worn by Evelyn Venable in Paramount's "Death Takes a Holiday."

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER





*Scotty Welbourne*

**DOLORES DEL RIO**—Have you considered Dolores a type, doomed forever to play Spanish charmers with the aid of fan and mantilla? Wrong again—and the producers knew it. Next she will bow to you as Rima, the Bird Girl, in RKO's "Green Mansions" and will glide thence into the tempestuous role of DuBarry, in Warners' production of the same name.



# DURANTE goes LOOPY

**Betrayed by Garbo and bitten  
by Lupe, Jimmy stands amazed—  
a thorn between two roses**

By BARBARA BARRY

**I**T'S my patriotic complexion what done it. Just the Demagogue in me, see? If a swell guy like Roosevelt can give da whole woid a "new deal," who am I to be stingy wit a ting like my masculine platitude? Who am I to put myself outa circulation just on account of Garbo happens to be a one-man woman???

Garbo's a nice kid. Me an' her was practically like "that." But she betrayed me. That's what she done . . . betrayed me! Me . . . what give her the best years of my life, sequestered myself from society. Me . . . what can mingle wit da elete . . . da intelligentia. I give up everyt'ing—body an' soul—jus' to prove dat I meant business. An' she betrayed me! Da rank futurity of it eats into my soul like asafetida!

Garbo was one of dem strong, silent dames what a guy can talk to without needin' a coal chisel ta get a woid in horizontal. Night after night, I sits in her patio, talkin' about da physiology of Life. An' stuff. Night after night, see? Of course, she'd be in-a kitchen, eatin' lapska. But, we didn't innerfere wit each other. Dat was da utter philanthropy of da ting. She lets me talk. An' I lets her eat lapska. What could I lose??

Why did Garbo go back to Sweden da las' time? Ask me, why did she go?? It was a misunnerstandin', dat's what it was. I'm over to her house, see? An' she wants ta play cro-kett.

"Cro-kett??" I says. "Naw—dat's askin' too much. I can't be coy," I says. "I'm all man. Justa mass-a muscle." An' I show her my magnificent bipeds. "If ya gotta play," I compromises her, "make it juiy jitsoo. I been takin' a correspondence course in-a manly art of self presavation, and I'll show ya a twist I loined in da last lesson."

So I takes her by da right ear and da left heel an' den I goes t'rough da motions, like it says in da book, see? Well, I come out all right, but, it seems I was a little prevalent wit dat particular lesson. 'Cause I just nicely gets 'er in what looks t' be a combination half-Nelson an' a two-an'-a-half gainer, when somethin' slips, an' dere she is—da goil friend, see?—all tied up like a four-in-hand—an' me witout da combination! Ah-h-hh, da mortifyin' humidity of it! Da heart-rendin' frugality of da whole episode!

Far into da night I sits on Garbo's front porch, waitin' for da mailman to get dere wit my next lesson. An' when he finally gets dere an' I put her back in-a perpendicular . . . what does she say?? I ask ya . . . does she tank me like I desoives? Me, what sat (Please turn to page 79)



What-a-man Durante in a special pose showing what the well-dressed man can wear—if he can get away with it.

Left: Jimmy and Lupe in a scene from the RKO picture, "Strictly Dynamite."



# PIONEERING IN THE MOVIES

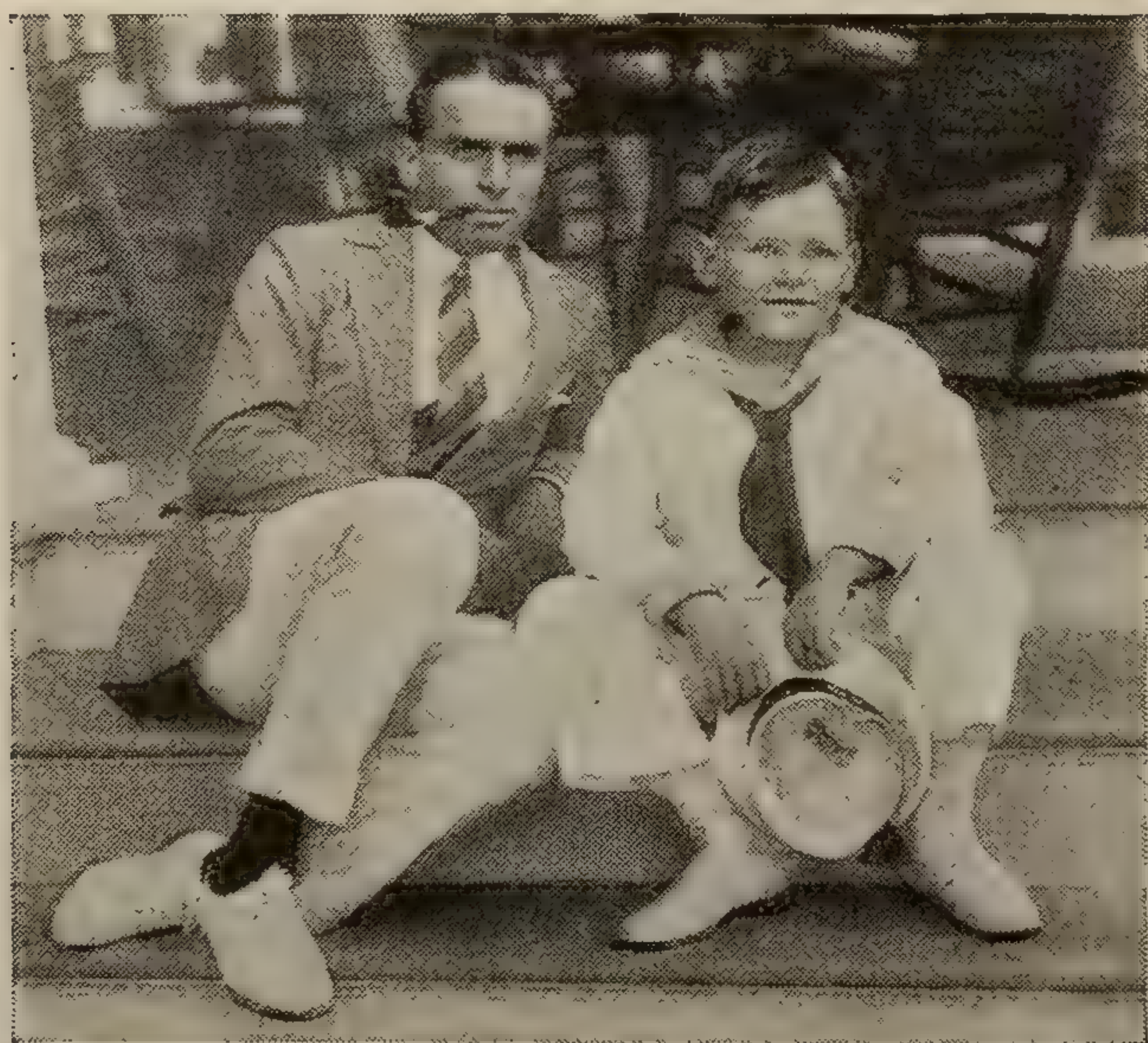
**T**WENTY-SIX years ago, a boy in the Ben Hampton advertising agency cast an appraising eye on what was then truly an infant industry. Attracted by its possibilities, the advertising business lost a potential executive when the motion picture business obtained the services of a youngster who today has become one of its leading executives.

The boy in question was Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures Corporation, which he operates in conjunction with his brother Harry, Hollywood production wizard.

That it entailed a decided reduction in salary meant nothing to Cohn at the time he decided to throw his

**Thrilling highlights in film history as revealed for the first time by Jack Cohn, whose rise from laboratory assistant to vice-president of his own company is one of the remarkable stories of the industry**

**as told to George Gerry**



*Culver Service*

**Douglas Fairbanks and Douglas Jr., about the time the elder Fairbanks was beginning his screen career.**

forces in with the new and miraculous business. To him anything pertaining to motion pictures was surrounded with an aura of romance, with the result that not even an offer of \$7.00 a week as a laboratory worker for the old IMP Company sufficed to discourage him. Sloshing around in the dark and damp of the developing room was anything but a romantic experience, yet the newcomer stuck to his job.

Of extra work there was plenty because the IMP Company, working with small capital, was chronically short-handed and if any of its employees were willing enough to work over-time there was no one to stop him but, on the contrary, plenty to encourage him. And Carl Laemmle, head of the company, was known to be a "swell boss," quick to recognize loyal service.

And so it came about that presently Jack Cohn was obtaining first-hand knowledge of film cutting, probably one of the most important elements entering into the making of good pictures. Present day production, when shown on the screen, represents the film editor's refinement of the treatment accorded to it by the director. A poorly edited production can easily ruin a film in spite of its fine direction, and by the same token, a poorly directed film can be made acceptable by clever and judicious editing.

Jack Cohn took to film editing as eagerly as a child



**Top (left) Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures.**

**Above: D.W. Griffith, famous director, who is the originator of close-up.**



**Left: Frank Borzage, film cutter, who rose to directorial heights.**

to a lollipop. It represented something constructive, and it wasn't long before he became so valuable as to cause him to be taken out of the laboratory so that all of his time could be spent in that phase of motion picture activity. It is interesting to note that many of the foremost motion picture directors of today owe much of their success to the knowledge they obtained as film cutters. Lewis Milestone and Frank Borzage are shining examples of great directors who started as film cutters.



In less than a year, Jack Cohn was acknowledged to be one of the best film editors in the business. By this time he not only assembled the pictures produced by his company, but also wrote many of the sub-titles for them. Money was still scarce and so, while trying to make a dollar do the work of two, he hit upon an idea that subsequently saved the IMP organization thousands of dollars.

The same stars were used in virtually all of the company's pictures and, as is still the case, many scenes were shot while a picture was in the course of production which were later eliminated either because the picture was too long, or else because their elimination speeded up the action of the story. Instead of throwing these scenes away, Cohn saved them and put them into use in subsequent pictures wherein the same performers appeared. The fact that they might be wearing different clothes was unimportant at that time. In the majority of cases, the incongruity of an actor wearing a gray suit in one scene and a black suit in another was not as great as it might appear, because the inserted scenes were very short. Besides, it was not at all unusual for mistakes in costume to occur, even when all of the scenes in a given picture belonged to that production, supervision not having been developed to the point it is today.

"There was another thing that helped us in this connection," Jack Cohn declared. "The wardrobe of the men and women we used in our pictures was, in the majority of cases, confined to the clothes they had on their backs. About the only extra article of attire the men possessed was a straw hat in addition to a derby, straw hats being considered indispensable, particularly for the hero. We got by because if a picture contained action, the motion picture patrons of that day didn't care how the players dressed from scene to scene."

The old IMP studio was then located over



Globe Photos

Maurice Costello, favorite of early film days and one of the very first of the movie matinee idols.



Globe Photos

Maurice Costello, who once turned down an offer from a rival film company at double the salary he was getting, because he thought the offer was too good to be true, photographed at the height of his screen career. Included in the picture are Dolores (now Mrs. John Barrymore) Helene Costello, and Mrs. Costello.

## DO YOU KNOW:

That Douglas Fairbanks' moving picture career was held back for several years because his first screen test was so bad?

That in the old days stage performers refused to play important movie roles for fear their friends might see the pictures and recognize them?

That the first American company to film pictures abroad did so because it wanted to keep the Patents "Trust" from confiscating its cameras?

That D. W. Griffith's early movies were laughed at by the picture producers because his "close-ups" cut off the legs of his performers?

That back in 1910 a director predicted movies would eventually be shown in the country's biggest and finest theaters?

That pictures were once known as "chasers" because they were used by vaudeville theaters for just that purpose?

That a picture that cost only \$900 to make eventually brought its company a profit of over \$250,000?

How a New York cabaret owner unwittingly made possible a feature production?

Why Hollywood's "Poverty Row" became known as "Prosperity Row"?

a boiler factory on 56th Street and Tenth Avenue. There was just one stage, twenty by thirty feet. Consequently, there was room for only one set. In spite of this handicap, three and four pictures were turned out every week, the majority of them using the same set. Stories never meant much, and scenarios meant even less. Someone would get a story idea and forthwith it was shot. Obviously, none of the performers had the haziest idea as to what it was all about, but so hungry was the world for the new type of amusement, that these pictures achieved astonishing grosses.

The IMP pictures of these days were famous for the manner in which the actors emoted. According to Jack Cohn, there was a reason for this. The noise from the boiler factory below was terrific and it was not at all difficult for the players, both male and female, to agonize when called upon. Those were the days when acting was acting. The school of repression had not yet come to the fore. When an actor's role required him to show grief, there had to be no doubt about the grief he felt. This meant screwing up his face, clutching his heart with both hands, looking skyward and generally making every (Please turn to page 84)



# THE Boulevardier goes

**D**ON'T look like yoh'd read these movie magazines a-tall, they's so cleee-ean," said the steward to whom I bequeathed them.

"I don't read them," I said, "I just look at the pictures, same as everyone else."

"Oh, Ah reads 'um," he said. "Ah wantuh educate mahself."

I said I supposed some writers were instructive, adding, by way of a trial balloon, that I came from Hollywood.

"D'yoh know Miss Jean Harlow?"

"I've seen her pictures," I said.

"Ah mean have yoh met huh pussnly in huh home?"

"No," I admitted.

"Ah have," he said.

"Well!" I said.

He didn't say anything more and I felt a sudden desire to educate myself. "I've heard she isn't at all like herself on the screen," I said. "So I didn't think I'd care to know her."

"She sho is a lady," he said.

"I was afraid of that."

"Ah have a friend who wuhks for huh. Me an'nother fella visited him. He asked Miss Harlow could he show us huh house. She said, 'Suttinly, Ambrose, show the boys everythin'."

He stopped, his eyes bulged on the magazine he was turning. "Golly," he cackled, "that Jimmy-Durante sho is a cahd."

"Uhuh," I said impatiently. "Did you like Miss Harlow's house?"

"Oh sho, it's swel-ll. So cleee-ean. Never did see such a cleee-ean house. Everythin' white, 'cept the help. You oughtuh see it."

"Well, I'm still young," I said. "Go on."

"Miss Harlow suttinly is a lady."

"Good to the help, you mean?"

"Sho is," he said. "When we was goin', she sing out, 'Ambrose, maybe the boys would like a drink. Um-um-umm. Real gin, none this yere smoke. Yessuh, Miss Harlow is a ree-eal lady. You oughtuh meet huh."

**Secure in his burnt-cork make-up the Boulevardier gives vent to thoughts on ladies, cycles and "Dynamite Sadie."**

By **HERB HOWE**

Illustrations by **D. B. Holcomb**



Herb wonders what would happen if Marlene's "Catherine" were married to Doug instead of that other great "Catherine," Elizabeth Bergner.





# BLACKFACE

"I'd like to," I said wistfully. "Could you fix it with Ambrose?"

"Sho," he said. "Thanks a lot foh all these magazines. Ah sho likes to educate mahself about Hollywood."

"Ah does too," Ah said.

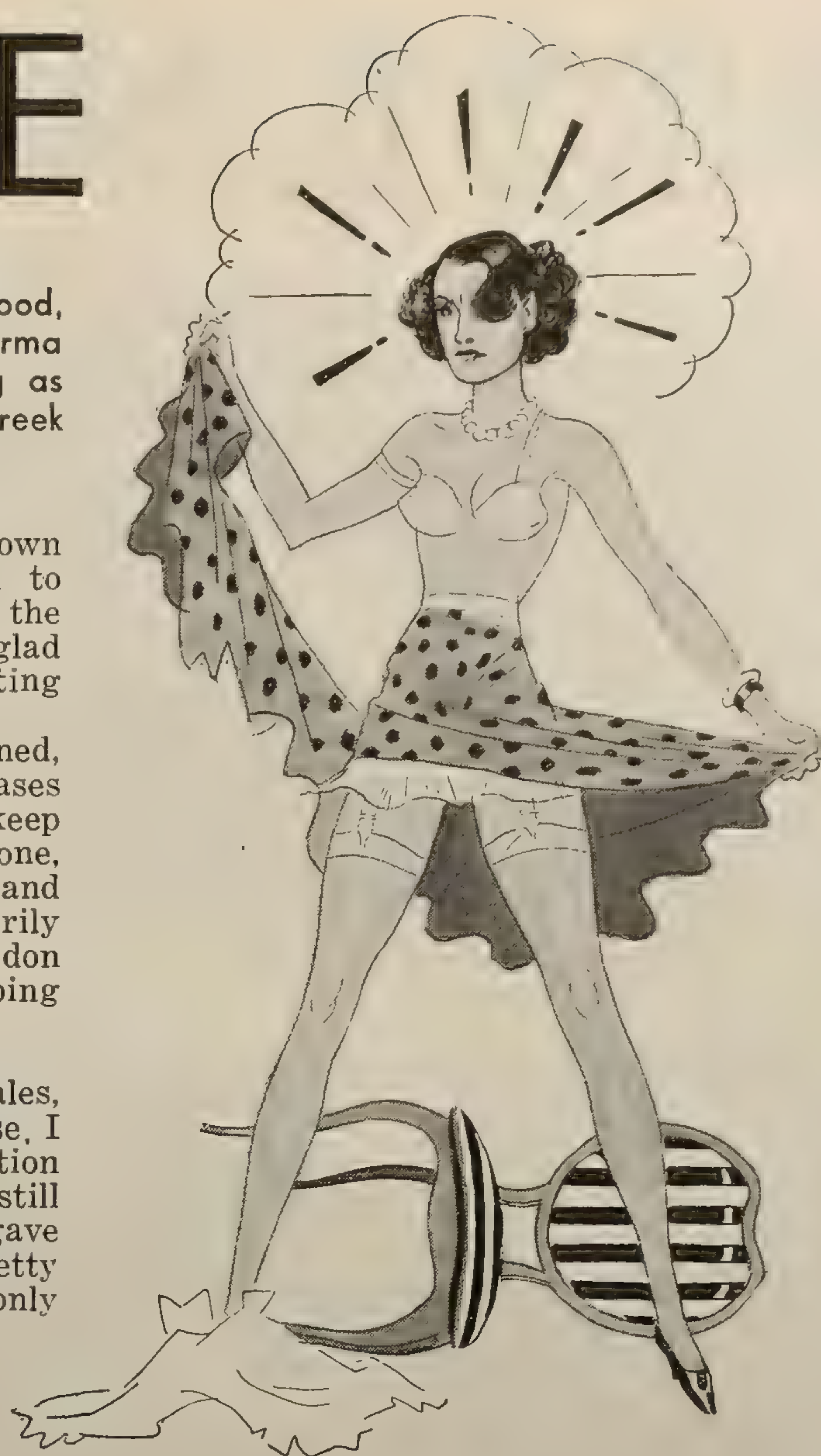
In a brief angry mood, Herb reports, Norma was as frightening as a Fury out of Greek tragedy.

IF Miss Harlow wants to be a lady off screen that's her own business and I don't think anyone has any right at all to criticize her as long as she gives us our money's worth on the screen. She is one of our few natural actresses, and I'm glad Mr. Mayer raised her from \$1,500 a week to \$3,000, thus benefiting all mankind.

Miss Harlow couldn't go on at the old figure, she explained, because she couldn't make ends meet. (When you hear of cases like this you can't help feeling how lucky you are.) The upkeep on a lady is expensive as you darn well know if you ever had one, especially if she has a house all white and keeps it cleean and is good to the help and lets them drink the best stuff. Ordinarily I don't approve of ladies but one of these days I'm going to don blackface and meet Miss Harlow pussnly in huh home, hoping she doesn't insist I dive in the pool.

MY pout at ladies, as distinguished from the "easier way" females, is due partially to the violence done me by one because, I ventured to say that Norma Shearer's humming bird animation in "Riptide" suggested the worried hostess fearful of being still for a minute lest the party collapse. Indeed, the entire picture gave me the illusion of being at a Hollywood party, which is pretty harrowing when you're cold sober and not in the mania. The only

Calling on the gorgeous Harlow, Herb learns a few things about the upkeep of a lady's home.



line that hit home was Herbert Marshall's: "It all makes me very ill."

I don't think Miss Shearer is true in fizzy "sophisticated" roles. Given the opportunity I think she will one day surprise us as a tragedienne. In brief angry mood she was as frightening as a Fury out of Greek tragedy. Irving says when she gets that way at home she tears off her clothes. Pussnly I'd like to see more of Miss Shearer in tempest.

One thing is certain: Norma Shearer is the ladies' favorite. I have scars to prove it, believe me! She'll be enlivening the screen, in tempest or sunshine, when other current stars are writing memoirs.

ELIZABETH BERGNER is so genuine in her simplicity that she makes us fully aware, in contrast, of our local babies' affectations.

In her funny little blond-shavings wig above saucer-round eyes she made me think momentarily of Harpo Marx, yet her voice hypnotized. The more miraculous since she was far from my conception of Catherine the Great who I always thought was our one and only Pola Negri.

Historical pictures make us Americans realize how weak we are on history (Says he, speaking for hisself). I was terribly confused about "Catherine the Great," arriving, as I did, just when Peter was drawing himself up to young Doug's full height and refusing to sleep with little Catherine although she had taken the trouble to marry him and the neighbors couldn't say a word. "No," he said with a toss of the head, "No!" and flounced out wearing what I in my (Please turn to page 60)



# FIRST NIGHTS ON

More than the usual number of fine films this month. Beery contributes an outstanding performance as "Villa"

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

**H**OLLYWOOD's scenario writers are high priced ladies and gentlemen who seem to believe that a story, like a briar pipe, gets better and better the more you use it.

Members of the congregation who think the old crab is just having another fit of spleen are invited to join in an autopsy of several of this month's "brand new" films. Here they are:

"Finishing School," identical, even to its star, with "Coming Out Party," released last month.

"Riptide," the old story of a married woman's temptation in which Adam, Eve and the Serpent were the first leads.

"Glamour," the plot that Kalem and Essanay used to shoot about the humble chorus girl who made good.

"Jimmy the Gent," another Cagney film and just like all previous Cagney films.

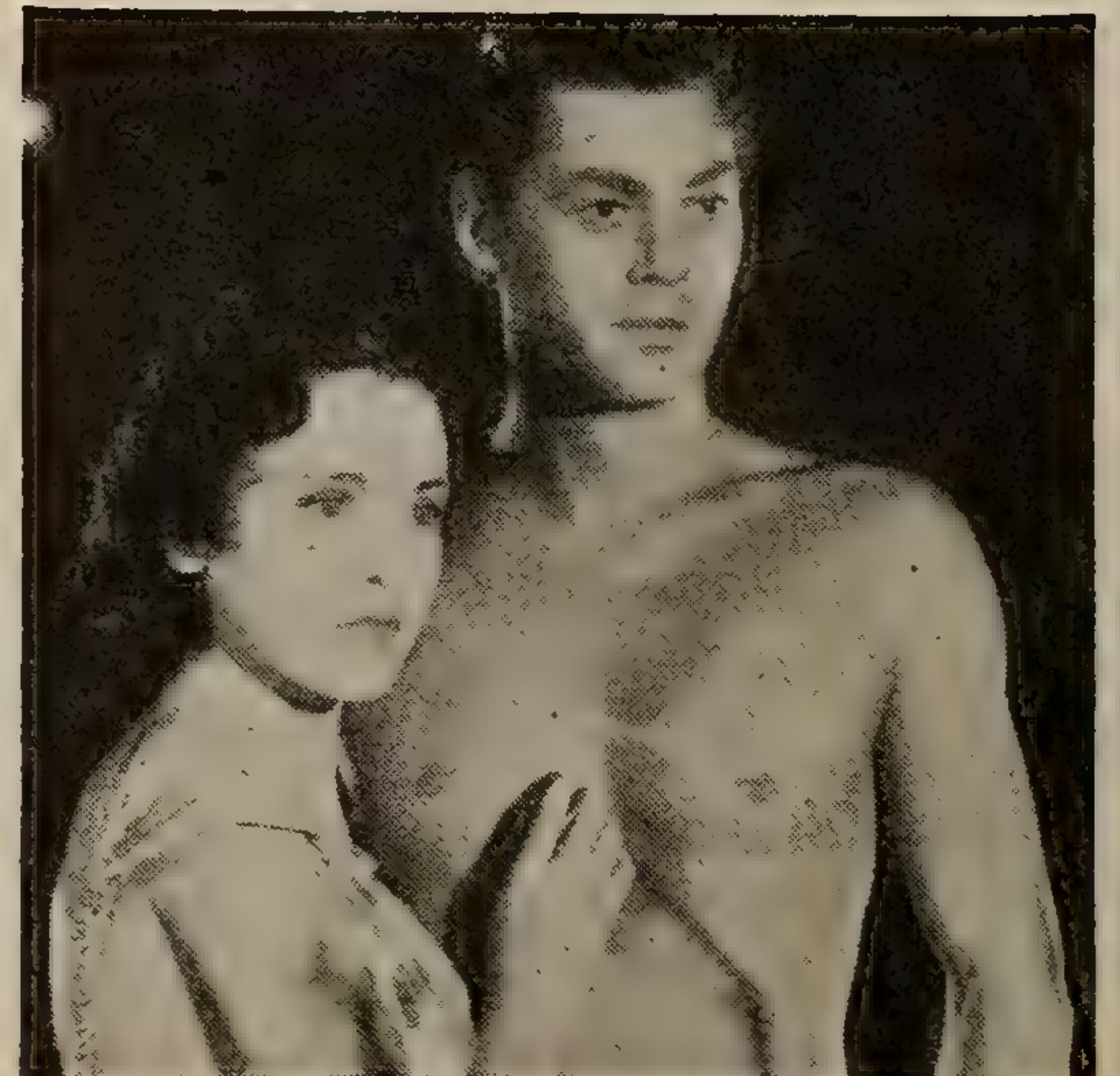
"A Modern Hero," the plot of "The World Changes," with new costumes and scenery.

"The Trumpet Blows," an echo of Valentino's old "Blood and Sand."

The manufacture of so many films that center around the same old story circles, like well-trained

circus horses, is the result of laziness, or blindness, or both. Hollywood hires people to write "original stories" that don't deserve the adjective, or buys stage plays and lets it go at that. As a rule the film versions of theatrical productions are good because in the play script a skilled craftsman already has done most of the dirty work. "Men in White," one of this month's outstanding releases is an example of how cameras actually can improve footlight material.

When Hollywood invented the sound track, it held in its lap a medium far more graphic and flexible than stage art possibly can be. Picture plays don't have to be



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan and His Mate."



George Raft and Frances Drake are featured in "The Trumpet Blows."



Dick Powell, as the crooner in "Twenty Million Sweethearts."

A scene from "Men in White," showing Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.



## MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AAA—This Month's Best; AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Poor)

<b>AAA</b> Viva Villa	<b>B</b> The Trumpet Blows
<b>AA</b> Tarzan and His Mate	A Modern Hero
Men in White	You're Telling Me
Twenty Million	Melody in Spring
Sweethearts	Finishing School
The Constant Nymph	Sing and Like It
<b>A</b> Glamour	<b>C</b> Smarty
Riptide	The Countess of
Jimmy the Gent	Monte Cristo

AND DON'T MISS THESE EARLIER FILMS:—The House of Rothschild; The Show-Off; It Happened One Night; The Cat and the Fiddle; This Side of Heaven; Catherine the Great; Hi, Nellie! Counsellor-at-Law; Dancing Lady; His Double Life; Design for Living; Little Women; Duck Soup; Eskimo.



# BROADWAY WITH THE NEW PICTURES



"Viva Villa" Mr. Van de Water's selection as the best picture of the month. Shown here are Katherine DeMille, Wallace Beery, a dancing extra and Leo Carrillo, in the cabaret scene from the production.



George K. Arthur, Arthur Jarrett, the late Lilyan Tashman, Earl Oxford, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Robert Montgomery, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Director Edmund Goulding, in the bar scene from "Riptide," Miss Shearer's latest starring vehicle.

based on originals or theatrical scripts any longer. They can go with great success much further afield. The magnates of moviedom who weep over the lack of good stories to shoot don't seem to know that they possess at last the keys to all the libraries in the world. They hold in their laps all the necessary mechanism for bringing to life the novels of this civilization—and they just hold the darned thing in their laps and mourn.

Books, and not those books most completely jammed with action, can be resurrected triumphantly on the screen. There is "Little Women," for example and, this month, "The Constant Nymph." Both, by the old standards, are unpromising film material. Both are far greater successes than the warmed over versions of earlier not-too-good pictures on which the public still is fed. You might sit down for ten minutes and think what film-dom, if it would stop rehashing and start recreating, might find on any public library's shelves:

H. G. Wells' "The History of

Mr. Polly," with Charles Ruggles as the star; Edward Everett Horton as Irving's "Ichabod Crane"; Gary Cooper in "A Tale of Two Cities"; Fredric March in Hugo's "Les Miserables"; James Cagney in Richard Harding Davis's "Gallegher"; Katharine Hepburn in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

There also are great dramatists who wrote for the movies long before they were invented. Films of enduring dramatic and historical value could be made out of "Hamlet" and "Richard III" with John Barrymore as the star. Richard Wagner's operas could be produced more splendidly on film than in any theater.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for the next magnate who starts to alibi his pictures' triteness by talk of a story shortage to curl up somewhere with a good book—or even five or six of them.

There are more than the usual number of excellent pictures this month but still the normal assemblage of those grading from fair

(Please turn to page 65)

## UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of unfeatured players who this month gave outstanding performance)

- ELIZABETH ALLAN: For her lonely little nurse in "Men in White."
- FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, Jr.: For his precious war correspondent in "Viva Villa."
- EDWARD ELLIS: For his old bull-fighter in "The Trumpet Blows."
- JOSEPH CAWTHORNE: For his canny old producer in "Glamour."
- JOHNNY BAXTER: For his husband of a film star in "Twenty Million Sweethearts."
- JANE BAXTER: For her young wife in "The Constant Nymph."
- ALAN DINEHART: For his suave genealogist in "Jimmy the Gent."
- MRS. PAT CAMPBELL: for her dissolute dowager in "Riptide."
- HERMAN BING: For his explosive landlord in "Melody in Spring."



# The PEOPLE'S ACADEMY

Where New Movie's readers give their views and opinions of what is going on in the film world

**W**HY, oh why, are they casting Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow"? In my opinion John Boles would be a perfect Prince Danilo. He has a wonderful voice, and he and Jeanette MacDonald would make a handsome couple. I like Chevalier and enjoy him in singing playboy type roles, but can't you just see his feet at the bottom of one of those gorgeous uniforms in the "Merry Widow Waltz?"

Let's have Clark Gable in more pictures like "It Happened One Night"; at last Clark has played a part that does him justice and can he hitch-hike?

I would like to see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, teamed up again. How about you?

Here's to NEW MOVIE—the most news at any price.—Ruth Allen, Jackson, Mich.

*Watch for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorce." And personally we see nothing wrong with Maurice's feet.*

## Too Collegiate to Be True

**I** WONDER if there wasn't something wrong with my college days. I thought I had fun and carefree days, but when I see the school and college pictures, the four years which I spent in college seem

to be an interlude of hard work and drab monotony.

I wish they would give us one really good, true-to-type picture of college life. Not that the ones they give us are not entertaining, but they are never quite the real thing. The co-ed's clothes are too fancy, the dorms too luxurious, and the classrooms and laboratories too artificially equipped.

Perhaps if the directors, research departments, writers, etc., pulled together, we could have college pictures true to life.—Miss Ava Morris, 290 West Market St., Akron, Ohio.

*Pictures improve on reality. That's why they're popular.*

## Musical Pastime

**A** MODERN symphony of stellar quality might be something like this:

"Orchids in the Moonlight"—Greta Garbo.

"Heat Wave"—Jean Harlow.

"Sophisticated Lady"—Norma Shearer.

"Night on the Water"—Dolores Del Rio.

"Beautiful Girl"—Claudette Colbert.

"Dancing Lady"—Ruby Keeler.



(Above, left) "In my opinion, John Boles would be a perfect Prince Danilo." (Below, left) Sally Rand . . . "were those white 'overcoats' she used supposed to be fans?"

(Above, center) "Laurels to Elissa Landi for staying different, despite criticism." (Above, right) "Raft, I am sure, will win many new admirers with his gay braggadocio."



# Happily married !....

## Summer Fruits & The NEW JELL-O

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Blueberries and peaches  
molded in Lemon JELL-O



Melon balls molded in Lime JELL-O



Strawberry JELL-O with garland of fresh berries



Cherry JELL-O cubes  
with whipped cream



Diced Raspberry  
JELL-O with  
fresh raspberries

Easier! . . . Quicker!

Richer  
in fruit flavor!

Because

## THE NEW JELL-O

dissolves  
in warm water!

Jell-O is a product of General Foods.

FRESH summer fruits and the new Jell-O were just made for each other. Ripe, rose-hearted strawberries find an ideal mate in tender, glowing Strawberry Jell-O. The tingling tartness of Lemon Jell-O gives character to midsummer's dusky blueberries and golden peaches. Why, every fruit you can name has a perfect affinity in some luscious Jell-O flavor!

But be sure to get genuine Jell-O, the gelatin dessert that dissolves in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm. Then there's no steam to carry flavor away.

And there's no boiling heat to delay setting! You can put Jell-O into the refrigerator right away—have it ready to serve in surprisingly short order.

Try some of these delectable hot-weather combinations—and invent new ones of your own! Gay and capricious color schemes . . . smart tricks to make a little bit of fruit serve a whole tableful of people.

Keep all six Jell-O flavors on hand. Every Jell-O package has an inner seal to keep the flavor orchard-fresh.



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Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey Did with the New Jell-O."

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Print name and address plainly. If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires July 1, 1935.)

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



# News of the New

VAGABOND hats, crushable hats, pull-on hats, hats that you can tuck into your overnight bag as casually as you would a silk scarf. They are all out of date except for sports wear and in their place we have formally shaped hats that tip down at one side, or at the back. They may be less frugally trimmed than hats women wore a generation ago, but they are definitely reminiscent of the good old pre-war, pre-depression days.

During the era of ultra-simple head-gear for women, there were those who said that wide brimmed elaborate hats could never return. They seemed out of the question in a world of subways, buses, automobiles, and telephone booths. Women simply wouldn't be bothered. Yet all things, it would seem, are possible in the world of fashion. The same season that brings to us streamline cars of the most compact type is also marked by a revival of Merry Widow hats with cartwheel brims, wide enough to please any fashionable girl of the 1890's, when the wide-brimmed Merry Widow hat was in favor.



THERE is the story of the overweight lady at a summer hotel who sucked lemons between meals to reduce her weight. The doctor looking on asked her why she did it and met with no success when he tried to explain that even a lemon contains some calories and that every calorie we eat in excess of what we need is likely to be stored away in the form of extra weight.

The lady in question held to the opinion that if such things as lemons and spinach, lettuce and cabbage actually did contain calories they were not the kind of calories that made one fat. Only bread and butter and candy contained that kind of calories. She forgot the example of the patient cow who, living on a diet of nothing but grass, clover and other greens, manages to produce creamy milk from which our butter and cheese are obtained.

A little knowledge may not always be a dangerous thing, but the little knowledge about calories that many of us have had has turned out to be very misleading. Bread and butter, cereals



and sugars, because they have a higher caloric count than fruits and vegetables, have been looked on with suspicion.

Girls in quest of slimmer waistlines have taken their lettuce without benefit of the mayonnaise or French dressing needed to give the lettuce palatability and proper balance. Thousands of women have deprived themselves of the pleasure of eating appetizing, well balanced meals all because of their wrong impression that certain foods are fattening and that others are not. They have not only worried themselves into a state of depression on the subject of food, but have made themselves tiresome to their companions at luncheon or dinner.

A really thorough knowledge of calories and their role in nutrition would take years of study. A glimpse into any scientific book on the subject mystifies us with its scientific terms and formulae. The important thing to remember is that a certain number of calories are necessary if we want to go on moving about, working, playing or thinking, that all real foods contain some calories and that no food is really fattening unless we eat too much or exercise too little.



THREE years ago we asked one hundred men to tell us in the answers to a questionnaire, what they liked and what they didn't like in feminine dress and make-up. To the question, "What do you like least in the way of woman's hair dress?" a memorable number wrote "Bangs." That, however, does not mean that there is something about bangs that men don't like, because now that bangs have come back in favor it is usually the men of the house who look on admiringly. It simply means that, even though they won't admit it, men are as much ruled by fashion as woman. Three years ago bangs seemed a little out of fashion or eccentric.

Whether it started in Paris or Hollywood it is hard to say. Perhaps these new bangs are among the fashions that started independently at about the same time in both fashion centers. You have only to study the new head dresses in current magazines and newspapers to know how varied are the possibilities of the new banged coiffure.



AN odd assortment of nicked cups, saucers and plates, chairs with wobbly legs or faded plush coverings, out-of-date window hangings, shabby rugs and battered kitchen utensils! Any discards like that we considered good enough for the summer cottage. What if the mattress had grown hard or bumpy with age. Fresh sea or country air should be enough inducement to sound sleep.

Now all this has changed and the modern home maker feels as great a sense of responsibility for the taste displayed in the furnishings of her vacation home as she does in her year-round residence. Lowered prices have had something to do with this. Dishes and glassware do not have to be ugly to be inexpensive and the cheapest sort of material may be made into most charming window curtains.

Discarded furniture may still have its place in the vacation home but not until it has been soundly mended and painted or refinished and for a reasonable price you may buy sturdy cottage furniture that is in as good taste as that used in your city home.



## The PEOPLE'S ACADEMY

(Continued from page 50)



**G**OLD MEDAL awards of The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by *The New Movie Magazine*) will be announced in the August issue. These awards will be made in recognition of the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements for the year of 1933, as selected by the readers of this magazine.

The readers, acting as judges and jury, have made their nominations of excellence in the following classifications:

- 1—Best All-Around Feature Picture
- 2—Best Performance (Actress)
- 3—Best Performance (Actor)
- 4—Best Musical Picture
- 5—Best Human Interest Picture
- 6—Best Mystery Picture
- 7—Best Romance
- 8—Best Comedy
- 9—Best Short-Reel Picture
- 10—Best Newsreel Picture
- 11—Best Direction
- 12—Best Story

The votes are now being compiled and show some surprising results. You will want to watch for them in the August issue of *The New Movie Magazine*, which will be on sale June 29.

"I do hope we will see more of this lovely, sweet, Jean Parker."

(Right) "Rosemary Ames has a warm personality and accomplished acting ability."



"Savage Serenade"—Lupe Velez.  
 "Adorable"—Lilian Harvey.  
 "Alice in Wonderland"—Janet Gaynor.  
 "Temptation"—Elissa Landi.

Music describes the stars beautifully, *n'est-ce-pas?*—  
 R. Frances O'Rourke, 11 W. 27th Street, Wilmington,  
 Delaware.

*You've started a delightful game, Miss O'Rourke. Others are herewith invited to contribute personality theme songs.*

### Jean Parker Scores Again

**I** AM a woman old enough to appreciate a good picture when I see one as I've been going to the movies ever since I was a child. Today I saw a picture that was truly a very fine one. It was called "Two Alone." Jean Parker is divine. I do wish they would be fair and give her more pictures to play in. It doesn't seem fair that just because some picture has a big star

in it, it is given a lot of publicity and really the picture itself is terrible and very often not fit to see. I do hope we will see more of this lovely, sweet Jean.—*E. Marschner, 14 Marsac Place, Newark, N. J.*

*Simplicity need never bow to "glamour" while Miss Parker graces the screen.*

### Take a Bow, Mr. Hill

**I** HAVE not as yet been able to see the new star, Anna Sten, but according to the papers and especially the article written by Edwin C. Hill in the March issue of *NEW MOVIE* I have all hopes of being able to praise her dramatic talent just as I do her beauty.

If Mr. Goldwyn can afford to spend so much money on a new star she must be good. Here's wishing her success in America.—*Marcella Kutty, 1837 W. 50th St., Cleveland, Ohio.*

*NEW MOVIE was glad to be able to present the first real story of the new Soviet star.*

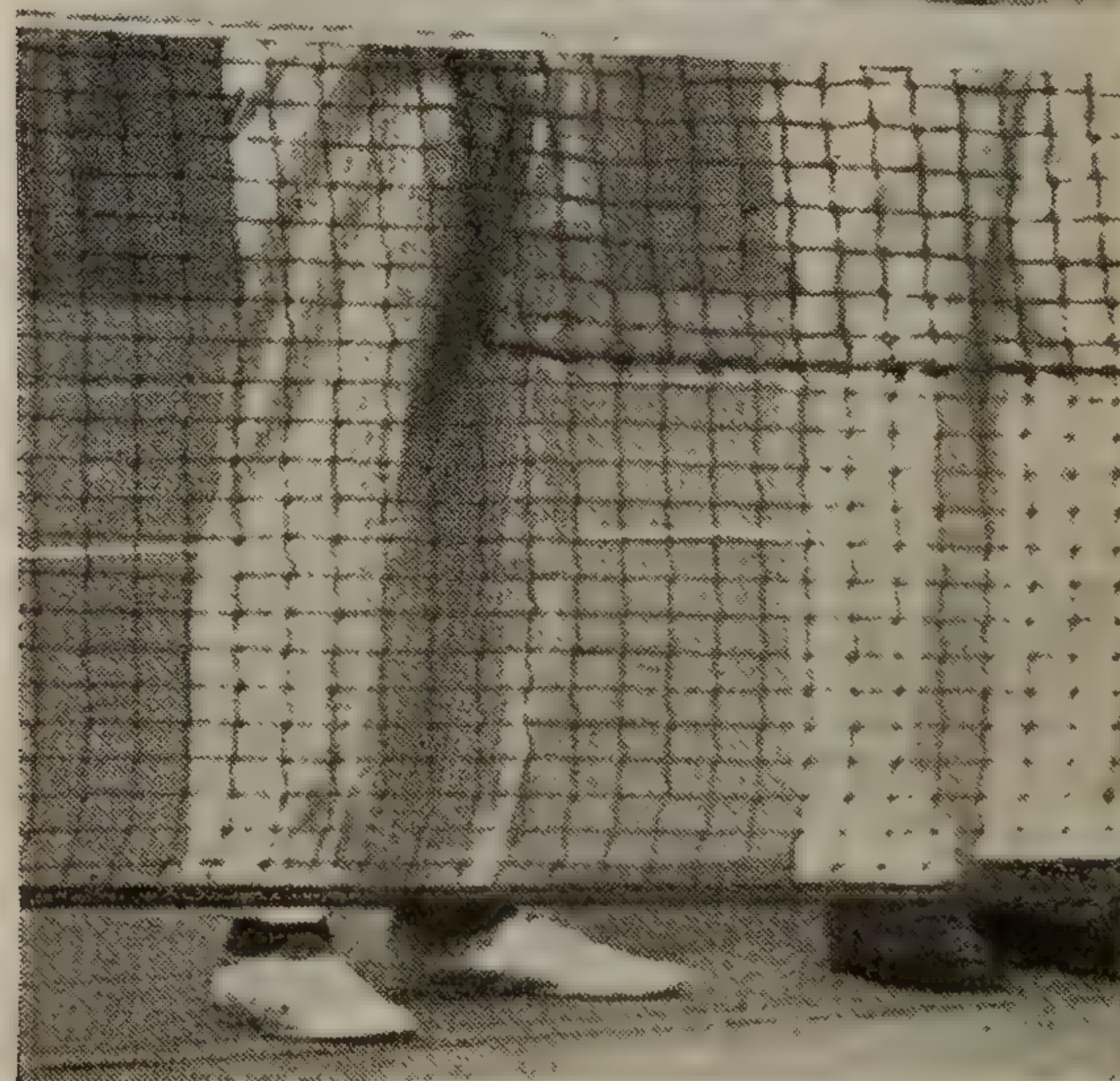
(Please turn to page 95)



# Having Fun IN HOLLYWOOD

**Outdoor buffet suppers  
become popular, Sari  
Maritza's charming sur-  
prise party and Joe E.  
Brown's lawn party**

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Cary Grant and his bride (Virginia Cherrill) and Randolph Scott at the Lanny Ross party.

**A**LL the billers and cooers are giving parties these days—the younger Hollywood set, that is. So that, when you go to a party, you positively must never enter a snug alcove or a conservatory without coughing.

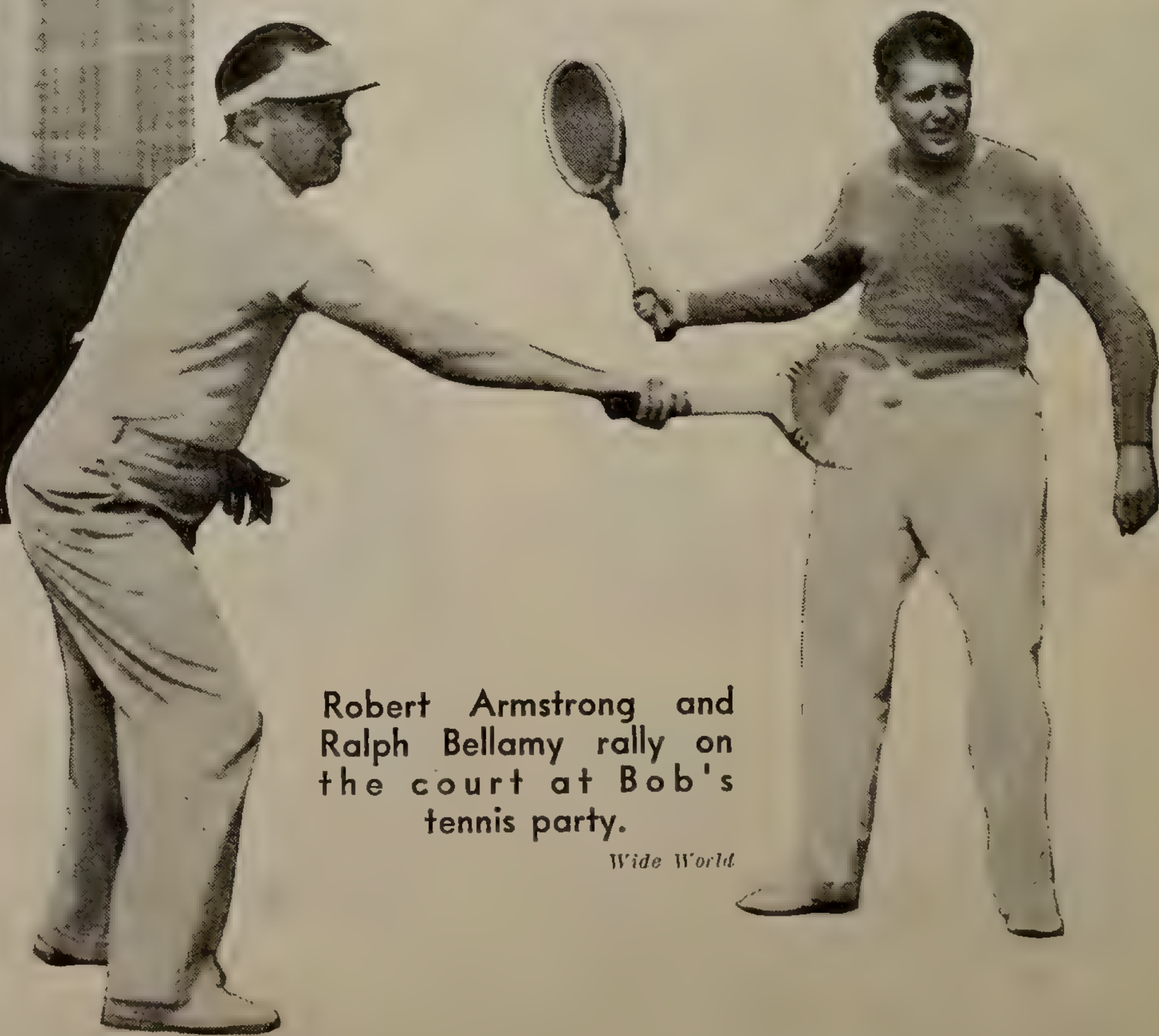
Suddenly the youngsters have become party conscious, and are giving all sorts of affairs—riding parties, garden parties, costume parties, treasure hunts, and just plain parties.

There was Lanny Ross's party, with Jack Oakie bringing Toby Wing, and Dorothy Dell arriving with Lou Diamond, while Lanny just paid court to all the girls present quite impartially. He was going to New York, and he wanted no broken hearts left behind him. Wise boy. He didn't make a single date in Hollywood.

Lanny was persuaded to sing for the guests, and he warbled "Melody in Spring" and "Ending with a Kiss" in a way to make all the little gals' hearts go pit-a-pat for fair.

Robert Armstrong and Ralph Bellamy rally on the court at Bob's tennis party.

*Wide World*



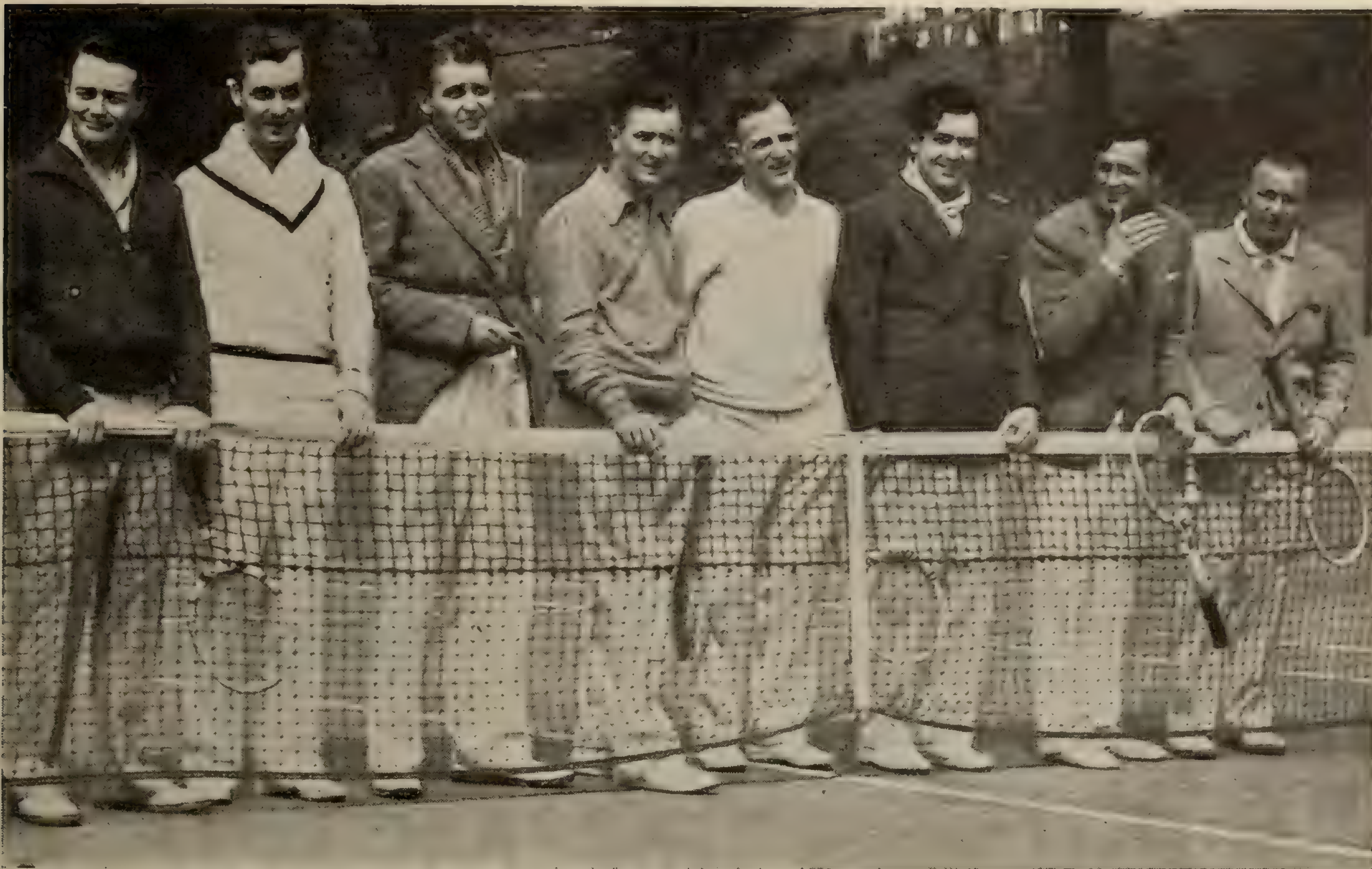
Outdoor suppers are getting to be a fad, and Lanny's was very nice, being served, a la buffet, on the terrace.

Jack Oakie pretended to wait on Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, and played he was Vincent Barnett, telling Cary and Virginia about their table manners being all wrong, until Cary threatened to toss him into the swimming pool.

Gail Patrick came to the party with Johnny Engstead. This is becoming interesting, children.

I think Gail is encouraging the ambitions of Johnny, who used to be in the publicity department at Paramount, but who has wanted to act ever since he was a little boy. In fact he got into the publicity department





Wide World

A group of the men at Bob Armstrong's tennis party: Left to right: Paul Kelly, Ernest Wood, Lew Ayres, Russel Gleason, Ralph Bellamy, Elliot Nugent, Phil Neer, John Mack Brown, Billy Bakewell and Bob Armstrong.

with an eye on the acting end—carried messages, then began writing, and of late has played several parts.

Balloons were turned loose on the floor during the dancing, in the living room, and some of them were blown out-of-doors, being pursued by Randolph Scott and Jack Oakie.

Katherine DeMille told Randy Scott he would be high in her favor if he caught one for her, and Randy very nearly fell into the pool trying to capture one. He finally did get one just before the balloon joined its little companions bursting on a thorny rose bush.

Baby LeRoy is growing up so fast that Paramount doesn't know what to do about it. He is always sprouting another tooth or growing another inch—and learning more words.

And they do say that he is balking at playing any more roles in swaddling clothes!

"Take that W. C. Fields," cracked LeRoy, "I can play anything he does—and make him look like a bum!"

Leslie Howard gave Mrs. Howard a diamond brooch as an eighteenth wedding anniversary present. The design was that of a temple, and the diamonds numbered eighteen.

Here's a game you may like to try at your next party. Joan Crawford introduced it to Hollywood and it is quite popular.

Franchot Tone, Diana Wynyard, Joan and Lynn Riggs, playwright, played it at the dinner party which Joan gave.

It is a word game. The idea is to avoid giving the last letter of a word that is being spelled out. Digressions of all sorts call for ingenuity. The loser, i. e., the one who is forced to add the letter that spells the word, must do anything the rest of the company chooses.

Surprise parties are just as popular in Hollywood as they are in Pentville.

And was Sari Maritza surprised at the one given for her!

She had been working all day, and came home about nine-fifteen.

Turning up the lights everybody shouted "Happy Birthday!" as Sari came in. She was still wearing her make-up, and was so surprised she sat right down in the middle of the floor.

Charles Irwin brought Helen Mack, and Tom Brown brought Anita Louise, while Randolph Scott squired Vivian Gaye, and (Please turn to page 103).

Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Toby Wing at the party given for Lanny recently.







The four famous Lombardo brothers, Guy, Lebert, Carmen and Victor, pay strict attention to Gracie Allen, wielder of the baton, in a scene from the Paramount production, "Many Happy Returns."

Films continue to provide popular numbers

# MUSIC in the MOVIES

**M**ANY of the leading productions continue to provide musical backgrounds and many popular songs.

Paramount is about ready to release "Many Happy Returns," in which Guy Lombardo and his orchestra act as musical masters of ceremonies; Warners have just released "Twenty Million Sweethearts" and Fox has given us "Stand Up and Cheer."

Radio Pictures have "Down to Their Last Yacht" in preparation, and Metro will soon release "Hollywood Party" which has several snappy numbers.

And now for the review of the current record offerings.

**RUDY VALLEE** heads the list this month with his recording of "Nasty Man" from the film version of "George White's Scandals." The vocal work in this is done by the Do Re Mi Trio with a slight bit of help from Rudy, and you'll find it very pleasant. There is also some good trumpet work, and a low register clarinet.

"Hold My Hand" is the tune on the other side, from the same show. If you saw the picture you will remember the song, for Vallee would burst forth with it on the slightest provocation. However, this has plenty of vocal work by Vallee, the Do Re Mi Trio and the Cavaliers. Good smooth stuff. This is a Victor record.

"**SHOULD I BE SWEET?**" is a fitting title for this song from the movie "Take a Chance." Victor Young and his orchestra do the work in this, and Vic is always sure of getting together a bunch of versatile musicians. This is a Vincent Youman's tune, with the vocal chorus sung by Vera Van, so I don't think you'll go wrong if you fall for it.

By **JOHN EDGAR WEIR**

"I Like the Likes of You" from the Ziegfeld Follies, is on the other side. This is also played by Vic Young and his orchestra. A good tune and Vera Van again does the vocal work. This is a Brunswick record.

**H**ERE is a really excellent number from across the pond. Ray Noble and his orchestra are the recorders and they surely step it up. "Who Walks in When I Walk Out?" is the title and I must say that each one of Noble's records is better than the last. The way the boys swing on this is nobody's business! Noble can always be spotted by his distinctive, heavy rhythm. The boy with the slip horn is especially good in it. The band is the Casa Loma of England.

The other side is played by another English band, Jack Jackson and his orchestra. "Play to Me, Gypsy" is its title. It is very smooth and sweet, with good vocal work. This is a Victor record.

"**ANOTHER PERFECT DAY HAS PASSED AWAY**" is the title of a beautiful waltz played by George Olsen and his orchestra. This is Ethel Shutta's theme song on the air and no doubt you are familiar with the melody. Miss Shutta sings the vocal refrain and it's everything that could be asked for. Olsen's arrangement is very good. "The Spanish in My Eyes" is the title of the selection on the other side, played by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. Good band and vocal work by Helen Ward and Tony Sacco. This is a Columbia record.

"**CAROLINA**" from the film of the same title, is an excellent musical whimsy, and is about on a par with other movie tunes. Mike Doty and his orchestra furnish the musical background, and (Please turn to page 86)

## BIGGEST HITS

"Nasty Man," played by Rudy Vallee and his orchestra. (Victor)

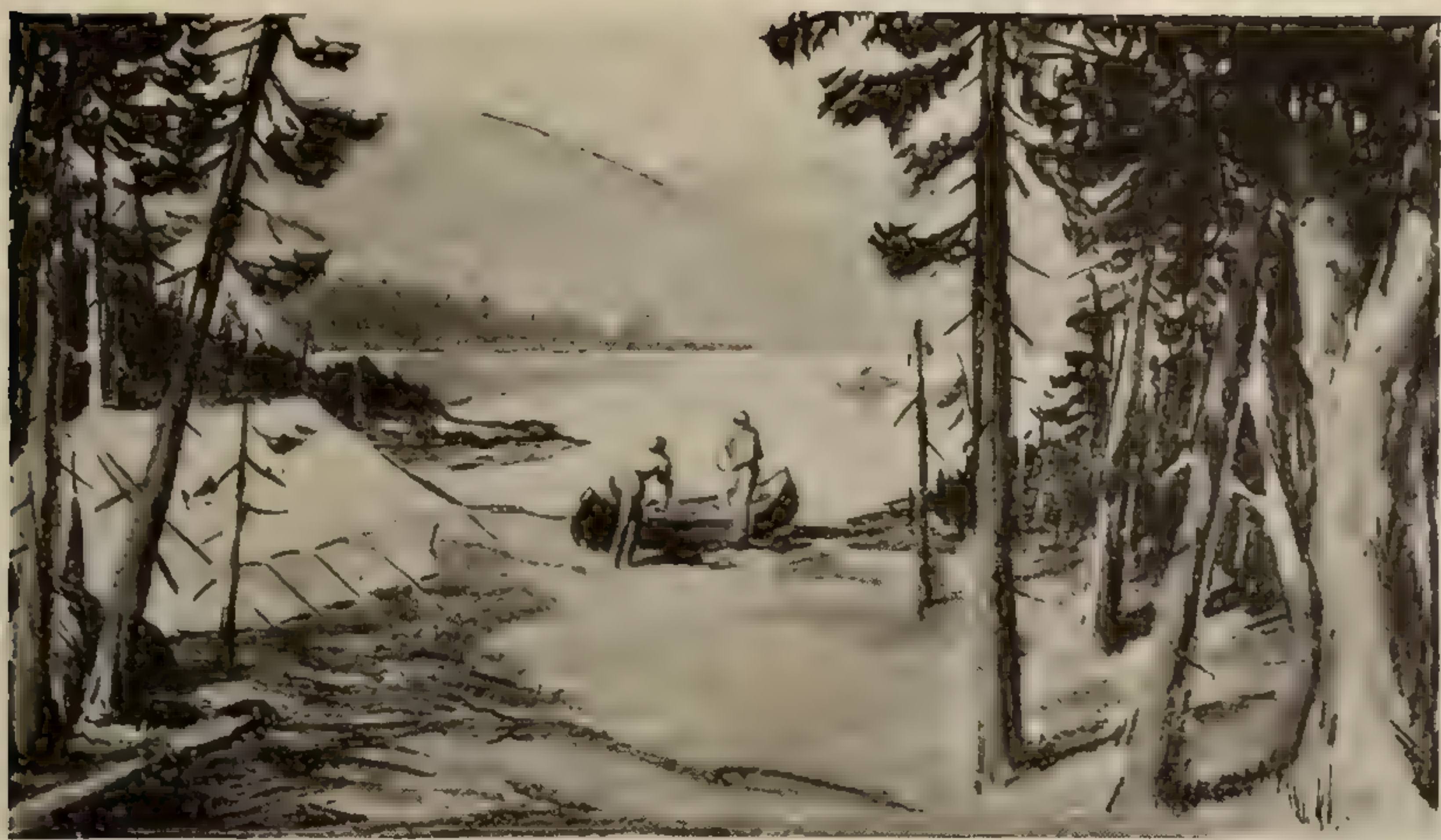
"Should I Be Sweet?" played by Victor Young and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"Who Walks in When I Walk Out?" played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

"Play to Me, Gypsy," played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra. (Victor)

"The House Is Haunted," played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. (Bluebird)





# Have a Good Vacation

If you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.



## VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

### At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning. Do not go in swimming when you are overheated, or within two hours after eating. Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer. Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

### In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders. If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor. Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

### Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water. Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

## SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.  
One Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.  
Dept. 734-B

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.



# Now It's Needlework



Tower Studios

Ethel Merman, popular radio star, who recently made a hit in Paramount's "We're Not Dressing," admits that she is no expert when it comes to using the crochet needle; but she finds this sort of needlework diverting when she has to while away the time at the studios.

**Hollywood stars find spare time diversion in knitting, crocheting and embroidering**

By FRANCES COWLES

VACATION days are here again so get out your crochet needles and learn to make some of the new thread work edges and insets that are used with such smart effect on bridge covers and table linen. Hollywood department stores and specialty shops report a revived interest in this type of fancy work. The new designs are easy to make and they can either be worked directly on the linen or done in the form of crochet edging to be applied to a rolled edge of the linen bridge table cover, luncheon cloth or doilies.

CROSS-STITCH work is another type of diversion that appeals to the woman who does not take her needlework too seriously. Amusing designs of peasant characters, birds, beasts and flowers are worked in stitches that are not so fine as to tire the eyes. When the work is done on coarse linen the cross stitches are spaced according to the threads of the material. With finer linen specially designed coarse canvas is used, the threads of which may be pulled out after the cross stitches are taken.

A TYPE of decoration for table linen that is gaining in favor this season consists of appliques of colored material in the form of fruit or flowers. Stems and small leaves are indicated by outline stitches. For informal meals cotton cloths may be used with appliques of colored gingham; for finer results appliques of colored handkerchief linen are used on slightly coarser white linen. The appliques are sewed on by means of fine blind stitches, or buttonhole stitches.

A TYPE of informal breakfast table covers that have met with popularity in Hollywood this Summer is made of coarse natural colored linen trimmed with intersecting stripes of brightly colored seam binding. Runners are made with the sides finished with the seam binding and the ends finished with a fringe of the linen. The seam binding may be sewed on by hand but neat machine stitching is just as effective and very much quicker.

If you would like to obtain patterns and directions for making table coverings, please turn to page 93



# Two Creams needed for your

# Two Skins

a greaseless cream to  
prevent *Dryness* in your  
**Outer Skin**



... an oil cream to  
fight *Wrinkles* in your  
**Under Skin**



**YOU HAVE TWO SKINS!** Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried* out by sun and wind ... by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full ... *un-wrinkled ... by oils*. It needs an oil cream.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

## How wrinkles begin

*Wrinkles* mean that the tiny oil glands in your under skin are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils ... the under skin shrinks ... lines form.

This starved under skin needs a deep, penetrating, oil-rich cream ... Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser! Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder ... float every last particle to the



For your UNDER SKIN—  
Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream  
or Pond's new Liquefying  
Cream that melts instantly.

For your OUTER SKIN—  
Pond's Vanishing  
Cream. Corrects dry-  
ness. Holds powder.

surface. Your skin is liberated! Clear!

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream contains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly—over a foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's:

1. "At night, I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream ..."  
(If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally

*Mrs. Henry Field* OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Each keeps her skin's fresh beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. "Then I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.

3. "In the morning—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft ... hold my make-up."

## Mail Coupon for Samples ...

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G,  
48 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



# YES- Hollywood Girls can COOK

**But you can't expect Mona Barrie to stand by the stove on a summer day**

By NANCY JAMES

**M**ONA BARRIE likes everything about cooking but the actual cooking. She is not one of those Hollywood food fanciers who likes to stand beside the kitchen range in the posture of a French chef, patiently blending a complicated sauce or ragout. But give her the recipe for a dish that needs next to no stove work and she's ready with her apron and mixing spoons. Miss Barrie's favorite summer dessert—Grape Delight—calls for no cooking at all. Here it is:

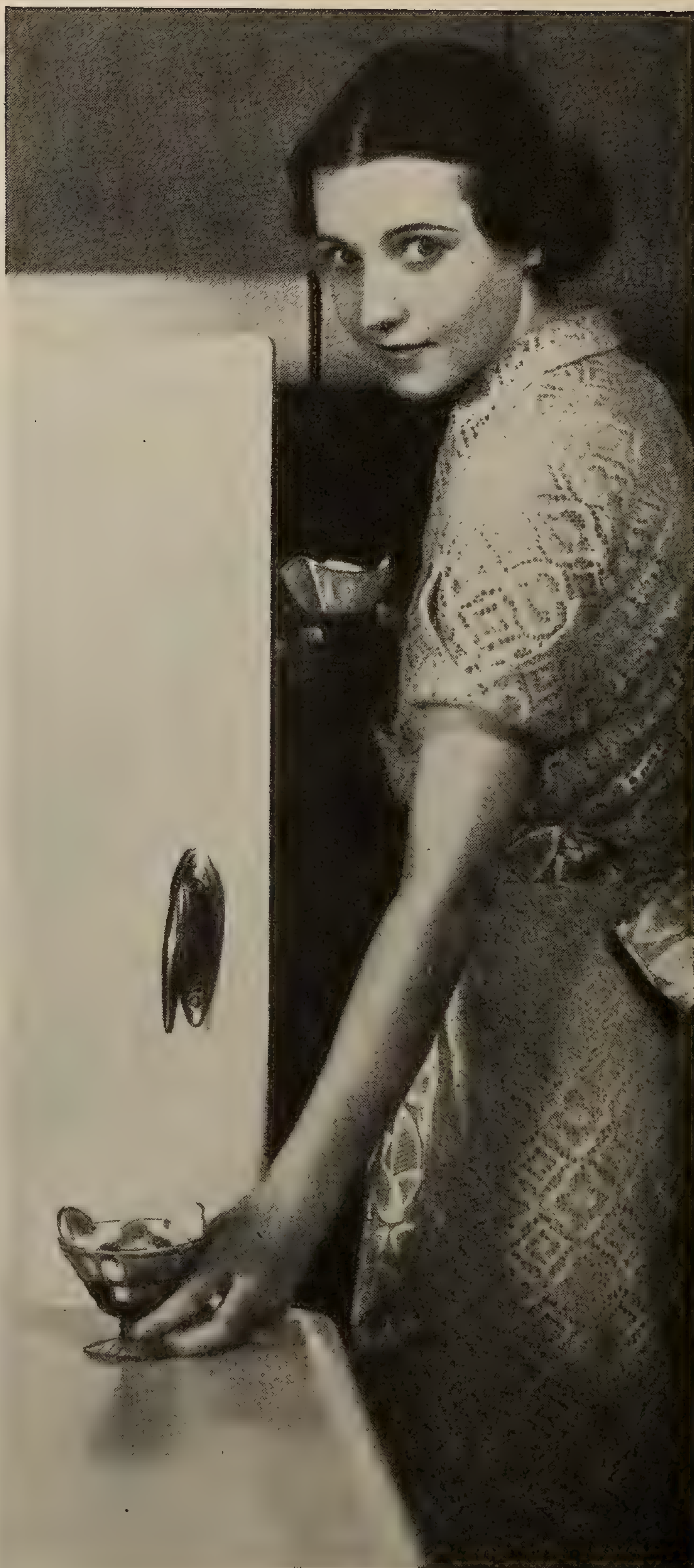
*1 1/3 cups (one can) sweetened condensed milk; 3 tablespoons lemon juice; 3/4 cup grape juice; 1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs; 18 vanilla wafers.*

Blend thoroughly the sweetened condensed milk, lemon and grape juice. Stir until the mixture thickens. Place in six sherbet glasses alternate layers of the grape mixture and crumbs, leaving a topping of crumbs. Push three whole wafers into the mixture around the sides of each sherbet. Chill. This recipe serves six. The failure proof short-cut is the sweetened condensed milk which is a blend of milk and sugar that has been cooked down to a rich creamy mixture. The sweetened condensed milk always will blend to a delicious custard consistency when combined with the lemon juice, and needs no cooking.

Miss Barrie adding the finishing touches of whipped cream to a well chilled ice box cake, right.



At the left you see Miss Barrie sampling a dish of grape delight made entirely without cooking.



You can be a good cook and still keep young and beautiful on a warm summer's day if you do most of your cooking in the ice box.

Miss Barrie has made quite a collection of refrigerator recipes which include pies, puddings, ice box cakes, cookies, as well as toothsome salads, and appetizers. She has discovered, like a lot of other young women in Hollywood, that nowadays preparing food need be no drudgery and that doing a little "cooking" now and then offers one of the most satisfactory sorts of diversions.

Ice box cakes or refrigerator loafs are among Miss Barrie's favorite diversions, and those she likes best are made with a foundation of crackers or cracker crumbs. Thorough chilling is the secret of success of these desserts.

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 97



"Gee, but you're beautiful / I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance



HIS STORY



"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.



He lost his heart on the spot, but—"Her clothes alone cost a fortune," he thought...So he



didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with



"Silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"

HER STORY



"I'm lucky in finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux for



all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap



rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."



Your clothes money goes farther this way

Clothes are important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it is so foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we always use Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve

instantly in lukewarm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Whatever is safe in water will come out of Lux like a dream—look new all season long. Gentle Lux care makes your clothes money go twice as far!



# The Boulevardier Goes Blackface

(Continued from page 47)

ignorance, took to be her negligee.

I began to get the drift of the row when he appeared next day wearing her jewelry, stockings and eyelashes and she was forced to wear breeches too big for her. It seems he wanted to wear the skirt in that family. If he'd only married that other Catherine, the Great Dietrich, everything would have been hotsie—until the women's club started writing in.

**BACK TO ELBA:** I was chocked by a historical note just received: "Warner Brothers Shelve Napoleon." How history repeats itself! Again the Little Corporal fails to stage a comeback.

IT was inevitable that Francis Lederer should be accused of publicity motives in seeking to promote world peace. If it's publicity he wants he's on the wrong track. He should shriek for "Preparedness" if he wants space in the local press which jibbers and shakes in senile palsy over college boy communists, "Red" menaces, "Yellow" perils and other gaudy goblins in each of which one suspects a munition maker prancing like a Chinaman in a New Year's dragon.

**FRENZIED** girls scampering over the prostrate form of a cop to touch the divine person of Clark Gable and snatching with jungle jabbers the flowers from the casket of a star remind me again of the dire prophecy of another actress, now dead: "The movies will cause the softening of the brain of the American public."

ON the other hand, the screen unintentionally is promoting the World State of H. C. Wells' prophecy by making cosmopolites of us all.

First were the cowboys and Indians of our American plains, then with Valentino the Latin invasion, followed by Germans, English, Scandinavians. Now we seem to be in a Jewish cycle. Elizabeth Bergner takes a throne with her Catherine. Paul Muni is recognized as one of the three finest actors, if not the finest. Francis Lederer, another, is liable to become the ladies' favorite gladiator. Edward G. Robinson polls a big male ticket. Eddie Cantor is among the ten first box-office magnets. Maxie Baer, half-Irish — half-Jewish, is the strongest personality to punch through celluloid this year. And then there is Mala, the *Magnificent Eskimo* who never wore a beret and ate kosher flubber.

THE screen has done more to erase national prejudices than any force since Eden days (By the way, what nationality was Adam?). Before Valentino, Italians were just banana downers to our private corn-huskers who never heard of da Vinci, Dante or even Columbus. Mexicans were all bandits and pea pickers until Novarro appeared and scornfully rejected the timid studio suggestion he call himself Spanish. Ricardo Cortez, a Jewish boy from Brooklyn, recanted the Spanish lineage conferred by producers apprehensive of racial prejudice.

The best way to wreck artificial barriers contrived by patrioteers is for peoples to meet and realize the hooey of propaganda. The screen has proved a rendezvous. It seems only yesterday that our hysterical press was warning us that all Russians were devils (compared to our saintly capitalists) and now look at the business Anna Sten is doing. The next cycle will be U.S.R.R., which is all right with me, being partial to borsch, shashlik and devils.

**CONGRESSMAN DICKSTEIN** wouldst make the screen "pure American" as Chancellor Hitler would make it "pure Aryan." A person signing herself "Dynamite Sadie" writes the *Hollywood Citizen*: "Give us more pure-blooded Americans who believe in America first." That would leave us just one star, the Cherokee Redskin Will Rogers, who is tainted with some European blood. Even with foreign competition he is making half a million dollars a year which ought to be enough to satisfy even a rugged American.

**CLARK GABLE** in person is the most popular young man to be defined by the cinema. He knows how to

hold his fame. He is democratic without ostentation. He is a good workman without the pose of an "artist." And he is good enough sport not to worry about foreign competition or any other kind. So, ladies, kindly refrain from attempting to tear him to souvenirs when next he appears.

THE wonder of "Wonderbar" to me was, where does Busby Berkeley find those girls and where does he hide'm nights? Boys, Hollywood ain't like that. Some gentlemen suspect they're just camera tricks and so, Mr. Berkeley, I suggest you list their names in the cast along with telephone numbers so skeptics may verify. Happy to know you are now a full-fledged director, sir, and be assured I shall be at the premiere of "Dames" in tails and topper, ogling like Guy Kibbee and taking down numbers.

**LOUISE FAZENDA** is returning, and for the first time I feel the depression is lifting. In Sennett days when the geese chased her she wrang more laughs from me than Chaplin. The Sennett geese have gone but I'm still chasing.

**GEORGE RAFT'S** bodyguard, "Killer" Gray was lured from George's set to act with Sylvia Sidney. What I want to know is, who guards the body when the bodyguard's away? (Song rights reserved.)

**MAE WEST** and Mickey Mouse are the favorites of California school children according to a tabulation of the state department of education. Our kiddies are certainly being educated. I, too, am young enough to be free of that "sterile disapproval" which Mussolini ascribes to age and am spry enough to make the stairs when Mae sounds the "cumup" call.

A **TEXAS** fan writes asking applause for Anna Q. Nilssen who scored triumphantly on a personal appearance tour. Anna Q. is Norwegian, so wouldn't meet the approval of Dynamite Sadie; nevertheless she is one of the loveliest and most courageous women to vitalize our screen. Her own story is a saga of heroism.

THE kleigs have revealed some great human beings. I thought of Mabel Normand just now reading Landor's lines:

"No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken, Than that the largest heart is soonest broken."



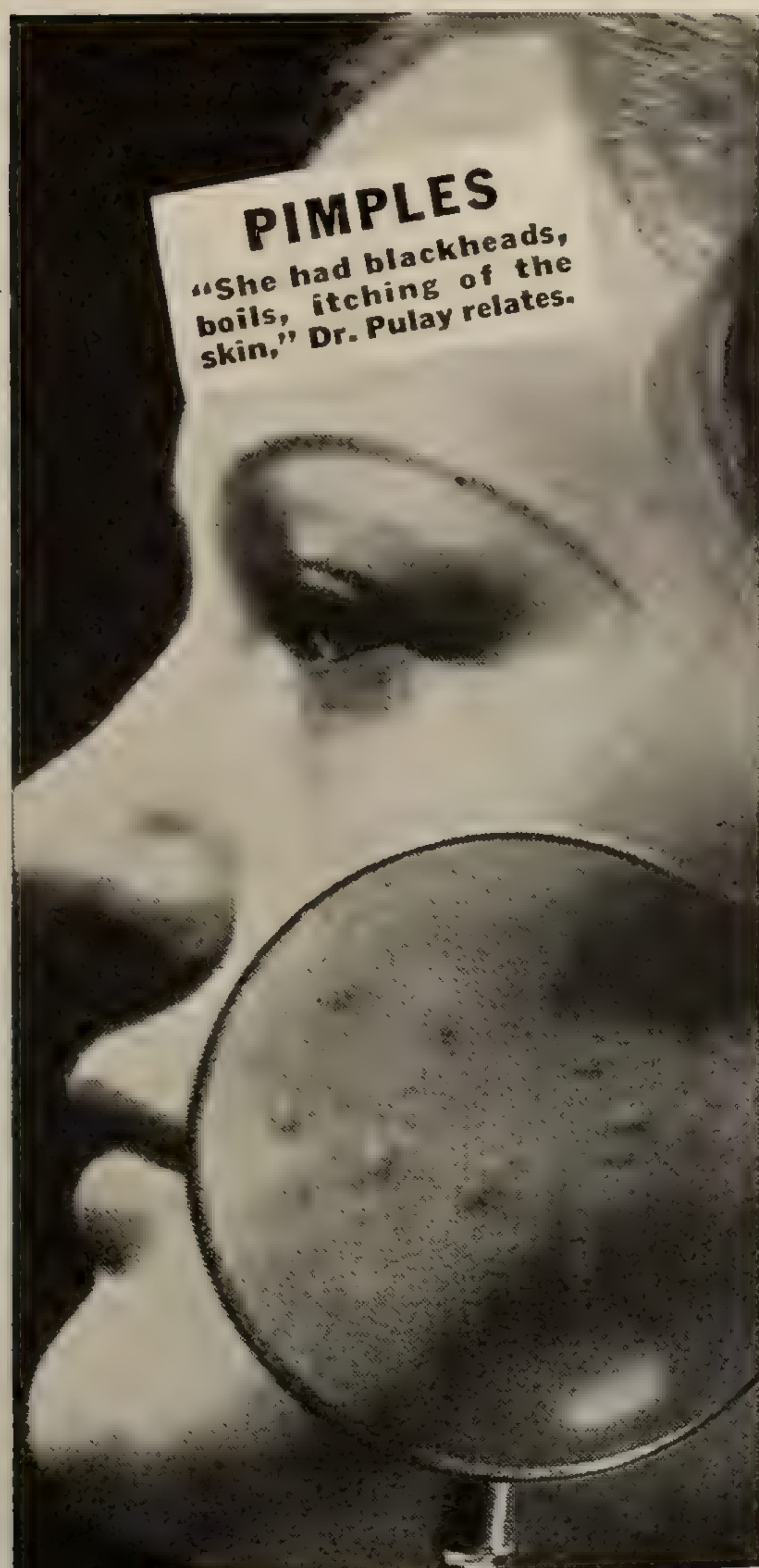
## Know the Salesperson who Serves You

**H**OW well do you know the salespeople who are so important in giving you satisfactory merchandise and service? Share in \$1,000.00 in monthly cash prizes for the best letters of

50 words or less telling about your favorite **DRUG STORE SALESPERSON**. See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine for details how you can share in these awards.

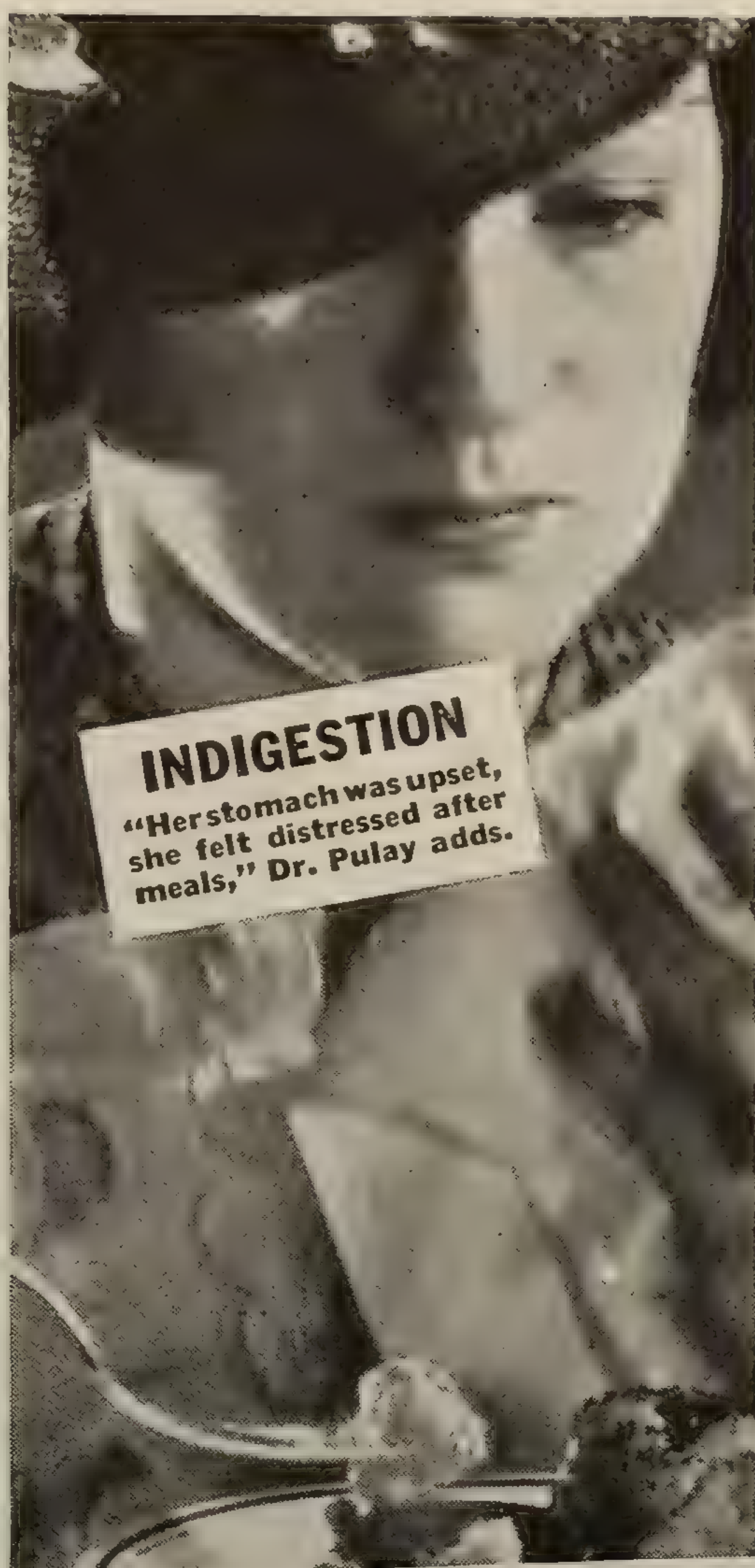






## PIMPLES

"She had blackheads, boils, itching of the skin," Dr. Pulay relates.



## INDIGESTION

"Her stomach was upset, she felt distressed after meals," Dr. Pulay adds.

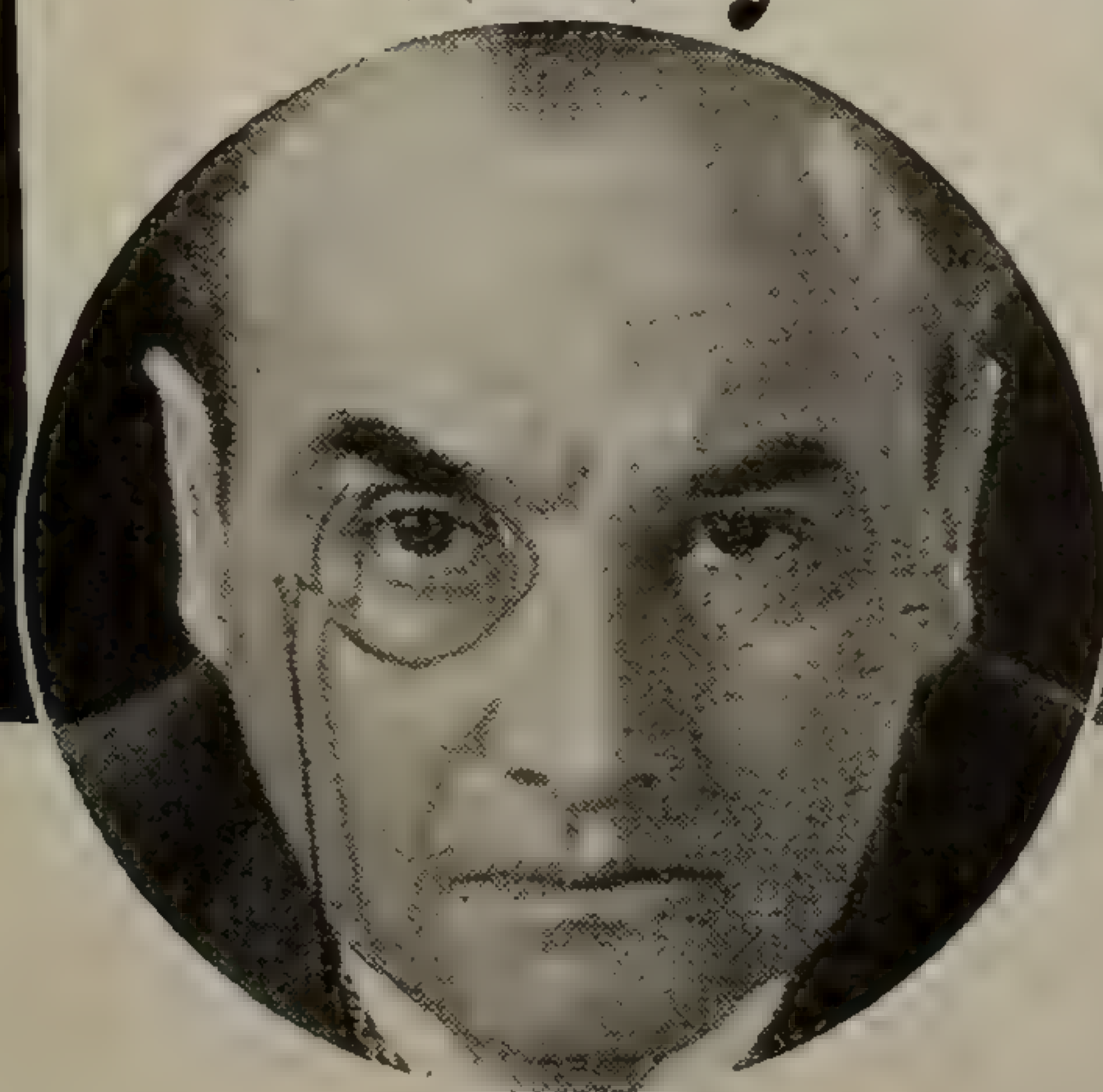


## CONSTIPATED

"A victim of 'self-poisoning.' When examined, her intestines felt toneless."

# "Every one of these ills was corrected—in 30 days"

reports DR. PULAY, noted Vienna specialist



● Dr. Pulay is the famous author of 120 important medical articles; eminent member, Austrian Society of Dermatologists.

**NOTE** how similar your troubles are to those in the case illustrated above and described here by Dr. Pulay:—

"This patient's skin was greasy, full of pimples, itchy. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

"She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed 'self-poisoning.'

"I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly..."

If your skin is broken out... stomach upset... bowels sluggish—this "case history" can help you!

Fleischmann's Yeast makes your stomach juices flow faster... strengthens your bowels... softens waste so it passes easily from your body.

As Dr. Pulay explains, it is "so much better than cathartics, which are weakening and so harmful to the delicate tissues of your bowels."

Won't you take advantage of this great doctor's experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the

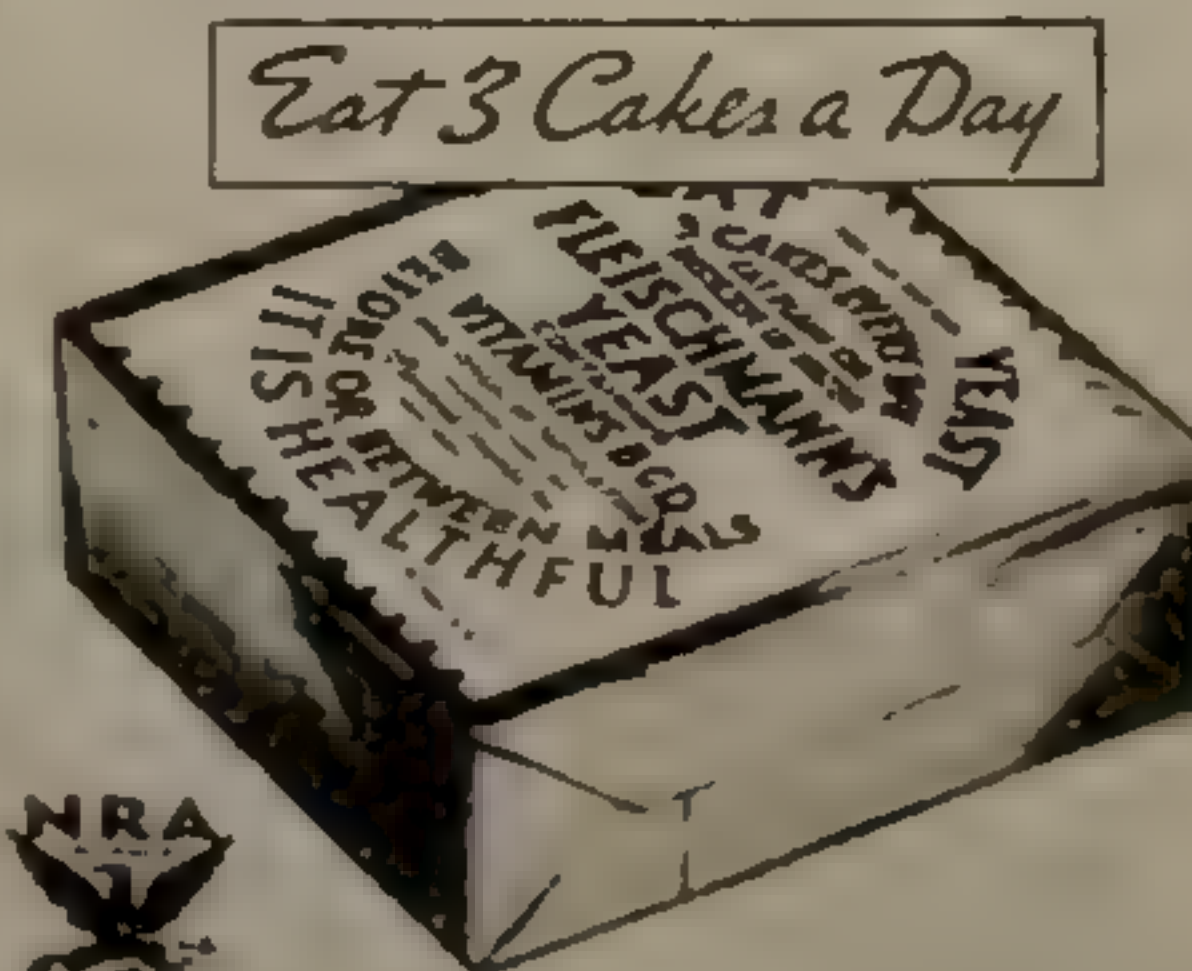


label. Get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today*.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system, clear away impurities, and so give you a clearer skin.

See how soon you have healthier digestion, better appetite, regular evacuation, and worlds more energy! Won't you start eating Fleischmann's Yeast right now... today?

● Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Cal., writes: "I developed a bad case of indigestion, was 'all in,' felt 'headachy.' The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I felt fine."



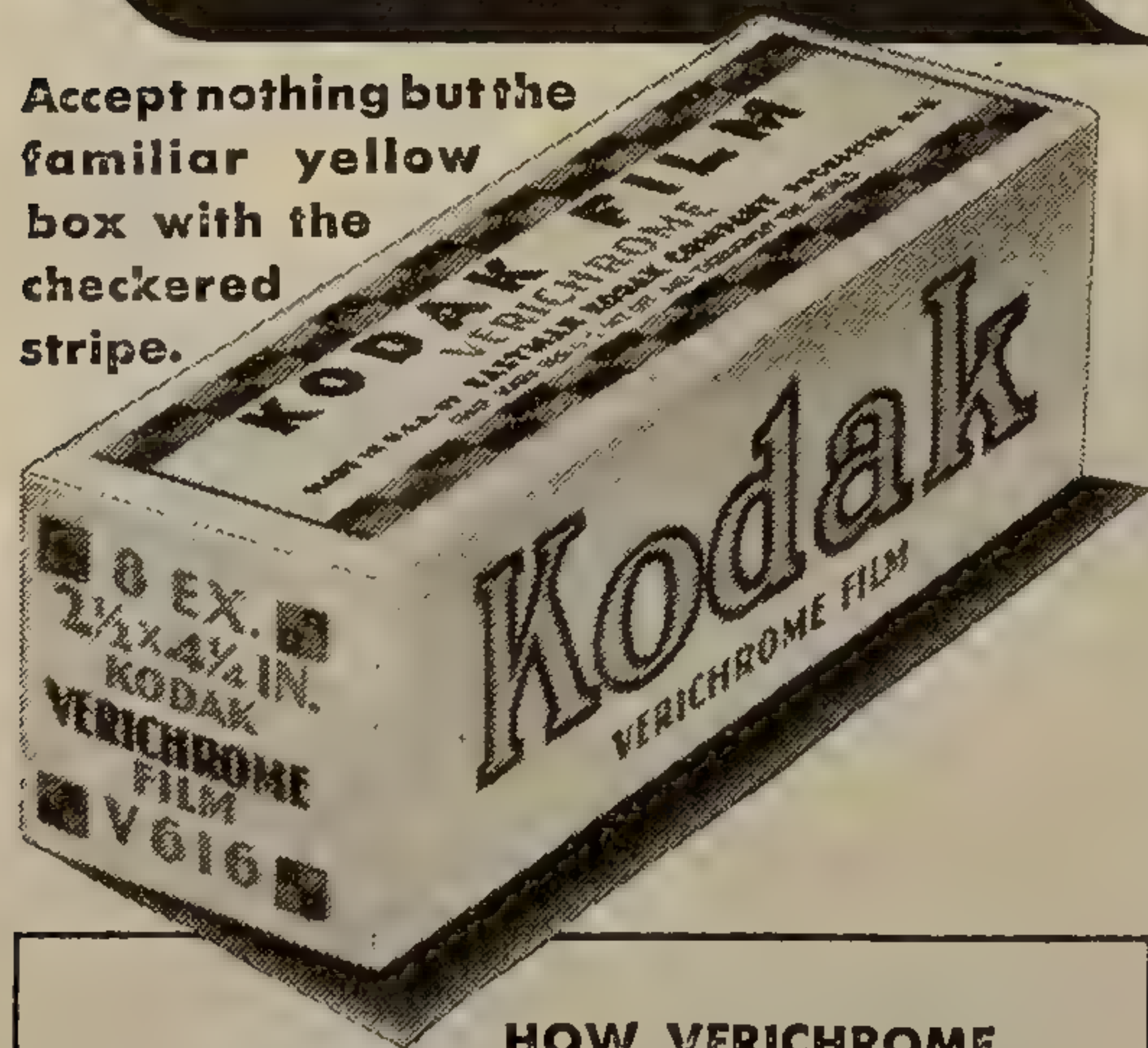
Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated



Even "first timers"  
get good snapshots  
with Verichrome.  
This adaptable  
film tolerates  
exposure errors...  
you'll get good  
pictures even when  
the timing is not  
just right.

VERICHROME  
*gets the picture*

Accept nothing but the  
familiar yellow  
box with the  
checkered  
stripe.



**HOW VERICHROME  
DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of  
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK  
VERICHROME  
FILM

# I Return to the Metropolis

(Continued from page 23)

The French Colony, in pictures, seems to be pretty well masculine as far as names go. Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Henri Garat, Adolph Menjou. The latter will probably sue me because I'm sure he considers himself all American, but I need a new spring suit anyway, so I'll just risk adding that his highly sophisticated style and charm are as French as the Marseillaise. Ruth Chatterton could tell you more about the French Colony than I can. Her smart dinner parties, where, unless one could converse in the so-called language of diplomacy, one might just as well be really diplomatic and not speak at all, were at one time the talk of Hollywood. George Brent started taking French lessons, but as you know he has gone back to Polo. The "big sock" is more in George's line than "ze bon mot."

If Germany had given us no one but Marlene Dietrich I would claim that we had a swell portion of the Fatherland, but there are many distinguished Germans in Hollywood and are they exclusive? Greta Garbo goes to their parties, which is probably one good reason for the exclusiveness.

I never realized how active Italy has been in making Italian versions of American films, until I was invited over to the Metro Studio to see *Grand Hotel* a la Mussolini. To hear John Barrymore, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore and the big bad Beery all apparently speaking flawless Italian was as thrilling as it was uncanny. I still can't explain how they do it, but I was delighted to meet an entire company of players from Italy, a young and enthusiastic group of technicians, in fact a Little Italy right there in Culver City. I had wondered why we didn't see more Italians on the screen. Now I know. What's the use of teaching their stars English when, with the wizardry of sound, they can make our established favorites not only speak their language, but actually look and act as if they had been raised on antipasto and chianti.

Now we come to the British Colony which naturally is by far the largest and the most consistently successful because, outside of a few differences in pronunciation, a slight spilling of the beans, cawnts and shawnts, we speak their language and inside of a month after arriving they speak ours. Nothing is more gratifying to any one who has lived in England and loved it than to see how happy most of the English stars appear to be in California. Charles Chaplin, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall, George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Victor McLaglen, Herbert Mundin, Ralph Forbes and Sir Guy Standing are just a few of the better known Sons of Albion who seem quite contented with their lot on the Gold Coast. Granted that there is usually a beautiful house on the lot, admitted that there is plenty of gold on the coast, but I know that most of them really enjoy life out here. Otherwise why establish homes? I have heard that Charles Laughton

does not like Hollywood and gave up thousands of stabilized simoleons to play Shakespeare in dear Old London for practically nothing. If his film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was a result of that gesture, all is forgiven and he may say what he likes about my Metropolis.

The daughters of John Bull are not so much in evidence as one might like, but England always has been a man's country. I guess it must be more difficult for the gals to break away from home. Still with Elissa Landi, Diana Wynyard, Dorothy Mackaill, Allison Skipworth, Elizabeth Allan, Beryl Mercer, Lilian Harvey and, risking another "spring suit," Maureen O'Sullivan, we can stage a pretty nifty British Ladies' Day.

I have had to leave out several countries in this Cook's Tour of Hollywood, but believe me when I say that I have counted up seventeen nationalities at one party and it was not given during the Olympic games. Speaking four languages does not make one a candidate for linguistic honors in Hollywood. I used to get along pretty well with a smattering of German, Italian, Spanish and fluent French in Europe, but out here we never know what the next screen find will be. Last year we had Eskimo stars who asked us how we were in our own language, and no one could understand them when they said what we were in theirs.

ONE more demand for recognition of Metropolitan status and I will desist. We have a local Harlem where anyone who likes the original can find syncopation in sepias, a club Alabam' which bams all night, and a theater devoted to Dusky Drama. Highly recommended is a small cottage sitting well back from the Broadway of this negro colony, Central Avenue. Nell's Rendezvous is its rather misleading name. Here, the entertainers from different night clubs gather when their work is done. At dawn you may find Mr. Stepin Fetchit seated at the piano singing his own compositions. "What goes up mus' come down!" he drawls wearily, and admitting to yourself that "What gets up mus' go to bed," you may leave as I did, thinking, "It's funny, I never cared about Harlem but I like these folks, they are simple and kind."

You know I'm wondering if California is really enervating, as so many people say. Maybe that's what's the matter with me. Perhaps I have lost some ambition and that's why I sound like a cross between a native daughter and a real estate agent. Well, if that's the case, all I have to say is that an awful lot of nice people are being enervated and still they come. They used to say that if one sat in front of the Cafe de le Paix in Paris long enough he would see everybody he knew. I claim that the same thing applies to Hollywood now, so I shall continue to sit. If I'm right, who knows, I may be seein' you. Well, here's hoping!

Elsie Janis has returned to Hollywood and her work there for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Her interesting articles about Hollywood and movie personalities will appear in future issues of NEW MOVIE, largest and best of the film magazines.



I'm sending some of the latest  
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,  
and wants to meet you.

Captain

a hot

I

so he

with

Summ

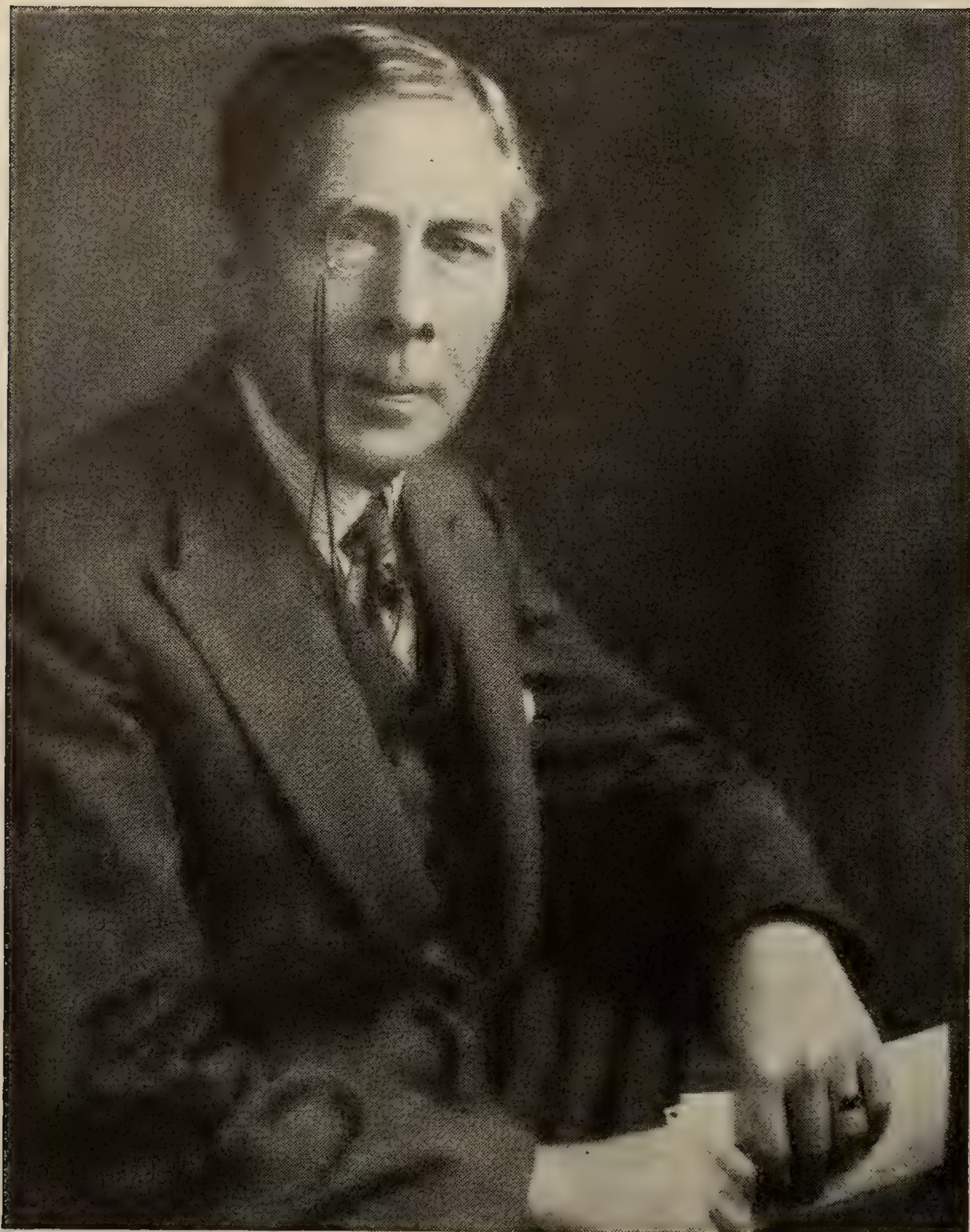


How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots**



# George Arliss—MYSTIC



Pach Brothers

George Arliss, the shy, slight, winsome man of private life.

**P**UTTING George Arliss down on paper is a difficult task. There are so many of him.

There is the George Arliss who brings to life the spirit and mannerisms of a Disraeli and a Voltaire; there is the George Arliss who is the student and scholar; there is the George Arliss who plays golf badly and bridge well; there is the George Arliss who is a brilliant raconteur; there is the George Arliss who listens patiently even when he is impatient; there is the George Arliss who loves Hollywood and the people who work there but hates the civilization that created it.

He is shy but if there is a person in the room shyer than he, his own shyness vanishes and he reaches out to help the other. He is the sort of person who would make a cowboy comfortable in the presence of Queen Mary and with equal charm and tact that would make Queen Mary comfortable at a cow-punchers' meeting.

Neither occasion would appeal to him but if it arose, something within himself would suffer if he did not do all in his power to bring comfort and peace to the mind of the person who didn't belong in the picture.

My own opinion is that he possesses to an extraordinary degree a psychic understanding and power which makes him respond to others. He makes you feel, without saying anything about it, that you have been acquainted for a long time and that you need waste no words in explaining yourself.

Yet when you ask him whether he believes in psychic kinship between people he will not answer in the

**A friend gives an intimate pen picture of one of the great artists of the screen**

By

**ROSE C. FELD**

affirmative. He will pace the room a few times, he will arrange his monocle and then he'll smile and say he doesn't know. Certain things, certain experiences he will admit but beyond them he will not venture.

I asked him once whether he believed that mental telepathy would in time be controlled the same way as we control music waves over the air, by plugging in and turning a dial, and his answer, humorous but entirely serious, was:

"Heaven forbid! I don't want to know what my friends are thinking. Nor do I want them to know what I'm thinking. No longer could we tell the kindly intentioned lies that make for pleasant living."

Deeply, however, he believes in human magnetism, in the masses as well as the individual. That is the alchemy that exists between an actor and his audience and sometimes so great is its intensity that it becomes almost physical in its manifestation. It has doubtless happened to George Arliss many times but being the

sort of person he is, he won't talk about it. Only once, he mentioned an occasion where it overwhelmed him to the point of ecstasy.

It was while he was playing "Disraeli" in Chicago. At the beginning, he played practically to empty benches but the few who came were so enthusiastic and so completely convinced that the play should be seen by all of Chicago that in time the theater was filled every evening and the play continued for six months.

The last night, all those early adherents and their grateful followers came to the theater to witness his farewell performance. George Arliss knew they were there and why they were there and his *Disraeli*, quite unconsciously, gathered warmth and strength from that knowledge.

When the final curtain came down and the applause had subsided, he slipped out of the wings to speak to them, to tell them what their support had meant to him.

But he did not speak nor did they applaud. An extraordinary silence filled the house and in that deep, living silence, the lone, slight man on the stage felt rushing toward him the love and the good will of those before him.

"It was like a sweet, unembodied embrace," he said, speaking of this. "Nothing has ever touched me to equal that."

There are other George Arlisses that his friends know, the one who plays (*Please turn to page 93*)



# First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 49)

to worse. Among the better, I think "Viva Villa" deserves first citation. It is distinguished by splendid acting and furiously effective direction. Thanks to director and star, the picture gallops. Jack Conway behind the camera and Wallace Beery before it are responsible for its success. The story itself is loosely put together and more than a little jumpy.

"Tarzan and His Mate," of all things, belongs among the elect, too. This is a hair raising and incredible menagerie on a spree. It doesn't make very good sense and it doesn't elevate the noble art of the cinema particularly but it's the best by a long shot of all stunt pictures.

For those who like less turbulent entertainment, "Men in White," an honest and intelligent transcription, is prescribed. You'll get much amusement, I think, out of "Twenty Million Sweethearts," the best comedy to be released in months. "The Constant Nymph" is also genuine and heart stirring. Here they all are, and a lot more:

## Viva Villa—AAA

Directed by Jack Conway. Released by M-G-M

THIS time, the Hollywood mountain labored and brought forth, not a mouse, but a lion.

A jinx bedeviled "Viva Villa"—trouble with the Mexican government; trouble with Lee Tracy, trouble with a plane that crashed and burned much of the original film. There were accidents, retakes, misfortunes unending, but out of that travail a lusty, hard-hitting photoplay was born.

"Viva Villa" is the sort of fiction that embodies an era's spirit better than a five-foot shelf of history. It blazes with color. It moves at the headlong pace of Pancho's own "dorados." The film is not tightly knit drama but its epic stature and power make minor defects easy to forgive.

When the tumult and the shooting die, three persons emerge from the production with new laurels. Jack Conway, the director, by his backgrounds, his marching men and his significant bits of camera byplay has recreated the flare and ferocity of a Mexican revolution. Henry B. Walthall, veteran of long-ago Biograph films, comes back in every sense of the word as Francisco Madero, an interpretation as clear and dignified as a steel engraving. And last, yet first, there is Wallace Beery as Pancho Villa.

Beery, in the role of a Mexican Robin Hood is scoundrel and hero, warrior and child, tender friend and savage enemy. His role shifts quickly from comedy to tragedy and back again but he fills a difficult part with turbulent, glowing life. As Villa, he has done the best work of his career.

Others rate citation in a film abounding with excellent performances. Leo Carrillo apparently was born to play Sierra, Villa's blood-thirsty lieutenant. Joseph Schildkraut is smoothly satanic as the villainous General Pascal. Stuart Erwin, batting for Lee Tracy, is satisfactory as an American newspaperman and two newcomers with film heritages—Katherine DeMille, adopted daughter—(Please turn to page 66)

"TALK ABOUT  
TATTLE-TALE GRAY!  
DID YOU NOTICE  
DORA'S LINENS?"

"I KNOW!... BUT  
IT'S NOT HER FAULT.  
HER SOAP'S  
TO BLAME."



## Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap



But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is one soap that has the ability to loosen dirt completely. It coaxes grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—dazzling white! And here is why: Fels-Naptha is not only marvelous soap—golden richer soap. But it holds lots of dirt-loosening naptha, too.



Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.



And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is safe for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your finest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thriftier, too. You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.



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# Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

## *Mother discovered it!*

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

## *Big Brother Bill did!*

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

## *Everybody discovered it!*

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

*When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!* You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.



# First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 65)

ter of Cecil B., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr.—do well with minor roles. Mr. Bushman is genuinely comic in a two-minute bit as a precious war correspondent.

The picture blazes with mass movement and the clash and tumult of war. The backgrounds are colorful. Its prime claim on your attention, though, is Beery's Villa, the coarse, grunting, roaring genius and child, hero and rascal who flames across the riotous scenes.

**High Spots:** Villa, the blundering and bearlike, in conference with Madero, the soft-voiced little hawk of the revolution. . . . Villa trying aristocrats before a jury of hanged peon corpses. . . . Armies moving to the swing of "Cucuracha," Villa's marching song. . . . Pancho bidding his troops farewell.

**Sore Spot:** The profusion of printed subtitles that mar the sweep and rhythm of the story.

## Smarty—C

Directed by Robert Florey. Released by Warner

THE trouble with this is a director who doesn't know how to be lightly funny and actors who try too hard to be. Edward Everett Horton as a sympathetic attorney emerges from the ordeal with his reputation undamaged. That is more than can be said for Warren William as a supposedly comic husband, who isn't, and Joan Blondell who tries to play a fascinating wife so vigorously that she makes the lady a moron.

This is another of the matrimonial triangle situations—jealous husband, flighty wife, ardent bachelor—and parts of it are laughable but the determined high pressure under which everyone has worked makes the film more of a cartoon than a comedy. Frank McHugh and Claire Dodd also appear. They aren't much help.

## Tarzan and His Mate—AA

Directed by Cedric Gibbons. Released by M-G-M

IF you try to keep the children away from this, you'll have juvenile riots on your hands. If you let them go, you'll have to deal with juvenile nightmares thereafter. Take your pick.

You might swallow a couple of bromide tablets and keep remembering that it's just a moving picture when you go, yourself. As a story it isn't remarkable for anything except its wild imaginings. As an ordeal for nerves and blood pressure, nothing like it has ever appeared on any screen.

Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) once again sweeps yodeling through the jungle foliage, accompanied by his mate (Maureen O'Sullivan) and assisted by talented chimpanzees, gorillas and a herd of intellectual elephants, in moments of crisis. They all are very busy. The picture is just one crisis after another.

There are embattled pythons and two varieties of bloodthirsty cannibals. There are charging rhinos, on one of which Tarzan rides while he stabs the brute to death. He also wrestles successfully above and below water with

crocodiles and lions. There also are leopards, ostriches and a scoundrelly explorer who shoots Tarzan and a benevolent hippopotamus who rescues him, as well as enough fights, battles, murders and mayhems to supply all Roman holidays from January 1 to December 31.

In the final sequence, explorers, negroes, cannibals, elephants, monkeys, lions, Tarzan and his mate become embroiled in a Kilkenny cat affair from which hero and heroine alone emerge intact to live happily ever after. Perhaps you can figure out how some of the ingenious people responsible for this celluloid riot obtained many of their incredible scenes. I haven't the least idea, but they have done a perfectly swell job.

**High Spots:** Cannibals slaughtering a safari. . . . Gorillas knocking invaders off a cliff with well bowled boulders. . . . The chimpanzee clinic prescribing for Tarzan's wound.

## The Trumpet Blows—B

Directed by Stephen Roberts. Released by Paramount

THIS is more like Valentino's silent "Blood and Sand" than George Raft is like the Mexican matador he is supposed to be or Adolphe Menjou is like the bandit he is required to portray. If the picture is reminiscent, it is handsomely mounted and well directed. It is also badly miscast.

Mr. Menjou as the reckless Pancho Gomez is like Ward McAllister in fancy dress. Mr. Raft as his bull fighting brother looks the part but sounds no more Mexican than "The Sidewalks of New York." Frances Drake is the girl over whom the brethren quarrel. She dances well but otherwise helps matters little. The bull ring shots are excellent and Edward Ellis does a fine minor characterization as a veteran matador. The backgrounds are uniformly good.

**High Spot:** Mexican mourners visiting their loved ones' graves on All Saints Day.

## Sing and Like It—B

Directed by William A. Seiter. Released by RKO-Radio

IN this, racketeers muscle in on an impending musical comedy, elect a bank clerk (ZaSu Pitts) star of the production and insist on rewriting the show. They may also be responsible for the script from which "Sing and Like It" was shot. It should be ranked among the minor felonies.

The story isn't new. More deft writing and more adroit direction might have saved it, for the cast includes besides Miss Pitts such sure fire comedians as Ned Sparks, Richard Carle, Pert Kelton and Edward Everett Horton. None of them with the exception of Mr. Horton who is a genuinely funny temperamental producer, has much to work with. In consequence the performances are below par but not so far below as the picture play itself.

Nat Pendleton plays the boss racketeer, a role which he seems doomed to interpret through all the rest of time.



# First Nights on Broadway

## A Modern Hero—B

Directed by G. W. Pabst. Released by Warner

THE WORLD CHANGES" was so successful that Warner has done it over again with minor variations, in the hope of making two profitable films flourish where one grew before. One of the troubles with the duplicate is that Richard Barthelmess isn't Paul Muni.

"A Modern Hero" is about a man of humble beginnings who works his way to industry's heights, meets disaster and then finds that it is "only the real things in life that count." Too much film has been used to point this obvious moral.

Mr. Barthelmess is just about satisfactory as a circus rider who, through his attraction for sundry women, becomes a munitions magnate. Jean Muir, as first of his profitable series of betrayals, plays with a hushed wistfulness faintly reminiscent of Lillian Gish. The rest of the cast is so-so, with Marjorie Rambeau playing a one-armed and philosophical fortune teller. The purple passages in the hero's career are toned down so that they add small color to the rest of the film, which is drab in hue.

## Men in White—AA

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Released by M-G-M

THE same sort of material that went into "Arrowsmith" has been used in this film which is, I think, the better photoplay. The camera is trained in "Men in White" on a great hospital instead of a research laboratory, as in its forerunner. Both pictures show how tremendously exciting science, properly handled, can be.

The current offering is one of the rare, finely balanced films in which no single element is hokum tainted and no person concerned deserves more than a fraction of the praise. Clark Gable plays the science-dedicated young physician with sympathy and skill. Myrna Loy is satisfactory as his heiress-sweetheart. These are rated as the picture's stars. Two others could assume those titles with equal warrant—Jean Hersholt who portrays a great doctor with quiet inspiration and Elizabeth Allan.

A lot of white paper that will be wasted in this department in discussion of useless films could be used more profitably to celebrate Miss Allan's luminous and exquisite performance as the lonely little nurse, Barbara. In lesser hands, her part might have been routine or rant. She fills it with a glowing and tender pathos. Her acting is no mere matter of facial expression and voice. Miss Allan uses her heart and brain, too.

Richard Boleslavsky employs those same organs in his direction and recreates on the screen all the disciplined excitement; all the science ordered drama of hospital wards. He embodies in film the atmosphere and color of a great institution of healing. Only the smell of ether and antiseptics is missing.

There are worse settings for a photoplay. The blank white walls of rooms (Please turn to page 68)

● "Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"



● "Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and OVER, baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery—CAREFUL!"



● "OUCH—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"



● "There's a big difference in baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. No orris-root or zinc stearate in it!"



Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 74, New Brunswick, New Jersey. **Johnson & Johnson** NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

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# WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*



What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summer-time she's especially careful to take odorless Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your

skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies*. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

# IVORY SOAP

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE • IT FLOATS

## First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 67)

and corridors lift faces into cameo-like relief. The cinema can make science completely thrilling when it goes about it so honestly and competently.

**High Spots:** The almost motionless sequence of Barbara's death. . . . Dr. Ferguson (Mr. Gable) fighting for the life of a stricken child. . . . The ritual of surgeons preparing for an operation.

### Glamour—A

Directed by William Wyler. Released by Universal

**T**HE first third of still another story about a chorus girl who made good is jumpy, sketchy and unconvincing. If you'll refrain from walking out on it, you'll find that the photoplay settles down into impressive drama handled by Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings.

No one did Miss Cummings a favor by putting her in this film. She plays a grasping little so-and-so who builds herself a career by sheer obstinacy and selfishness. The fact that, at last, she captures and holds your sympathy is due more to her acting than her role.

Mr. Lukas as the composer who exalts the chorine, marries her and loses her, gives his usual honest performance. The drama of the film has little action beyond the clash of personalities but Mr. Lukas and Miss Cummings make these plausible and exciting.

The rest of the cast is all right with Joseph Cawthorne, old war-horse of musical comedy, doing an unobtrusively excellent job as a theatrical producer.

**High Spots:** Linda (Miss Cummings) denied entrance to her dying baby's chamber. . . . Linda fighting to restore her broken former husband's self-confidence.

### Twenty Million Sweethearts —AA

Directed by Ray Enright. Released by Warner

**T**HIS film represents one of the rare moments in which motion pictures are on their best behavior. "Twenty Million Sweethearts" has coherent plot, based satirically on the broadcasting racket. It has actors who fit into the story as neatly as the right pieces in a jig-saw puzzle and a director who gets color, drama, humor and speed into his sequences.

If the picture had none of these virtues, its sponsors would deserve gold stars on their report cards for at last producing a musical picture against something beside musical comedy background. In this film, the cinema sails into its entertainment rival, the radio, with hilarious lack of respect.

The story is concerned with the discovery by a radio scout (Pat O'Brien) of a singing waiter (Dick Powell) who is transformed by the microphone into God's gift to American womanhood, yet who wishes to marry, with no regard for his public's sighs, another radio entertainer (Ginger Rogers).



## First Nights on Broadway

These three and a sterling corps of minor characters, elaborate settings and canny direction, hurry the story along through comedy that, for once, actually makes sense. Mr. O'Brien is superlative as the glib and cocksure go-getter and among the minor characterizations Johnny Arthur does an excellent bit as the hapless secretary-husband of the great film star, Hansen.

"Twenty Million Sweethearts" is the sort of film that makes a hundred million often-gyped Americans keep on going to movie houses.

**High Spots:** The opening sequence in which successive radios utter travesties of radio stars. . . . Buddy Clayton (Mr. Powell) enduring the agony of his first audition. . . . The gibberish song of Clayton and the Mills Brothers. . . . The duet between Peggy (Miss Rogers) and Clayton at the finale.

### You're Telling Me—B

Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Released by Paramount

THE sponsors of W. C. Fields must think he is even funnier than I do or they would not have expected him to swing this item, practically solo. Months spent face to face with film comedies have shriveled my sense of humor but just put Mr. Fields with his sagging voice and earnest, bulbous visage on the screen and my laughter is that of an innocent little child.

While our hero is present with his inventions and his thirst in "You're Telling Me," you can forget the story which is even sillier than usual and unimpressively played by all others concerned save Adrienne Ames who is glamorous as a visiting princess. Unfortunately Mr. Fields isn't present all the time. This is a good two reeler stretched to make six or seven.

**High Spot:** Mr. Fields demonstrating the virtues of puncture proof tire with the aid of a revolver and a fielder's glove.

### The Constant Nymph—AA

Directed by Basil Dean. Released by Fox  
ONE pretty stalwart American is never going to admit that British picture audiences are more intelligent than ours. It must be just the producers.

"The Constant Nymph" was a fine and pathetic novel of artist life. An English concern has transferred it to film with all its color and humor and tragedy intact. No script writer has pulled the original story out of shape. Thanks to this omission and to the skill of Brian Aherne, Victoria Hopper and a host of assistants, the picture version has fidelity and the warmth of living things.

Miss Hopper, as the child who eventually is destroyed by her love for a much older musician (Mr. Aherne) has no great amount of beauty, but she has talent and a knowledge of how to use it. The success of this picture is not dependent on any star. The entire cast seems to have been reared in their roles, with Jane Baxter particu-

(Please turn to page 70)

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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM  
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## DOES BABY HATE HIS VEGETABLES?



● Scowls . . . howls . . . struggles . . . why does a sweet-tempered baby turn stubborn when vegetable feedings start?

Usually because his vegetables aren't strained uniformly. Home-cooked vegetables can't be uniformly smooth. That's why baby has a hard time getting used to them. But remember . . .

## HE'LL LIKE CLAPP'S!



● Clapp's Baby Foods are always silky smooth—unvarying in "feel" and flavor. So babies like them!

And every spoonful holds its full share of body-building vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp's Foods are cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to protect these vital elements.

**ONLY 15¢**

**In the New Enamel Purity Pack**



● Ask your doctor which of these *fifteen* Clapp's Foods your baby should have now: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatheart Cereal.

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Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes On Vegetables."

Name.....

Street and Number.....

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# First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 69)

larly effective in the minor part of the heroine's half sister. For once, you can see movie folk play Bohemians light heartedly and naturally and not like slightly tight people acting in charades.

"The Constant Nymph" has been produced by men who evidently believe that audiences can understand words of more than two syllables and don't think a whole nation will fall apart if a film has a legitimately unhappy ending. The photography is above the usual standards and the direction is of the sort that can make shots of a symphony orchestra at work exciting.

## Jimmy the Gent—A

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Released by Warner

JAMES CAGNEY plays the same glib, tough role a shade more violently than usual in this one. He socks or kicks no women, but he loses his temper even more sulphurously, and amusingly.

The story is pretty silly. Even the excellence of the star and the good support he gets from Allen Jenkins, Alan Dinehart, Bette Davis and others can't make it anything much more than a Mack Sennett plot. It is filled with fast action and good rough and tumble, talk. If you've liked Mr. Cagney before, you're bound to like him this time.

Mr. Jenkins is genuinely amusing and Mr. Dinehart does the best work of his not too successful film career as an excessively refined genealogist. You'll find no uplift whatever in "Jimmy the Gent," but a good many laughs.

High Spot: Jimmy (Mr. Cagney) beating up his partner, Louie (Mr. Jenkins), just to prove he is a gentleman.

## Riptide—A

Directed by Edmund Goulding. Released by M-G-M

OLD material is worked over with skill in this portrayal of the woes of a married woman (Norma Shearer) in love with a jealous husband (Herbert Marshall) and pursued by an ingratiating rascal (Robert Montgomery). Edmund Goulding did the script and directed the film.

"Riptide" is highly polished, unoriginal melodrama in which, thanks to the deftness of the principals and the canny management of the director such threadbare stuff as marital quarreling becomes genuinely exciting. Mr. Montgomery gives the role of the dissolute young waster warmth and humor; Mr. Marshall is satisfactory as the noble British husband and Miss Shearer is lovely and appealing though prone in her vivacious moments to give an imitation of a lady holding a live electric wire.

All minor roles are well done with the great Mrs. Pat Campbell, of the Victorian era doing a laughable caricature of a disreputable dowager. The picture is beautifully mounted and the matrimonial crises, which might be monotonous in other hands, have a steadily increasing tension. The headlong dive and slide into a happy end-

ing is not entirely plausible but from all other angles "Riptide" has speed and grace and is worth your attention.

High Spots: The amorous Tony (Mr. Montgomery) teetering on a balcony rail. . . . Mary (Miss Shearer) and Tommy frolicking about a swimming pool. . . . Mary attempting to explain her infidelity to Philip (Mr. Marshall).

## Melody in Spring—B

Directed by Norman McLeod. Released by Paramount

CHARLES RUGGLES and Mary Boland are their usual fuzzy-minded funny selves in this item, which is charity that covers a multitude of photoplay sins. There are plenty of these in this shaky story of a souvenir collector's adventures in Switzerland but there's enough laughter to keep you from brooding over them.

It mightn't be a bad idea, though, if the Hollywood braintrust would think up a good coherent plot before it pushes Mr. Ruggles and Miss Boland in front of a camera. They can do so much with so little that I should like, just once, to watch them handle real comedy instead of the assembled bits of odds and ends in which they seem doomed to perform.

Lanny Ross, one of the sweet singers of radio, appears as the hero of this film. As an actor, Mr. Ross is taller than Russ Colombo, Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallee. He sings well but a lot of the time he isn't singing. Ann Sothorn is the much wooed daughter of Blodgett, the dog biscuit king (Mr. Ruggles).

The cast in general is good with Herman Bing doing a nice explosive bit as a Swiss innkeeper, but if you were to take Mr. Ruggles and Miss Boland out of "Melody in Spring" it would be like removing all the liquid from a drink.

High Spots: Mrs. Blodgett (Miss Boland) comforting her seasick husband with a platter of shrimps. . . . Mr. Blodgett's agony when a purloined cowbell becomes vocal in his pocket.

## Finishing School—B

Directed by Wanda Tuchock & Geo. Nicholls, Jr. Released by RKO-Radio

LAST month, this story was served us as "Coming Out Party," with Frances Dee in the chief role. The same plot and the same Miss Dee in the same part of a wistful and neglected heiress are employed in "Finishing School" with a dash of "Maedchen in Uniform" for additional flavor.

If you haven't seen either of these practical duplicates you'll like which ever you encounter first. The other will bore you a little.

Bruce Cabot is the poverty stricken hero in "Finishing School." Gene Raymond played the same part in "Coming Out Party." Ginger Rogers provides comic relief as the hard-boiled schoolgirl and Billy Burke offers a cartoon of a society matron. This may be a regular monthly release from now on, for all I know.



# The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 35)

nice personality," and "whispering Jack Smith" was born.

From vaudeville Miss West was booked into a musical show at the old Winter Garden by the Shuberts. Then followed an appearance with Ed Wynn in "Sometime." Later, finding herself back on the road again doing one night stands, she yearned for the brilliance and gayety of the Gay White Way.

In the lexicon of Mae West there is only one way to get what you want—that is, to work for it and take it. She determined to get back to Broadway.

Everything Mae West has, she has worked for—her prominence, her success, her diamonds—the diamonds she loves so well and which are synonymous with Mae West, "Diamond Lil," if you prefer. Nothing has been given to her on a silver platter. She's indignant at the very thought of those who expect something for nothing.

It was while she was on the road that Miss West "got the idea" that she could write a play—with Broadway as the goal.

"I had in mind several stories as possibilities," she said, "and between shows I secluded myself at my hotel or in my dressing room and did some real work."

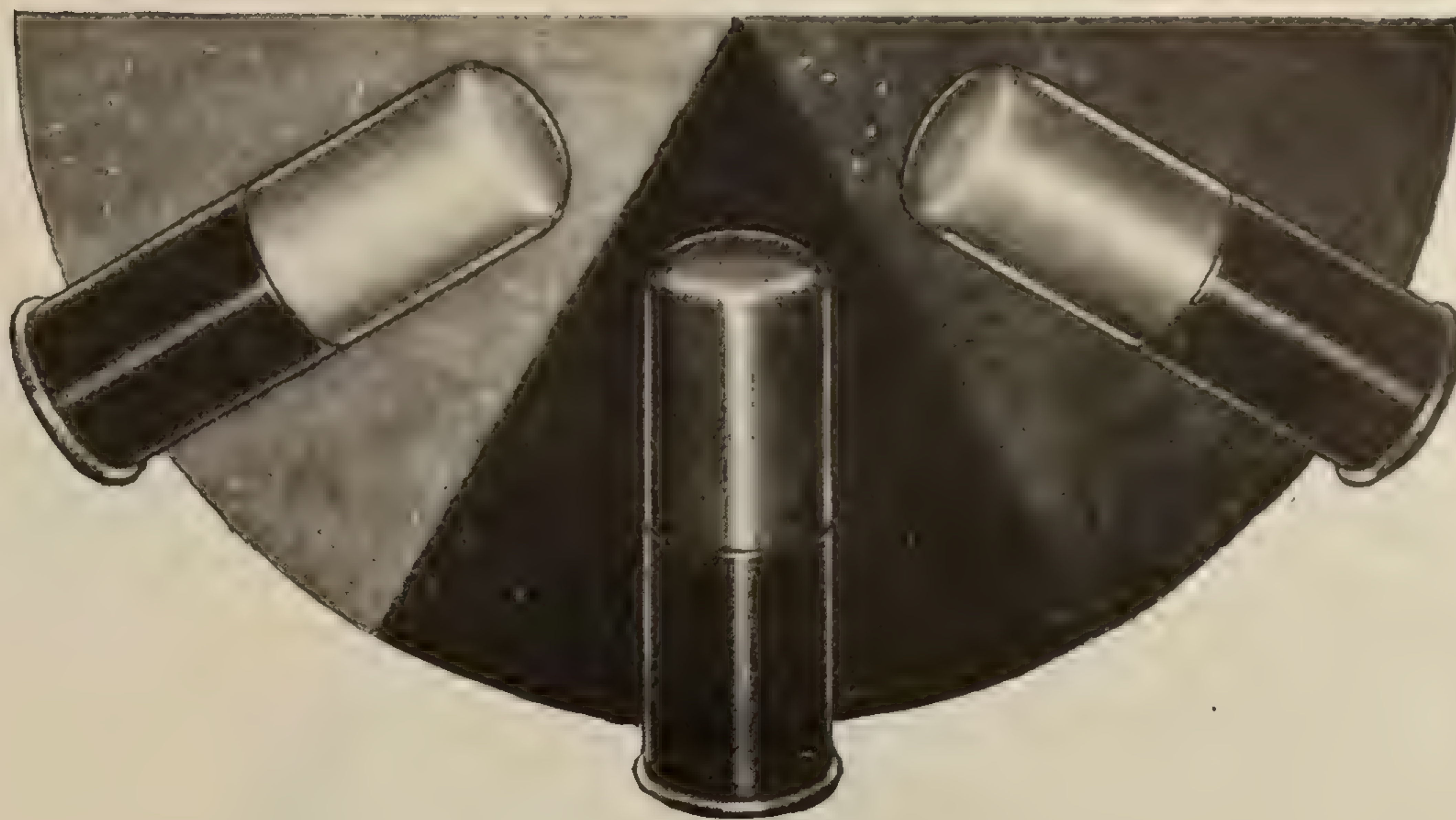
A play called "Sex" was the result, for which she secured backing and produced herself.

MAE WEST has achieved what she went after—fame, fortune, success, diamonds—but they've come with a stormy and tempestuous career, for after "Sex" had been playing on Broadway a few months, officers of the law stepped in and decreed the performance improper. Court documents and the public prints record the wit and sallies of Mae West at the trial, but judicial opinion prevailing, Miss West, as an enemy of the public good, spent a few days on Welfare Island. She took it with good grace, made friends with the unfortunate girls committed there, and when she left the warden announced, "She's the finest woman I ever met."

It was while playing with Ed Wynn in "Sometime" that she first made the acquaintance of James H. Timony, a successful lawyer, destined to become one of her strongest allies and firmest friends. Anent the possibility of their marriage, Miss West exclaims, "No secret marriage for me. When I marry the whole world is going to know about it!"

Mr. Timony, with his knowledge of show business and politics, and his large acquaintance in New York, has given invaluable advice to Miss West in the management of her business affairs. As actress, writer and producer of plays, she needed a business manager and gradually Timony relinquished his other interests to take complete charge of the management of hers. This business relationship still exists after many years, and those who know Mae West are familiar with the genial, kindly presence of Lawyer Timony, ever present when business is transacted or a legal question needs to be settled.

In explaining why she never married, Miss West, for all her worldly wisdom (Please turn to page 72)



Spend 10¢ and  
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*to acquaint you with the marvelous*

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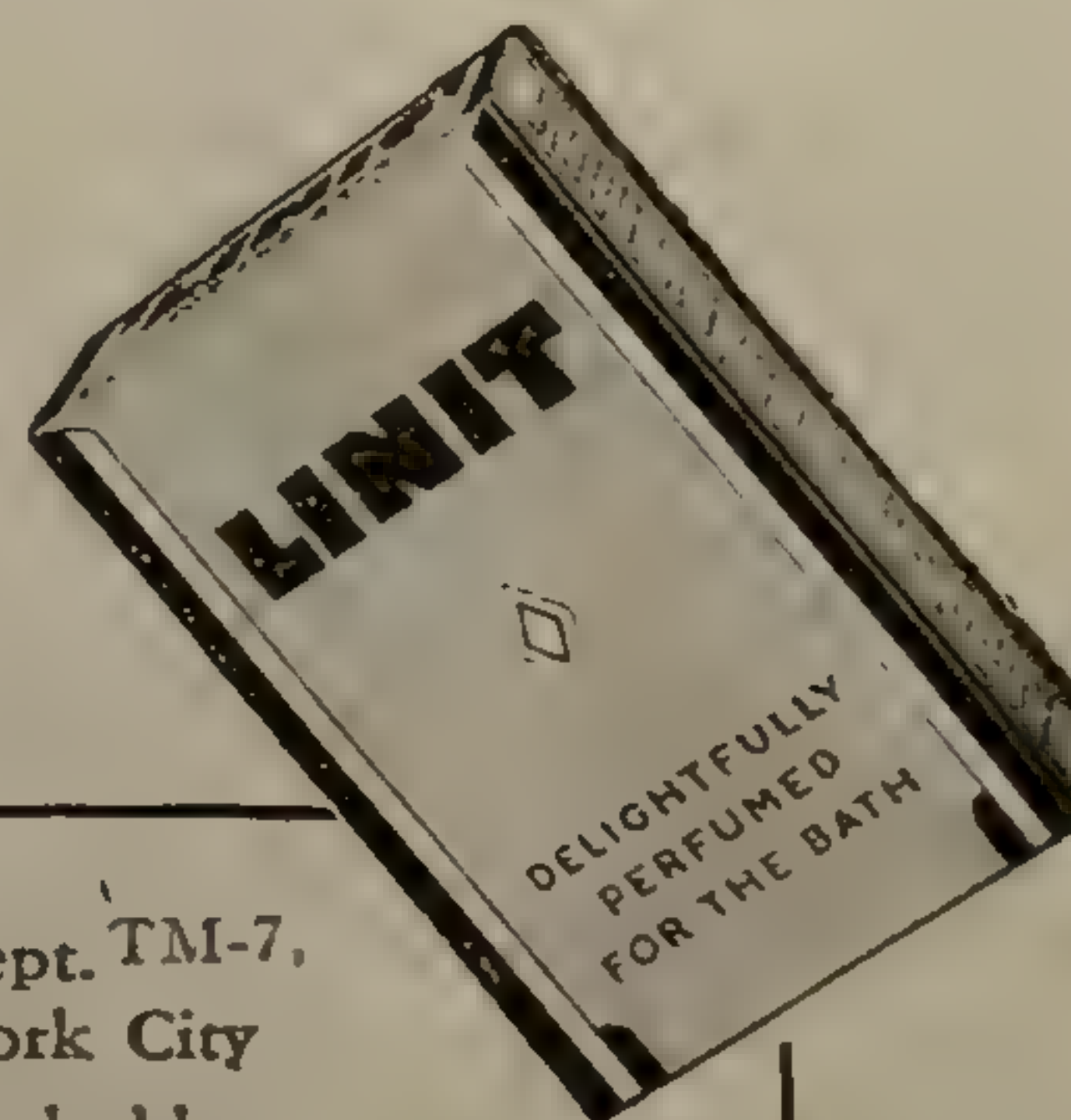
ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

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Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked be-  
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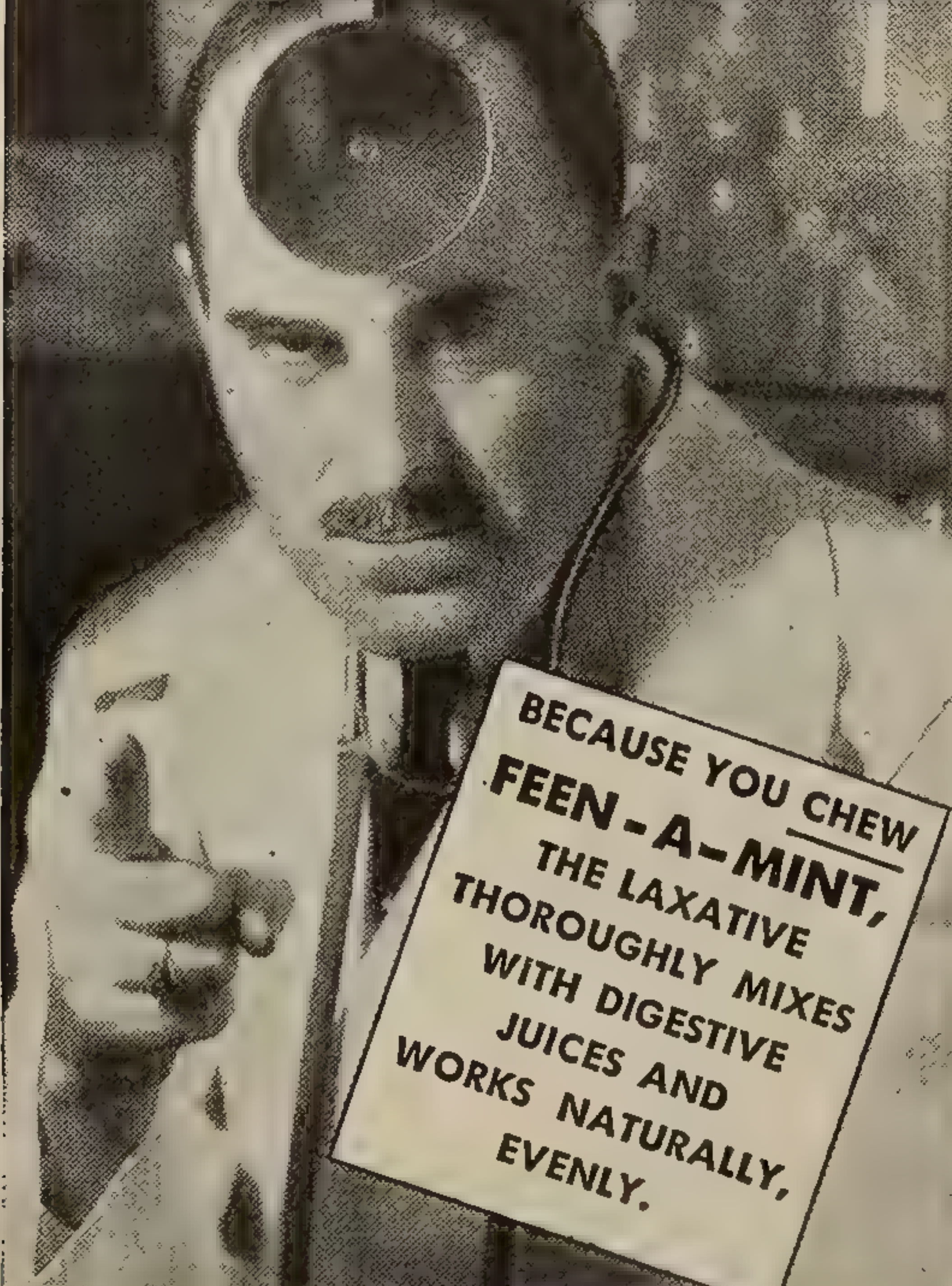
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**CHEW**  
**YOUR**  
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CONSTIPATION  
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BECAUSE YOU CHEW  
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THOROUGHLY MIXES  
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Every day thousands of men and women are finding that the scientists are right—that chewing FEEN-A-MINT mixes the laxative with important gastric juices which makes it work more smoothly and naturally.

This is one of the main reasons why FEEN-A-MINT is so dependable—why there is no griping, no nausea.

FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives—Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE  
FEEN-A-MINT'S  
DELICIOUS FLAVOR  
AND THE CHEWING  
CERTAINLY MAKES  
A DIFFERENCE IN THE  
SMOOTH WAY THE  
LAXATIVE WORKS.



**Feen-a-mint**  
*The Chewing-Gum* LAXATIVE

# The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 71)

and hard-boiled wisecracking, is a bit shamefaced at the reason. I may be mistaken, but I'm sure I saw her blush when I asked her. "The truth is, no kidding," she said, "my mother never approved of a single boy friend I had."

"I loved them all—all the boys—and always have had a swell time with them, but whenever I showed up with one who wanted to take me to the altar, my mother didn't like him, and when I saw that, somehow or other I soured on him, too."

"I'm tickled to death I did. I'd probably be married and divorced half a dozen times by now—think of all the trouble that would be."

"I'm telling the boys and girls not to be ashamed to listen to Mama—it saves a lot of alimony and a lot of grief."

"Like men? I've known lots of them, but in later years I've never found one I liked well enough to marry. Besides, marriage is a career in itself and I work too hard at other things. You have to work at marriage, too, to be successful, and until I've time for marriage I'll stay single." And she has.

Mae West is a woman of warm feeling, however. Throughout the years she has remained very close to her family. A brother and a sister followed her footsteps into the theater. The sister, Beverly West, is a widely known vaudeville actress, and the brother, Jack West, Jr., works for one of the well-known film companies in Hollywood.

Nothing has been able to fill the void left by the death of Miss West's mother. Mae lived at home at her mother's house on Long Island, and when Mrs. West died, the daughter never went there again. The house, as the mother left it the day she died, is bolted and barred and deserted. A great deal of Miss West's heart is locked up in that house, for the great love that she had for that kind, wise

woman who was her mother, has been one of the biggest things in her life. She went to her for advice, and comfort, and sympathy, and found in the wisdom of the older woman counsel and understanding and help.

Since the death of her mother, Miss West lives with her sister while in New York in the latter's apartment which is on West End Avenue, in the Seventies.

I HAVE seldom seen a day pass in her dressing room at the theater when she was not visited by her father. He is a kindly, genial man, who brings his pals to the theater in those long periods between shows when his hospitable daughter receives the long list of friends she has accumulated in the many years it has taken to climb the ladder of success, as she exclaims, "wrong by wrong."

The friends and acquaintances are always assured—strong and weak alike—of a warm welcome and a wisecrack from the jovial blonde, graceful and alluring in the maroon velvet *peignoir* she wears in her dressing room at the theater.

Miss West invariably has a wad of bills in her stocking for those who may be in need. She is at once shrewd and farseeing, quick to separate the wheat from the chaff. She fights hard any attempt to "put anything over" on her or anyone else. But she never can refuse help where she knows a hard luck tale is true.

She detests crookedness, deceit and insincerity and is unsparing with the "slick artists," but with weak unfortunates of life she is patient and helpful, and many a time I have seen her do little acts of kindness which I will relate later.

The third and final chapter in the real life story of Mae West will appear in the August issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale June 29th.

# How Hollywood Men Keep House

(Continued from page 31)

gave it up as a bad job and Mack cooked another batch.

Mack is also his secretary, and it is funny to watch the "Killer," who was once a boxer, fumbling about among the scented notes George gets from his lady friends and fans, as he sorts them out in preparation for answering. But George attends meticulously to his own personal mail. Gray also attends to all household affairs, and it would slay you to see the Killer shaking his finger at the milkman for leaving a pint instead of a quart!

Raft's apartment is a luxurious suite of rooms, and he is very fussy about the tidy appearance of his apartment. An ashtray filled with cigarette stubs, an article of furniture misplaced, annoy him greatly, and automatically he will get up and straighten things to his own satisfaction.

His friends are always welcome day and night. He doesn't drink, but he has liquor for his friends. He does smoke cigarettes, and always has a big supply on hand. He hates giving parties, and people who visit him drop in casually. He loves it that way.

## Richard Cromwell's Three-Ring Circus

Richard Cromwell says his house-keeping is a three-ring circus!

It is only lately that Richard has had a home of his own. He managed to save up enough money to buy a hillside lot and with the aid of an architect-contractor he built the most charming little four-room house imaginable.

"Before that," said Dick, "I used to rent shacks and fix them up. But my house-keeping was sketchy! I don't



## How Hollywood Men Keep House

think the laundry was ever picked up in time. And you could often write your name in the dust on the furniture. And as for the dinner dishes—I leave that to your imagination. I don't think they were ever washed more than once a day.

"I fixed up one place so attractively, however, that the landlord came one day and raised my rent to three times what it had been! I left with murder in my heart."

When Dick first built his own house, his sister Ann came to live with him, and did the cooking.

"We dined from a haphazard assortment of dishes,—plate of one kind for me and another kind for Ann. As to cups and saucers they had no thought of matching. In fact nothing matched," said Dick.

But sister Ann got married, and Dick said he thought having a house boy would add much to his feeling of success. One night while dining with Constance Cummings, a colored boy came to the door looking for a job, and Dick took him on.

"All I asked him," smiled Richard, "was whether he could make a chocolate rice pudding. He said no, but I took him anyway! His name was Bob.

"When I have dinner guests," Dick went on, "we usually have a roast or a chicken, with vegetables and dessert and salad. And the rest of the week I eat every kind of hash that was ever hashed up,—and like it even better than the original meal. Sometimes when I feel I'd like to have one of Bob's famous hashes, I plan a dinner party so we can have the proper leftovers. Bob is certainly economical with food.

"I am trying awfully hard to save all I can, so I can get my house, my car and my frigidaire paid for. When that is done, then I'll be sitting on top of the world!"

### Ramon Novarro's Plan

"I didn't realize what it would be like," said Ramon Novarro, "running a house. I had always lived at home with my family, and mother saw to everything.

"It's trying, even with an excellent head boy."

But Ramon is a meticulous housekeeper. Woe betide the hapless servant who leaves dust on those shining lacquered floors and walls, or that beautiful furniture.

The staff of servants consists of a cook, a Mexican woman who is an expert in both American and Mexican-Spanish cooking, and a houseman.

Ramon's secretary takes care of the household accounts and does the ordering for the household. Ramon's cousin and god-son, Jorge Samaniegos, serves as chauffeur for Ramon, and helps him at the studio when he is working.

Ramon lives very simply, spending a great deal of his leisure time working in his hillside garden.

He enjoys entertaining, but prefers small groups to large parties. Every Sunday, rain or shine, he entertains his entire family at his home. That means some twenty or thirty people, since all the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts" are included.

(Continued on page 74)

# Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

## Maybelline



### STYLISTS

and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.



#### Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

#### Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

#### Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

#### Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

#### Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest-selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown, Blue.



The Approved Mascara



# Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



## Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

# Kissproof

## Indelible LIPSTICK

# How Hollywood Men Keep House

(Continued from page 73)

## Patricia Tells on Bert

Patricia, Bert Wheeler's little seven-year-old daughter, can tell you all about Bert's housekeeping!

"And it's terrible!" says Patricia.

Bert admits it.

"If it wasn't for Patricia, my apartment," he said, "would resemble a small town after a cyclone had passed over it."

When Patricia stays with her father, which is often, she spends half her time picking up after him. She is a tidy little soul, a born housekeeper.

"Maybe papa intends to keep things nice," said Patricia, "but he leaves his clothes and things all over the house."

Bert, according to Patricia, also has a habit of never hitting an ashtray. He flips his ashes toward the tray and lets the flips land where they may.

Probably the best example of her dad's housekeeping came the other night when Reginald Sheffield, a friend of Wheeler's, came to visit Bert.

Bert had planned to have a big steak for dinner, and he made elaborate plans to prepare it, even to the extent of putting on a chef's apron and cap.

But during one of the preliminary moments of the dinner, he left the steak in the oven too long, and when he went to take it out found that it had been burned to a crisp.

So Patricia, Sheffield and Bert went to a restaurant for their dinner. And Bert lost the last shred of his standing as a housekeeper.

## W. C. Fields Keeps House Luxuriously

W. C. Fields says that he is always on a diet, and so he always has to live in a house with a cook.

"Sometimes it's a diet to get fat, sometimes a diet to get thin, sometimes a diet to quiet me, sometimes a diet to give me pep—but I'm always dieting, it seems to me," says the comedian.

He owns up to a maid and a butler who is also a chauffeur.

Fields treasures very much his collections of rugs, pictures and art treasures of all kinds, also his books. Which is the principal reason, really, why he always tries to live in a house or at least a very large apartment. These things are like live things to him.

"He is a very quiet and charming neighbor," said Mary Brian, who lives next door to him, in the Toluca Lake district of North Hollywood. "He's just the neatest bachelor you can imagine. And he never has noisy parties."

The lawn at the back of Fields' house slopes down to the lake, where Fields keeps a canoe which he uses to ferry himself across to the Lake Side Golf Club, of which he is a charter member.

And he takes sun baths on his lawn, in a sumptuous sun-bath cabinet.

His servants say that the comedian is so neat that, if he owned goldfish he would probably take them out every

Saturday and give them a bath.

And he demands the utmost orderliness in his servants.

## Onslow Stevens Describes His Housekeeping

"My housekeeping is extremely extemporaneous," declared Onslow Stevens.

"I thought it was going to be just swell to keep house. Now, I know what a task it is. I never do anything I should do, until finally the house is such a wreck I almost have to be shovelled out."

"But when I can't get in or out, and there isn't a clean dish to eat from, or a clean cooking utensil, I am forced to clean up and wash dishes."

"Also my cooking is not all that it should be."

"Say, know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give up housekeeping, and go back and live with mother and dad. After this my housekeeping will be done by proxy!"

## Ned Sparks Lays Responsibility on His Dog

Ned Sparks with his man Friday, his personal servant, keeps bachelor quarters in a smart apartment house. And of course there is Betsy, his bull dog.

Ned does most of his own marketing and cooking, which he loves doing.

Betsy is his alibi when he wants to refuse an invitation.

"Oh, I don't know what Betsy will think of me—I was out last night," Ned will say, when he wishes to decline an invitation.

Or, when he wants to leave a party early, he will explain, "Don't know what Betsy will say to me, I'm so late!"

## His House Just Grows and Grows

Edward Everett Horton is the country gentleman incarnate, dwelling in a beautiful old rambling farm house in San Fernando Valley, a house surrounded by wide acres of orchard and garden.

"I just wanted a fireplace with a room around it," said Eddie whimsically, "when I first went out there—a place to go and rest."

"And my housekeeping was primitive then. That was real 'baching.' I took my two dogs out with me, and we shared the one room. We ate when we were hungry, and if I didn't feel like washing the dishes I sent a servant out from home in town to clean up after I was gone. The dogs and I lived in the open anyway."

And now Eddie doesn't know at any given moment—since the house has grown into a mansion—just how many servants he has out there!

"I keep only two servants as a rule," said Eddie. "Mother keeps a watchful eye on things, and she is a New England housekeeper. But sometimes there is extra work to do, and when there is, one of the brothers or sisters of my two Mexican servants—sometimes more than one—come in and work a day or two."



# How Hollywood Men Keep House

"You see for a while every time I played in a picture I used the money to build another room onto the house."

"I consider home a place to be happy in, and I am really interested in every detail of housekeeping. And I believe in regularity. So far as possible I arise every morning at the same hour."

Eddie has two English sheep dogs and two collies, to which he is devoted.

And in order to talk to them from the house, he has a loud speaker in his own suite of rooms extending to the kennels! But the dogs aren't confined to the kennels all the time, but roam about the grounds and come into the house at will.

Eddie has some beautiful tables and cabinets, being a great collector of art objects. And these he likes to care for himself when possible, cataloguing and arranging and even dusting them.

"I'm one of those housekeepers who likes to change things around," said Eddie. "I place furniture and other belongings where I think they will look best, and then leave them there a little while, but pretty soon I imagine them looking better some other place, and wham! away I go, changing everything about. Except for very unwieldy things. I like to do all the changing myself."

The house is kept in the immaculate old New England way, and when Eddie and his mother leave for their summer home at Lake George, New York, all the furniture is covered with slip covers, and the rugs are cleaned and rolled up and stored until their return.

"Mother sees to the paying of bills and the ordering of supplies," said Eddie. "I never worry about these things."

"She often bakes bread for me, too. I like home made bread, and indeed I like very simple food."

Eddie Horton is famous for his Sunday morning breakfasts, at which champagne is invariably served! It begins at nine and ends any time early in the afternoon. At these breakfasts guests include playwrights, actors, authors of noted books—but mostly actors. Eddie loves his own kind.

Having attended some of these breakfasts, I know how delightful they are.

## Francis Lederer's House

Francis Lederer lives in Beverly Crest, a suburb of Beverly Hills, in a big, hillside house that is absolutely without a feminine touch, even though his cook and one of his secretaries are women.

Lederer also has a man servant and a man secretary.

When the brilliant young Czechoslovakian came here he searched everywhere for a house with a masculine atmosphere—and found it eventually.

But there were a few feminine reminders, such as a gorgeous Spanish shawl on the grand piano, which was stoically removed and put away. His living room looks sparsely furnished, but is brightened by a fire which seems always to be burning in a big corner fire-place. A hospitable touch is given this room, too, by the low, round table where coffee, tea, liqueurs and cigarettes are served.

(Please turn to page 94)



## be truly Irresistible

Why stand aside while some lovely girl attracts all the men. You, too, can become irresistible and find yourself in that very girl's place. Just learn her secret of using the correct beauty aids.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are both correct and irresistible. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with \$1 and \$2 preparations, yet they are only 10 cents at your 5 and 10 cent store. Try them and see for yourself what marvelous results you will achieve through the daily use of Irresistible Beauty Aids.



## Irresistible Beauty Aids



# THUMBS DOWN

*on her!*



"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that* girl. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!"

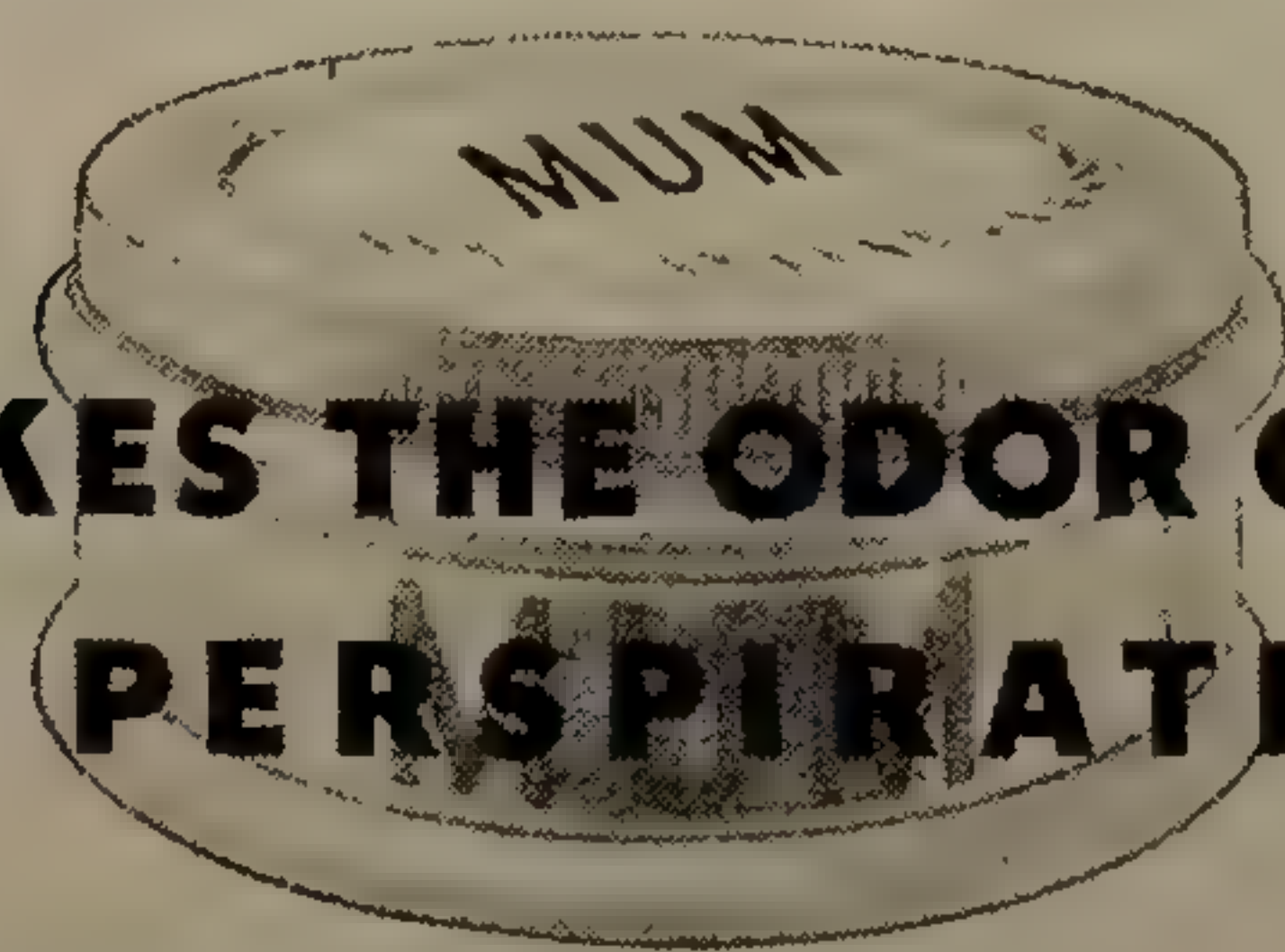
There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—that's all!

You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before*. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.



# The MAKE-UP BOX

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that a pleasant odor makes us remember pleasant experiences which have been associated with it and therefore puts us in a receptive frame of mind. By the same token, a disagreeable odor is



a powerful reminder of disagreeable experiences whose repetition we are anxious to avoid. If this be true, can any one of us afford to run the slightest risk of ugly perspiration odors? Many deodorants today have an ingratiatingly faint perfume. A new spray deodorant which is sketched is delicately scented and packaged in a frosted bottle with an atomizer attachment. Cream deodorants are now preferred by many as they skilfully neutralize offensive odors. The novelty cream deodorant sketched comes in a wood container resembling the druggist's mortar and pestle.

ALL the smart young things are "skin brushing" this summer and here's how it's done. Rub the soft-bristled brush a few times over a cake of your favorite toilet soap. Instantly, a myriad of tiny feathery bubbles forms. Now, with the complexion brush, made of the finest white bristles, stroke briskly from the chin upward and out, around the cheeks and over the forehead. Then with the edge of the brush, whisk away the lather and rinse. Instantly your skin will be glowing with renewed health, pores will be cleansed completely, and the skin will be left clear and fresh.



BEACH fashions are bright, vivid and exciting and one enterprising miss created quite a stir at a fashionable beach club last week. She had acquired an early tan and appeared in a dazzling white silk bathing suit. In contrast to her blond hair and berry-brown skin, she had mahogany polish on both finger and toenails! We did a little detective work on returning to the office and found that this shade is decidedly new . . . an opaque polish with a mahogany cast. You've heard, of course, that many society women as well as screen stars are covering the entire nail, including the moon, with polish in startling colors.

And here's another thought to keep in mind, you simply must have a pedicure . . . for whether you swim or not, the vogue for sandals allows many a glimpse of beautifully pedicured toes. So whether you affect a shell-pink polish, garnet red, or the new mahogany lacquer, be sure that your toenails are as well groomed and dainty as your fingertips.



THERE were so many interesting and delightful products that came to our attention it seems too bad we haven't room enough to describe them fully . . . a newly blended lipstick which adds only color, but no bulk, to the lips and imparts a fresh, dewy charm to the mouth of the user . . . a new polish remover containing oil which will prove a boon to dry, brittle nails . . . a bleaching cream which does a praiseworthy job on dull, sallow, freckled complexions.

If you would like further information about the articles described and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 15)

them at the table, chatted a few minutes and gave the lady tourist a generous sample of his lovely smile to remember him by.

Lupe Velez says she has painters and carpenters in her hair. This time Lupe is building an extensive addition to her Beverly Hills home, including a complete apartment for her husband, Johnny Weissmuller.

"Men like to have a place they can feel is their own," she explained.

It would seem to an onlooker that the carpenters would be getting in Johnny's hair, it is that long. His friends, who have to look at him, were hoping for the best when he finished "Tarzan and His Mate," after eleven months, but he was immediately assigned another Tarzan opus. From all indications the barber may expect a visit from Johnny about 1936.

George Brent has a valet who is devoted to him and, according to George he is a perfect servant except about once every six or eight weeks when he fails to show up.

"I don't worry," George said. "I wait, knowing that sooner or later I'll get a telephone call to come down and bail him out."

Cecil B. DeMille is never one to let down an audience. There were several visitors on the set watching him make scenes for "Cleopatra" when he suddenly summoned one of his assistants.

"What are those people over there supposed to be?" he shouted, pointing to a group of extras. "Are they supposed to be young women or old women? If they were hired for young women I've been cheated!" And waving his hands over his head he repeated: "I've been cheated! They're not young women!"

When Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood to make a try at pictures she went every day for a tennis lesson. She and her friend, Laura Harding, would drive up to the courts in a large car of expensive make. After her first picture made a hit Katharine continued her tennis lessons but thereafter she always arrived at the courts driving a dilapidated old wreck of a car and wearing her now famous blue denim pants!

Said pants were a great handicap to her game, onlookers report, for they required the exclusive attention of one hand to hold them up.

As she reached for the high ones with her racquet in one hand, the other hand invariably clutched at the ever-descending pants as she muttered under her breath: "These doggone pants!"

Sitting at a table next to mine at the Russian Eagle were Marlene Dietrich, her husband, Rudolf Sieber and their daughter, Maria. General Lodijnsky, the proprietor, as an especial courtesy, invited Marlene to inspect the kitchen and she arose and followed him gravely. Presently they returned and, in answer to her husband's query, she said: "The vodka was very good."

When George Raft was visiting in  
(Please turn to page 78)

# Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



**Eagle Brand**  
**MAGIC MAYONNAISE**

1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice	1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
1/4 cup salad oil or melted butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	Few grains Cayenne
	1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

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# Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 77)

New York recently, the electric refrigerator in his hotel room got out of order and the management sent a man up to fix it. George was very interested in watching the chap work and they began to talk. The electrician told George how much he admired and envied him and George, in turn, told the workman that he would gladly exchange places with him. "You are getting a lot more out of life than I am," George said. "You can enjoy life and the money you make. I'm not allowed to."

If anyone thinks Mary Pickford is losing her drawing power he should have been with me in Detroit recently. At eight o'clock in the morning there was a line four abreast more than a block long waiting for the theater where Mary was to appear to open its doors. At the end of her week's engagement there Mary's share of the box office receipts was \$13,000.

It seems as if some of Hollywood's married couples have to get divorced before they can get on a friendly basis. Marian Nixon telephoned her ex-home, which now belongs to her ex-husband, Eddie Hillman, and asked the butler to prepare some refreshments for the party of friends she was bringing out to swim in her ex-swimming pool.

"I don't think you'd better come, Mrs. Hillman," the butler said politely. "The first Mrs. Hillman is here swimming with a party of her friends."

And Mr. Hillman, while this was going on, was out with Toby Wing!

John Mack Brown, after spending a lot of time and money in an effort to lose his rich southern accent, had to have it for his role in the Mae West picture. And John says that Garbo and Mae West have the same quality of mystery, but I didn't know there was any mystery about Mae. . . . A student priest in Scotland has written William Janney a weekly letter each week for two years and William answers them. . . . Barbara Stanwyck is now Queen of the Warner Brothers Studio. That is, she dresses in the only bungalow dressing room on the lot, which was formerly occupied by Corinne Griffith and more recently by Ruth Chatterton. . . . but I don't think it will affect Barbara's acting. . . . Joan Crawford is spending her vacation at home because she says that is the only place she can really rest and not have to autograph things and besides she likes her home the best of any place. . . . And Myrna Loy says that home is a perfect hideout for an actress. . . . Lewis Stone is going to get away from it all this Summer when he cruises on his new yacht in South American waters for weeks and weeks. . . . Ralph Morgan thought being vice-president of a corporation would be fine until he had to rush to New York to attend a board meeting and missed a good role in a picture. . . . Because one of his ancestors was one of the early Provincial Governors of California and because he has one of the finest and most beautiful real Spanish homes in California, Leo Carrillo was asked by Wm. Wrigley, Junior, to supervise the reconstruction of Catalina Island architecture. The town is to be made over into a Spanish village. Carrillo accepted the job. . . . Drue Layton

changed her name from Freya Leigh, which I think is charming, to please Fox officials. . . . Ida Lupino has such a gang of friends around her swimming pool all the time that she hired a life guard by the month. . . . Alice White was asked to endorse a brand of hosiery and explained she couldn't because she has not worn stockings for six years.

James Cagney is to do a blackface sequence in his new picture. . . . It looks as if there is gold in that agency business when Zeppo Marx pays \$75,000 for a one-third interest in the Bren-Orsatti Agency. Now the Four Marx Brothers are only three, which doesn't sound nearly as funny. . . . And "they say" that Ruth Chatterton sleeps between crepe de chine sheets. . . . Sally Rand says she is returning to the Chicago Fair and will again be seen in her famous fan dance for \$6,000 a week to show her appreciation. I wouldn't consider it a sacrifice to show appreciation for \$6,000 a week. . . . Al Jolson made a bad shot on the golf course. "That's terrible!" criticized the "pro." Al turned on him and said: "All right, that's terrible. Now let's hear you sing 'Sonny Boy'." . . . Eddie Robinson admitted with a wide grin that he made a recent trip East just to show his mother how much the baby had grown. . . . Dolores Del Rio made everyone on the set turn his back while she made a scene from "DuBarry" recently because she was nervous. She had her dressing room at the studio decorated just like her modernistic home.

ZaSu Pitts is so modest she even puts an apron on over an old-fashioned long-skirted bathing suit around the studio.

In the recent Wampas Baby Star contest, the least known of any of the contestants was Hazel Hayes and she garnered more votes than any of the other girls. Hazel is from Kansas and has been studying the past three years for an operatic career. Her first and only appearance in a picture was when she warbled in Ruth Chatterton's last picture, "Journal of Crime". Although she has been in Hollywood three years, the village still amazes her. She was invited on a week-end party "and just imagine," she exclaimed, "the chaperones weren't married!" Hazel graduated from University of Kansas and attended the Ward Belmont School for Girls.

A good story teller recounts how a famous star won her estranged husband back after a long marital separation. Realizing the only way she could win him was by appealing to his sympathies, she decided to be sick. She followed the prescription of a friend and ate a half broiled lobster and drank a pint of cream. She almost died from the effects of her dinner but her husband came rushing to her side and all was well.

Carl Brisson presented Mae West with a duck. She takes the duck to the studio every day and lets him swim in the fish pond. She calls him "Scram" because whenever she says "scram!" to him he hides under the sofa. . . . Sidney Blackmer is continually playing pranks on his best girl, Mae Clerke. In retaliation, following a



# Hollywood Day by Day

long period of persecution, Mae sent him a big hat box tied up with pink satin ribbon. Inside, resting on a bed of tissue paper, was a live lobster. . . . Heather Angel's mother turned journalist and interviewed Leslie Howard for an English newspaper. . . . Kay Francis was once social secretary to Mrs. Dwight Morrow. . . . A mean old cop tried to give Muriel Kirkland a ticket as a hit and run driver, when Muriel's coupe was hit by another car and completely demolished. "I didn't hit and I couldn't possibly run," Muriel said, as she painfully rubbed her bruised spots.

Patsy Ruth Miller, former star, attributes her newly discovered writing talent to the fact that she reads Ernest Hemingway and Dorothy Parker. And I've always heard that a writer is a person who reads a lot, remembers what he reads but forgets where he read it.

Most of the motion picture stars have secret ambitions to write and, many of them are selling their product more or less successfully.

Homer Croy, author of dozens of books, always advises young writers to "write." And, listening to him talk of his business, for he considers it a business, writing seems like the easiest job in the world. And he tells of one period in his life when his wife always hid his shoes until after his day's quota of work was finished so he wouldn't be tempted to go out and leave it undone.

## Durante Goes Loopy

(Continued from page 43)

up all night, waitin' for da mailman, wit' my heart full-a compensation for her predicability?

NA-AA-AH . . . she ups and says: "Ay tank ay go home"—dat's what she says! An' den she goes, wit-out foider ado about nuttin'. I'm busted wide open wit angwich. My goil walks out on me, an' it's all my own respirability. On account of I won't play cro-kett!

"Jimmy," I says to myself, "ya buttered your bread—now lie in it." Tryin' ta be psychological, see? But, I can't take it. I jus' can't take it. So, what does I do? After a mont' of not eatin' more dan t'ree meals a day an' sleepin' less dan eight hours a night, I breaks. Bruised an' bleedin' under da burnin' injustice of da ting, I gives in an' cables her. Collect.

"Come home," I says in-a cable. "All is forgiven. P. S.—I'll play cro-kett."

Da magnitude of it should-a touched a heart of amalgamated steel. But, does she answer?? Ha-aa-a-ah . . . not a woid! Not a woid ta soothe da irritation of my desecrated poisonality!

An' den all of a sudden Loopy comes into my life.

Funny, how her an' me happened ta get "that way" about each other. Here we was, workin' on-a same lot . . . prac-  
(Please turn to page 80)



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How does Woolworth manage to give such value? For example—a handsome glass cocktail shaker with a strainer for only 20c!

And now you can get a real \$1 Quality Face Powder for just 20c. How do they do it?

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# Durante Goes Loopy

(Continued from page 79)

tically eatin' off-a da same plate, witout realizin' dat a Big Moment was about ta sneak up on us... see?

It was when we worked in-a same show, in Noo Yawk, that da dam busted. Honest, I get all over gooseberry pimples when I think of it.

There was a scene when I comes out on-a stage in a bathin' suit, see? That was what done it. Da bathin' suit. Wit me hangin' outa da open spaces.

Little did my Public suspect what was goin' on underneath my Beau Broome exterior. It was a shock, see? Even da audience didn't know whether to laugh or cry. So, dey laughed.

DERE I stood in all my masculine platitude. Justa massa-a muscle. What did Loopy do? What did she do? Ha-a-aa-ah? She'd been kickin' me in-a... well, in-a first act, when I had my clothes on, see? But what does she do when she sees me in da bathin' suit? Oh, Boy! Fer a minute, she jus' stan's dere, gaspin'. Den she hops over to where I'm standin' an' plants da kick of da season right in my... well, anyhow, in-a second act. An'—dere it was! Love at foist sight!

It wasn't no ordinary kick, see? It was different. Fulla meanin' an' sediment. A beautiful t'ought, boy. A beautiful t'ought!

Dere I stand, see? Overcome wit emulsion. My heart playin' a xylophone solo on my ribs. I couldn't help it. De emulsion was too great. I hadda show my feelin's, audience or no audience. So I picked 'er up an' tru 'er in-a orchestra pit.

Dat exorcisiatin' kick had brought out da Tarzan in me, an' Nature—an' us Durantes—in da raw, is never mild.

WELL, dey pried Loopy outa da bass vile an' she scrams back up on-a stage. Her beautiful brown orbits is shinin' with love-lights, or somethin', an' I stands dere, kinda relapsed, see? Waitin' for Nature to take its course.

I don't have ta wait long, either. Wit a whoop dat would make Tarzan look like a dummy, she does a "flyin' Dutchman" an' makes a poifect t'ree point landin'... right in my top-hair! Boy, what a night! What a night!! Hotcha-aa-cha-a-aa-a!

Loopy bites my ears, kicks me in-a shins, an' kisses me... Ha-aa-ah! Them kisses!! I looks in-a mirror an' yells for a doctor, t'inkin' I'm bleedin', see? But it's lipstick. Da prevalent kind dat don't come off easy. I gotta go t'rough da rest of da show wit da mark on my pan.

Da audience tinks it's all in-a act, see? An' dey roll in-a aisle, little suspectin' dat me... da Casanova of da Pacific Coast... has just been caught on-a rebound.

After da foist shock, I tries to get hold-a myself. Da show must go on, see? Besides, da repoignance of love in-a bud should be confiscated to da privacy of a guy's sanctum sanatorium, an' not tossed like a silk poise before swines' ears.

So I tries to be nonplussed. "She's nuts!" I tells da audience. But Loopy ain't got no control a-tall. She ain't got no control.

"Oo-o-oo-o, thees Jee-mee!" she yells, sinkin' her teeth into my schnozzle. "I love heem!... He ees so bee-u-ti-fool!"

After da peace an' quiet of my romance wit Garbo, it was like takin' a vacation in-a rivetin' department of a boiler factory. Noisy, but different.

By the time we gets back to Hollywood, I'm losin' weight steady, besides taken' all my meals off-a da mantel, on accounten de ultra-violent a la mode of Loopy's technicality. I ain't complainin', see? Love has me in it's powerhouse an' I kin take it witout gripin'. But, not witout a struggle, see? If she wants-a make a wrassle out-a da Great Emulsion, I says to myself, I'll drag my juiy jitsoo out-a da mothballs... winner take all.

SO I does. An' what happens? Da Shumiliatin' morbidity of da ting practically grinds my spirit inta da asphalt! Loopy knows more holds dan Gus Sonnenberg. An' what does she do? She gets me in-a compromisin' position, an' den she goes out wit Johnny Weissmuller, just-a make me good an' jealous, see?

Da next day, I reads in-a paper where Garbo's comin' back to Hollywood. It' jus' like I t'ought... she can't forget me. My poisonality has got under her skin, an' she's comin' back to pick up da busted t'reads of our immoral romance. I'm on-a spot an' I gotta tink fast. Two wimmen crazy about me—an' what wimmen! Dere's only one answer... I should-a been twins. Boy! I should-a been twins!

Wit Loopy runnin' around wit Tarzan—just-a make me jealous—I figures I gotta right to precipitate. What's sauce for da goose is applesauce fer Gandhi I says. So I goes down to da boat to meet Garbo. I ain't one to hold-a grudge, see? If she's sorry fer walkin' out on me like she went an' done, who am I ta be obdurante about it?

I'm standin' on-a dock, ready ta let by-gones be by-gones, when da boat pulls into da parkin' place an'... dere stands Garbo, lookin' more glorified dan ever.

She ain't got no disguise on. No colored glasses... no collar turned up. Nuttin'. I'm dumflounded! My heart's thumpin' like a rivetin' machine. An' den... what does she do? She talks! Garbo... what I been dependin' on ta kep da peace, like she got me used to... opens her mout' an' what does she say?

Ha-aa-ah... da disilluminatin' super-acidity of da whole ting!

She says, "One never knows what tomorrow will bring, does one?" Dat's what she says!

Da bitter injustice of it cuts me to da quits. Stealin' my stuff! My physiology! My very woids!! I'm overcome wit da ungratitude of it... da ungratitude of it.

I can forgive her fer talkin'. But, she betrayed me... Ha-aa-a-ah I wants to drop da asbestos on-a whole humiliatin' episode.

Like a whipped dog I slinks back to Hollywood... an' Loopy. Dere's a woman! Haa-a-ah! She might go out wit Tarzan now an' den, just-a make me jealous, see? She might bite my schnozzle an' out-smart me at juiy jitsoo. But, she wouldn't betray me. Not Loopy! No... not Loopy! Not much!

Hotcha-aa-cha-a-aa-a!



# Helen Mack's Diary

(Continued from page 8)

December 27th, 1926—I'm tired to-night. Tired of the whole darned show business and everybody in it. Chester brought a girl in tonight. He's married to her. They eloped. Sue is her name. They went up to Greenwich and got married. He introduced us and I nearly died. Wish I had. What's the use of keeping an old diary anyway?

January 1st, 1927—I never heard so much noise in my life as there was on Times Square last night with everybody yelling and blowing horns and whistles. We could hardly get into the subway. It was awful. I hate noisy crowds. Mr. Meehan is swell. He's been terribly nice and when I sit on the fire stairs going to the dressing rooms he sometimes stops to talk to me a minute. His eyes crinkle at you when he smiles. He calls me a "little trouser" sometimes.

January 2nd, 1927—They put up the two weeks' notice tonight! And everything was going so well, too, but the lease is up and another show is coming in and Mr. Cohan can't get another house big enough so we'll just have to close. I think it's terrible. But we do need a big stage for the sets.

January 15th, 1927—No more "YELLOW." I can't seem to realize that I don't have to be in the theater at 8:00 any more—it's a sort of gone feeling. It's been a funny show; Chester married Sue, Harry Bannister married Ann Harding a couple of weeks ago and there were three other marriages in the company, too. Wonder if I'll ever grow up? . . . There is nothing much doing and nobody knows what they are going into—especially us; Hale Hamilton is going back out to pictures and Chester has something coming up with Al Woods. Oh, well! he's still on Broadway, anyway. —Wish "YELLOW" could have run forever like "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE."

February 6th, 1927—Just heard today that Woods' show is "CRIME" and Chester Morris has the lead. A girl from the Theater Guild School, Sylvia Sidney, has the ingenue and it's the only part for a girl. Isn't that awful? Mother and I are going down to try and get the understudy—maybe I'll have a chance to play in the company after all! Chester will be at the rehearsals and he's sure to put in a good word for me.

February 7th, 1927—The rottenest luck! We went down to the Republic and Chester was home sick for the first time in years and, of course, they turned me down flat for the understudy. If Chester had only been there!

March 15th, 1929—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. It doesn't seem possible that we've been on the road now for nearly two years, but, as Mr. Hodge said tonight, it's been a grand run going "STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR" of nearly every theater in the country from New York to San Francisco. He was very sweet to me. We all sat around after the curtain reminiscing. Suppose we all feel a little sad at the thought of closing after such a long time together and having to look for other jobs and maybe not seeing any of the old company again for Heaven knows how long. The William Hodge Company splitting into dozens of little ones. Wonder how the Helen Mack

(Please turn to page 82)

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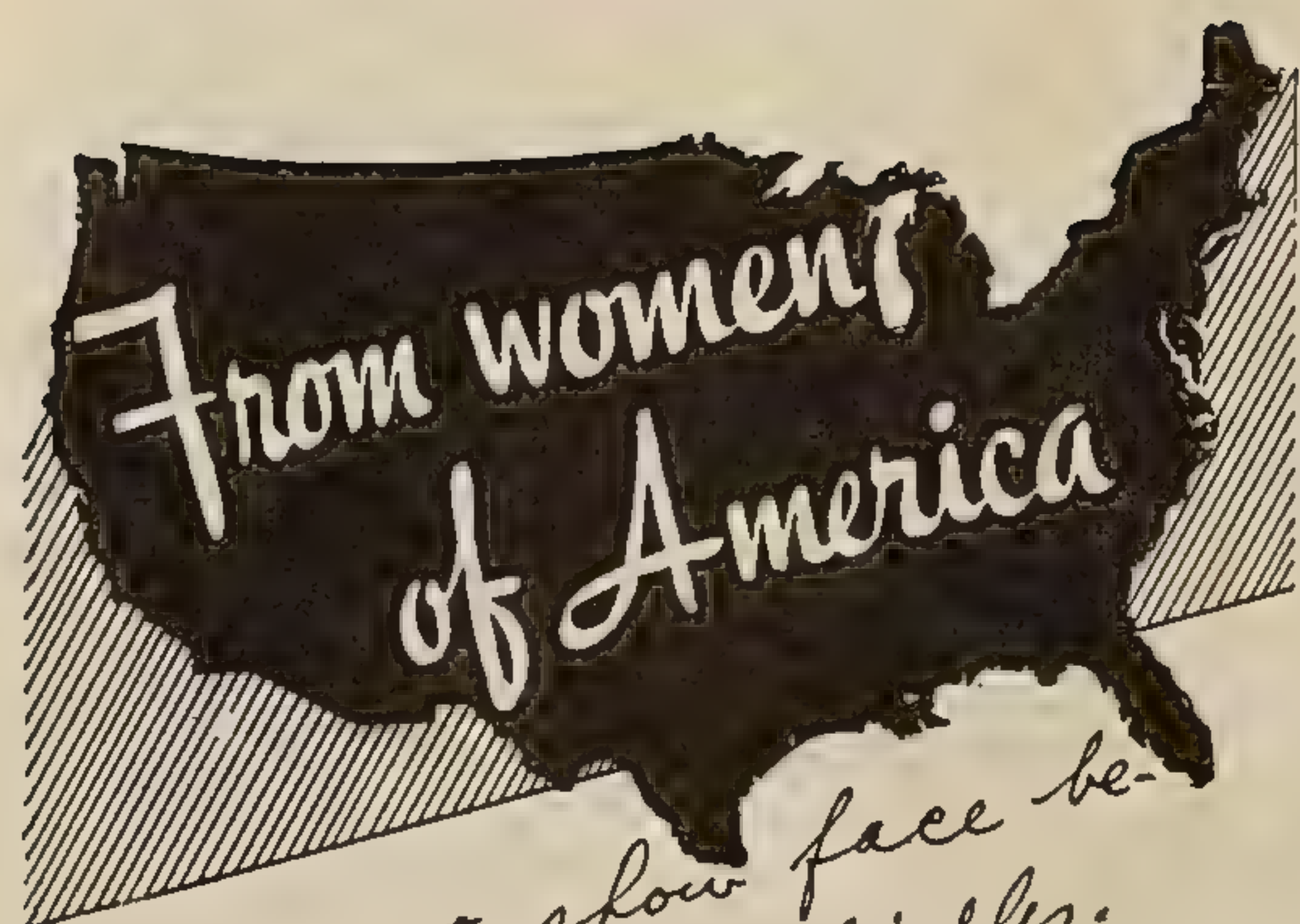
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# Helen Mack's Diary

(Continued from page 81)



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Owe many thanks to Cuticura. It did wonders for my baby.

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Company will get by, now? He said that I'd really learned more about acting on this tour than ever before; said I'd started to think instead of just parroting. I'll always remember that idea of his that if you *think* your part it's impossible to read the lines wrong. The more you mull over that, the more you realize that that is about ninety per cent of acting. Well, we'll see if I can convince Broadway of that in a couple more weeks.

April 10th, 1929—New York again! Hasn't changed much. Wonder if I have? Seems to be a good season. Mother and I are going to catch a couple of shows and see what all the talking is about. . . . Gee! I didn't realize how much talkies would change Broadway; and in just two years! They're all over the place, even in some of the old legitimate theaters.

June 5th, 1929—Off on the road again. Everybody says we got back to town too late in the season to do much on B'way and here it is Summer again and getting sticky hot. We signed for sixteen weeks of vaudeville. All I need now is a season of Opera and I'll have covered the works—all but the talkies. Don't know if I'd like them after the old silents. Work is work, though, and more stage people seem to be going to Hollywood all the time . . .

January 17th, 1931—Saw Dave again today. He's the sweetest thing in the world; brought me a gardenia even though he can't afford it. Although that vaudeville tour didn't get me anything else, it was worth all the work just to meet him. Nothing much doing around town. The depression has certainly hit Broadway! More than half the houses are dark and the others aren't making much money.

February 21st, 1931—Lunch with Dave. Guess I'm crazy about him, all right. We talked of the silliest things. Mother would die if she knew all we said. We talked about marriage and having our two careers together—maybe even starring together in the same show some day.

April 9th, 1931—Saw Dave again today. He's that excited about something and wouldn't tell me what. I was perfectly furious. He's a lamb—the way his eyes light up when he's excited about something or saying sweet things. He's going to tell me tomorrow "one way or the other." I'm consumed with curiosity. Maybe it's the break!

April 10th, 1931—I should feel glad for Dave's sake, but I'm really wretched. He's going to Hollywood! . . . That's the theater for you; guess I'll just have to take it and like it. He was darling and we were silly. Guess we acted as though he were going to Baffinland forever. . . . I'm going to get to Hollywood, too, if it kills me. They certainly must need experienced players.

April 20th, 1931—The town is awful without Dave. There's just nothing to write. Still trying all the agents and casting directors for picture work. No luck.

July 27th, 1931—It's happened! With Fox. I leave in a week with a year's contract and options. They finally heard from the coast about the test and liked it and we're off! No time to write—too much to do. I can't wait!

August 8th, 1931—En route to Hollywood. What a hectic time this has been. Got some gorgeous clothes and saw everybody and said good-bye as I sallied forth to conquer the great new world. It's a relief to relax. We couldn't on the Century with the change in Chicago hanging over us. Had an awful time with the baggage in the van and it was so hot!

August 9th, 1931—En route to Hollywood. Tomorrow we get to Hollywood. It doesn't seem real. I wired Dave to meet us. I really feel pretty swell about it all. It should be a cinch for me to make a hit out there with all my experience—silent pictures and years on the stage. After all, sound pictures are just a sort of combination of the two. I hope the company starts me off in a good vehicle. I'm sure I have the ability and I don't want to be killed by bad handling, but I guess they wouldn't sign me unless they were really going to put me over.

September 11th, 1931—Big dinner tonight at the studio. Linda Watkins, Conchita Montenegro and myself are being ballyhoo-ed as Baby Stars. Not bad in one month! Had a fine time. I start work soon so won't have much time to write.

November 20th, 1931—It's been an awful night. Mother and Dave and I went to the preview of my first picture. The audience nearly slept, too. I've never been so mortified. I was terrible. What in the world can have happened to me? The rushes weren't anything to brag about, but I thought I was better than this. I practically had to slink out of the theater so no one would see me and lie about it to make me feel good. I know when I'm bad. I don't want to write any more. It's too terrible!

November 25th, 1931—Had to work late tonight on retakes. Dave had left when I got home, though he waited and talked to mother for hours.

December 10th, 1931—No word from Dave in two weeks. He doesn't even answer my calls. I'm terribly bothered. No more work in sight yet at the studio, either. Hope they're not off me on account of that awful first picture.

December 19th, 1931—It never rains but it pours. A note from Dave came saying he'd better not see me any more. Sounded very cool and strange; said he wouldn't think of interfering with my career. Everything is going all wrong—even Dave. Can't imagine what happened, it's all upside-down.

August 2nd, 1932—They sent me over to Radio today to see about a part in "THIRTEEN WOMEN." It's been awful! A year nearly and no work. I was waiting in the outer office for three solid hours without anyone even looking at me. It was awful! Finally an agent I knew, came through the office and spoke to me. It was swell to talk to somebody and he was very nice; said to see him when I needed an agent if Fox didn't re-sign me. I have a hunch he spoke about me because they saw me right afterwards. Nothing in it for me though. Gosh, it's discouraging!

August 10th, 1932—Cancellation day. No more pay, no more Dave, no more work, no more car, no more nothing. Going in to see that agent (Dick Polimer) tomorrow.



# Helen Mack's Diary

December 1st, 1932—Nothing yet. There's a chance, though, at the Pasadena Community Playhouse to do a show with Victor Jory. Dick thinks it's smart and got some people to come over to see me work.

December 11th, 1932—"LOUDER PLEASE" opened tonight and Schuessler was over to see the show. Dick introduced us and he promised to call me if anything came.

January 19th, 1933 — Schuessler called me from Radio today for a part with Barrymore in "SWEEPINGS." I've just got to get it. If I don't we'll have to go back East as the money is running out. They're going to make a test of me.

January 22nd, 1933—Still no word on the way the test came out. They've tested ten other girls, too, so I guess that means I'm washed up in Hollywood.

February 2nd, 1933—"The darkest hour—" sure is true. Selznick came back to town and ran all the "SWEEPINGS" tests and picked me out of the lot. This is my chance to really make good at last. Lord, when I think of the cocky young lady who arrived in Hollywood a year and a half ago, I squirm inside. From now on, I work more and talk less until after it's done. Maybe I'm getting superstitious about telling everybody everything! . . . I understand John Cromwell will direct—which is swell!

February 23rd, 1933—I'm exhausted! . . . but I'm tickled silly, too! This Cromwell is a slave driver, but the way he handles his people is marvelous! I've never had a director work me like this before; he gets every bit of emotion I've got or he won't print it. I *know* I'm better than ever!

March 20th, 1933—Well, we saw it previewed and I really think they liked it, I know the studio did, and I know it's the best work I've done so far. If I can only keep it up! . . . I'm out of the fog in one sense and in it in another. Just been cast opposite Roland Young in "IN THE FOG."

May 3rd, 1933—More fun! Just reminded Roland that he carried me on the stage in my first part about sixteen years ago in "POMEROY'S PAST" with Laura Hope Crews and now he's making love to me as his romantic interest. It's a funny business that way. Don't think he liked realizing how many years ago it really was.

June 15th, 1933—Getting a few days' rest, but I'm not really resting much. . . . I've met Him! At least, I think so, but I'm so scared of having anything happen to it that I won't put His name down even here, much less talk about it to anyone. He's not an actor, looks marvelous and is sweet and dependable and rides as though He were part of the horse.

June 16th, 1933—Yes, He is the One, I'm sure. We had a long ride across the desert and talked interminably. He thinks my career is swell and that if you have any real ability you should work at it or never be really happy. He's so grand in those ways!

June 21st, 1933—Even Mother thinks He's grand. He came up tonight to meet her and we had a swell time. Afterwards mother and I talked for hours and she's just gone to bed—nearly two in the morning. As soon  
(Please turn to page 84)

## THE SMART *MOST SATISFACTORY* WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS



### . . . Make it **INVISIBLE** With **MARCHAND'S**

That's the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE** with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are **MORE SATISFACTORY**.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name .....

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# Helen Mack's Diary

(Continued from page 83)



ALL you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply *swish* the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because *all* the old color is removed and even the lightest shade “takes” easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the *family washing*—to make white goods *really white*, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the *original* color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. *Insist on White Rit.*



Remember: White Rit takes old color *out*—Instant Rit puts new color *in*. 33 Rit Colors—clear, sparkling, professional. So easy, so sure, you'll have perfect results every time.

✓ REMOVE COLOR, SPOTS AND STAINS FROM:  
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YOU'LL HAVE “BETTER LUCK”

WITH

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as she realized that there was no idea of giving up my work, she was all for Him. After He left she confessed something to me in a timid sort of way that really amuses me. Shows how I've changed I guess. It was about Dave and his mysterious disappearance that night. She'd been worried that we were getting too serious so she went to work on him and told him all sorts of horrid things about me and literally scared him off. But now she feels it's different and I'm older and better able to know my own mind.

August 9th, 1933—We danced at the Grove tonight. We practically live there—it's such fun dancing with Him.

October 10th, 1933—We're both thrilled to the bone! So is mother. Today Paramount tested me for a loan out in “ALL OF ME” and are arranging to get me next month playing with Freddy March. Maybe I'm getting somewhere at last. When I told Him, He was as thrilled as I was, God love him!

November 6th, 1933—We started work today with Jimmy Flood directing. He's grand to me and treats me with the same respect and consideration and everything as he does the really big players on the set—and he works me the way Cromwell used to. It's a grand lot to work on. Everyone is swell!

November 15th, 1933—They seem to like me over here. Want me for another part with George Raft. Gee,

it's grand for people to want you after all I've been through in this town. I really feel that I'm getting somewhere and have confidence in myself at last—not cocky the way I used to be, but just sort of *sure*.

January 3rd, 1934—Well, I guess I'm at the real big beginning at last. Dick Polimer arranged things so that Radio let me off my contract and I'm signing a long termer at Paramount to play leads—especially with George Raft. I go to work next March; meanwhile a lot of rest.

March 1st, 1934—Tonight was the most beautiful I've ever experienced. We went dancing together to celebrate the first day of the new contract and had a perfect time—one of those you read about but think could only happen in fiction. Everything is so marvelous and we understand each other so perfectly it hurts. As a climax, on the way home He slipped the most beautiful solitaire on my engagement finger I've ever seen. Maybe everyone feels that way about their engagement ring, but I *know* no one ever had a stone as gorgeous. They just don't come any better—for me.

Of course, we won't marry for some time yet—not until I'm really established on the screen. We both feel that I've worked too hard and for too many years to jeopardize the final success by trying two careers at once too soon—but some day! . . . Oh! I *do* love him!

## Pioneering in the Movies

(Continued from page 45)

effort to convince the audience that he was indeed an individual upon whom sorrow had laid its heavy hand.

JACK COHN gradually turned his attention toward production. Again his services were welcomed because there were always duties for eager hands to do. The bright star of those days was Maurice Costello, still remembered by old time fans as a dashing, romantic and colorful figure. Costello, whose daughters Helen and Dolores subsequently won fame on their own account, struck Cohn as being a desirable acquisition for IMP. Costello was employed by the old Vitagraph Company which had its studios in what was then known as Midwood, now part of the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. Cohn suggested to Carl Laemmle, the head of IMP, that Costello would make a valuable addition to the company's roster and promptly was ordered to see what could be done about getting Costello. A salary of \$150.00 a week was considered enormous in those days and when Cohn left his company's offices with the authorization to offer Costello that amount, there was no doubt in his mind but that the star would capitulate.

However, wanting to see Costello was one thing and actually getting to him was another, and it was only after several weary trips to the Vitagraph studio, via trolley, that Jack was able finally to get to the star one evening.

Careful questioning revealed the information that Costello was getting \$75.00 a week and the star's eyes popped when he was informed that IMP was ready to pay him double that amount. The offer sounded too good to be true and so Maurice told Cohn that he wanted a few days to think it over. His answer, when it finally came, was a flat rejection.

“It's like this,” Costello said, in explaining his refusal. “Everybody tells me that the Patents Company is after you independents and that they will have you licked and out of business in less than a year. What's the use of my going to work for you for \$150.00 a week when I would only be out of work and looking for a job in less than a year? I would sooner take what I'm getting, and know that I'll keep on getting it from now on, than work for twice as much and then lose my job.”

Nor was Costello's line of reasoning faulty. The Motion Picture Patents Company, more popularly known as the “Trust,” controlled almost every phase of the business. Not only did it own patents on the cameras with which films were shot, it also owned the patents on the projection machines in the theaters through which these same films had to be run. At the time of Costello's rejection of Cohn's offer, a fight had been started by some of the leading independents of whom Carl Laemmle was one, and the validity of the patents controlled by the Motion



# Pioneering in the Movies

Picture Patents Company was then being argued in the courts.

Back of the Motion Picture Patents Company were all of the old line producers who released their pictures through an organization which was known as the General Film Company. In view of the strength of that organization, people within the industry could not be blamed for ridiculing the thought that the Patents Company could ever be defeated.

To Cohn's duties as editor of all of IMP'S pictures had been added those of production manager of the studio. Word came through various channels that the Patents representatives were about to make a raid upon the IMP plant. Forthwith, Mr. Laemmle told his production manager to get his troupe of actors and directors out of harm's way. "If necessary, take them out of the country," Mr. Laemmle declared. Literally fulfilling this injunction, Jack Cohn herded the entire outfit onto an outgoing boat and eventually they wound up in Cuba, where, for the sake of keeping down overhead and at the same time providing IMP with an uninterrupted flow of releases, the first American pictures made on foreign soil were produced.

"Talk about marathons," Cohn declared in relating this incident, "I told them to start running and they didn't stop till they got to Havana."

BEING production manager entailed many responsibilities. Before a picture could be filmed, actors and actresses had to be obtained and this was frequently a problem. For the sake of the experience they had, the young executive preferred to obtain the services of people who had worked on the legitimate stage. They, however, were not at all eager to venture into the new field, feeling that it would hurt their prestige. Frequently they had to be backed into a corner and argued with, and it was fortunate that salesmanship was one of Jack Cohn's strong points. The old Bartholdi Inn, located at Broadway and 45th Street, was a great gathering place for members of the legitimate stage. Cohn made the Inn a stopping point because it afforded the readiest contact with the people he so sorely needed. The usual salary for work in motion pictures was \$10.00 a day and even though the great majority of the people he contacted were out of work and needed this money, they were chary of accepting film work. Those he did land invariably tried to work in the background where they could not be so easily seen and recognized and tried hard to keep out of the director's sight lest they be called upon to enact a more important role.

Those early days of the movies proved a tremendously valuable training ground for stars and directors of later years, and particularly was this true of those players who worked in the IMP studio. It was there such stars as Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, Mary Fuller, Owen Moore, King Baggot, Herbert Brenon, Tom Ince and George Loane Tucker were employed. It was there they gained the experience which ultimately enabled them to climb the heights.

About this time a juvenile was brought to Jack Cohn by Herbert

Brenon. "I think he has great possibilities," Brenon told the production manager, "and I would like to give him a screen test." The test was made under bad conditions, and the aspirant for screen honors was turned down in spite of his fine stage background. How unfortunate this was for the company was later revealed, because the candidate was Douglas Fairbanks.

Sometimes a shortage of talent made it necessary for Jack Cohn to step out of his role as production manager to become an actor and once he was called upon to fill in in the part of a clergyman. Because of his extreme youth, it was necessary for the young executive to wear a false mustache that he might have the appearance of maturity required by the role.

This was before the advent of one reel subjects in the movies. It was then customary for as many as three or four subjects to be included in a one-thousand-foot reel, and when the progress of the industry eventually brought the number down to two per reel. This made it possible for more intelligent—although the "intelligent" angle was frequently derided by critics—stories to be told.

Among the IMP directors during the Cohn regime were George Loane Tucker, Tom Ince, Joseph Smiley, W. V. Ranous, Otis Turner and Francis J. Powers. Of Powers, more will be told later. It was Ranous who directed one of the first full reel stories ever produced. This was a picturization of Longfellow's immortal "Hiawatha." There was much debating on the part of the IMP executives as to the advisability of making so long a picture but when exhibitors reported uniform satisfaction with this subject, the IMP policy was changed so that all of its pictures were thereafter produced as one reelers.

According to Cohn, none of these was ever allowed to cost more than one thousand dollars. If it was believed that the cost might run higher, the idea of producing it was abandoned. As a matter of fact, many of these epics never exceeded a negative cost of \$500. This was possible because stage sets were all of the sketchiest variety, with props frequently painted on the scenery rather than existing in physical fact. It was not unusual to paint a clock on the wall because a real clock would have cost money, even if only rented.

While mention has been made of the IMP studio on 56th Street, this studio was not obtained until after prosperity had come to the organization. Before that the studio used was an open-air affair at Consumers Park in Brooklyn. This property was rented from a brewing company. The sun provided the only light and on cloudy or rainy days, production was halted. Later on there was devised the idea of muslin screens to modify the sun's rays, but even that primitive prop had not been thought of when Jack Cohn first went to work for the company.

The popularity of the new entertainment medium grew by leaps and bounds. Unfortunately, however, the majority of people who then controlled the destiny of the various producing organizations, refused to believe that any demand existed for subjects longer (Please turn to page 86)



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LASTS AND LASTS!

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WHERE ordinary dyes just give "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly*. Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

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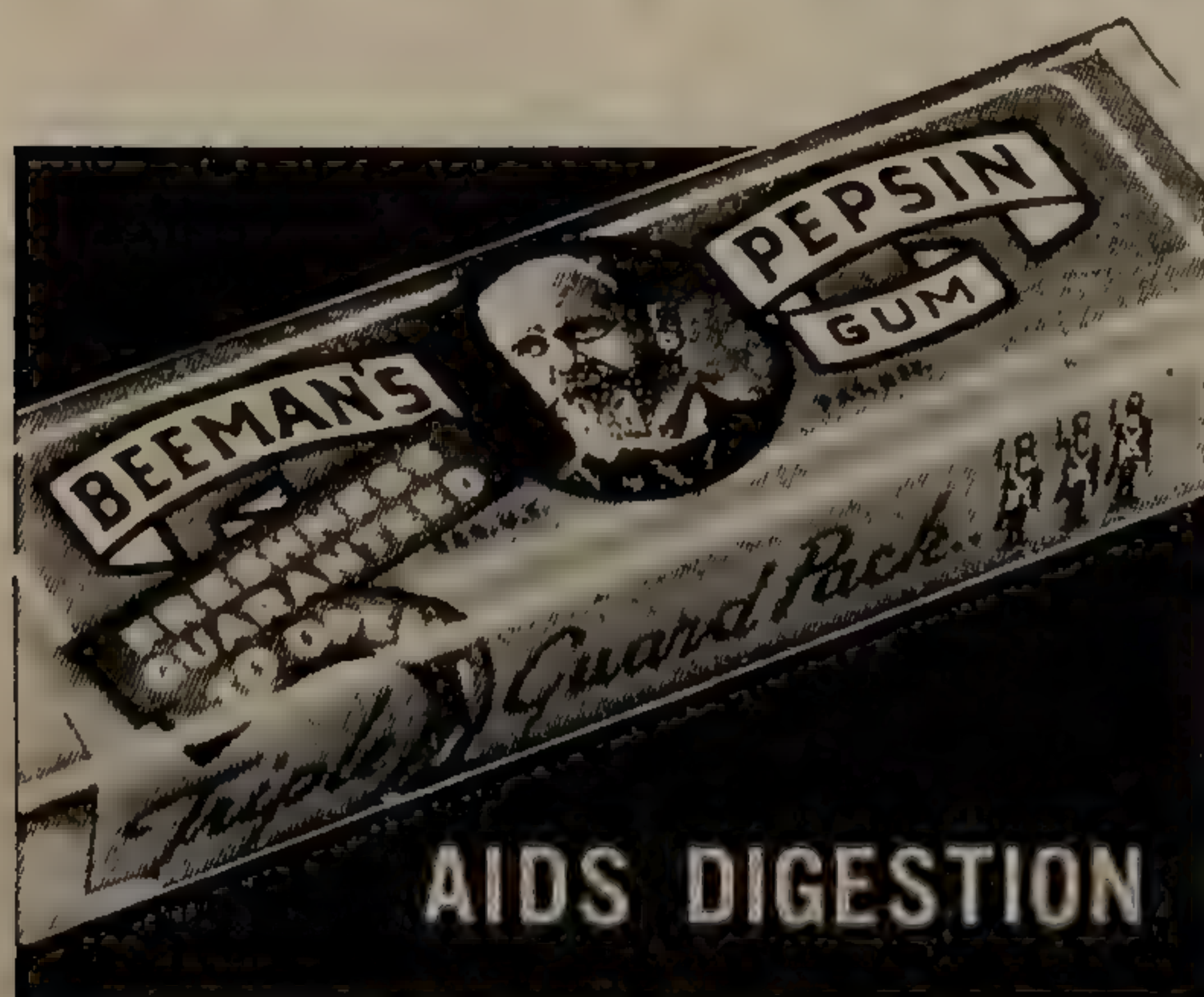
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**GAY! CAREFREE!** Bubbling over with enthusiasm! Life's worth living when digestion is good, when annoying little irritations aren't gnawing at your disposition.

To help keep digestion in trim, chew Beeman's. Chew it often. Chew it after meals. It is pure, wholesome, helpful — it aids digestion.

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*Chew*  
**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM**



# Pioneering in the Movies

(Continued from page 85)

than one thousand feet. According to these executives the public was satisfied with the existing type of entertainment and that it was foolish to adopt new ideas and unnecessarily risk their money on so ridiculous a departure as films longer than one reel.

Jack Cohn was not among these conservatives. He found a story subsequently called "From the Bottom of the Sea" and his enthusiasm for it was so infectious that his company decided to produce it. It was made under the young executive's supervision and by the time the film was edited and titled, it required the unprecedented length of two thousand feet to tell the story properly in film form. The buyers who controlled the independently owned exchanges told the IMP executives they were crazy to make a picture that long because nobody could possibly care to sit through it. Carl Laemmle, however, with characteristic courage, ignored these critics and ordered a strong advertising and publicity campaign back of the picture. Much to the surprise of the operators of the film exchange, it proved to be a huge success. Laemmle laughed last. This paved the way for other pictures equally long so that the two reeler "From the Bottom of the Sea" can be said to have paved the way for the present type of motion picture entertainment.

Strangely enough, it was not the veterans in the motion picture business in those days who had the greatest amount of confidence in its future, but those daring and venturesome newcomers to its ranks who refused to believe that picture work would injure their stage prestige. Francis Powers, David Belasco's stage director, became associated with Jack Cohn at the IMP studios, and during a luncheon one day ventured the prediction that the time would come when Broadway would be lined with great motion picture theaters and that films

would be the foremost entertainment medium for the public. Inasmuch as Powers voiced the opinion long held by Jack Cohn, the two became close friends and Powers produced many pictures for the company.

If the critics of the day were inclined to mock Powers and Cohn, and the few who believed with them in the screen's future, they were not to be blamed. Atrocious photography and equally bad acting were the order of the day. In fact, the motion picture of 1909 bore about as much resemblance to the motion picture of 1934 as the Wright Brothers plane flown at Kitty Hawk resembles the modern transcontinental plane. Films were so flickery that it was not surprising the average patron found sitting through more than a half hour of entertainment a trying ordeal on the eyes. Angle shots were unknown, and the close-up was yet to be used by D. W. Griffith.

It was Cohn's firm belief that if pictures of better quality could be made, it would not be necessary to confine them to shooting galleries on the Bowery or converted stores in Keokuk. When used in music halls or vaudeville theaters which pursued a continuous policy, it was only for one reason—that of emptying the house to make possible the admission of more paying customers. These theaters frankly bought the films of that day as "chasers" and they were known as such because vaudeville addicts liked their vaudeville straight and the showing of one of the early flicker films usually brought about a hasty exodus. If, however, too many members of the audience sat through the film, it was promptly reversed and run backwards—a procedure which seldom failed to bring the desired results.

*From "chasers" to silent feature pictures, and then to talkies, travels Jack Cohn in the concluding installment of this story, appearing in our next issue.*

## Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 54)

there is a good vocal chorus.

"Poppin' the Cork" is the number on the other side. This is also from "Carolina" and is more spirited than the former. It's still Mike Doty and his orchestra. This is a Bluebird record.

"MARIE" the Irving Berlin opus that was popular some years back has been revived in a grand fashion by Claude Hopkins and his orchestra. This was a waltz at the time it was so popular but Mr. Hopkins presents it to us in fox-trot form and played to a fairly good bounce tempo. This tune features a vocal refrain by Orlando Robeson, who has a really remarkable voice, to say the least. I think you will agree that this is good all the way through.

The other side is called "Minor Mania" and is a typical Claude Hopkins tune. Lots of swing and licks in this one. You'll like it. This is a Columbia record.

"THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED" another tune from the current "Follies," is played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. This is a tune that is just a little out of the ordinary and the band gives a very good account of itself. The vocal chorus is swell.

"I'm Lookin' Forward to Going Back Home" is the tune on the other side, also played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. This is a Bluebird record.

"CUBA" played by Frankie Trumbauer and his orchestra is a sophisticated melody very well presented by Mr. Trumbauer and his teammates. Very good arrangement.

"Break it Down" is on the other side and is also played by Frank Trumbauer and his orchestra. Trumbauer seems to take credit for composing this piece, but I notice on the record made by Mill's Blue Rhythm Band of the same tune, some one else makes the same claim of authorship. It's a pleasant enough hit. (Brunswick record.)



# What to Expect in the New Films

(Continued from page 17)

**LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?** AND so to Germany many . . . locale of Hans Faldada's popular story, "Little Man, What Now?"

Universal

If you read the book, you know the story, for director Frank Borzage is shooting the tale, as is, even to the unwed expectant mother in the first sequence. Ah, there, Mister Hays!

The youngsters, Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan, love each other devotedly, but Doug's meager salary has put the Indian sign on wedding bells.

However, with ten baby fingers in the immediate offing, there's nothing for it but to go on a diet and pay the piper . . . which is about two bucks in American money.

Safely married, Doug loses his job because the boss's daughter had him all picked out for her own trip to Niagara Falls. So, what now?

So the persecuted pair are obliged to go and live with Doug's step-mama, Catherine Doucet, who is, strangely enough, supporting her boy friend, Alan Hale.

Naturally, such goings on make life well nigh impossible for the peace-and-quiet-loving Pinnebergs, so, after Hale gets Douglass another small-salaried job, they move into an old loft over a downtown second-hand furniture store.

But, because he hasn't enough high-pressure to make customers buy, Doug is fired once more and Baby Pinneberg is born without benefit of finances. And you just know that, with such a bundle of cherubic sweetness to brighten their lives, Mama and Papa are too happy to give a care whether school keeps or not.

And so . . . Life goes on. More jobs, won and lost. And, after each unhappy episode, the author wonders:

"Little Man, What Now?"

**THE LAST GENTLEMAN** GEORGE ARLISS in "The Last Gentleman" is a crochety old grandfather who knows that his family kow-

20th Century

tows to him because of the money he may leave them, Mr. Arliss proves once more that he can handle subtle comedy with as much enviable finesse as he does heavy drama.

With all of his descendants under one roof, he has more "yes-men" than C. B. DeMille. One slightly psychopathic son hopes to inherit the bulk of the Arliss fortune by proving that his father is mentally unbalanced.

How George outwits the whole bunch is, undoubtedly, the highlight of the picture and so refreshingly novel that even ye worlde wearye reporter doffed the chapeau to author Katherine Clugston for thinking it up.

Charlotte Henry, as the granddaughter, is the only one of the crowd who bravely speaks her mind to the irascible gentleman. And Arliss loves it.

Sidney Lanfield directs the amusing going-ons, and the supporting cast includes Edna May Oliver, Janet Beech-

(Please turn to page 88)



## HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

### Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

### Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

### One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

### At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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This offer not good in Canada. (4)





NO MORE DATES WITH HER  
—SHE DOES NOTHING BUT  
POWDER HER NOSE  
ALL EVENING

## Pretty As a Picture... But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her “eternal powder puff.” She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was—well, not well cared for!

### Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. K-212 Paris Tenn.,



## Golden Peacock Face Powder

# What to Expect in the New Films

(Continued from page 87)

er, Ralph Morgan, Frank Albertson, and others.

**DAMES** WARNER BROTHERS go to town once more with the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler combination. And, if the story is more or less nonsensical, you have Joan Blondell, ZaSu Pitts, Hugh Herbert and Guy Kibbee to keep you from minding too much.

Hugh is a multi-millionaire, and is a bit fanatical in his ideas. His one ambition is to clean up the morals of the world and he offers Kibbee \$10,000,000.00 in cold cash if he can prove that his morals are above reproach.

Guy's daughter, Ruby Keeler, is in love with Dick Powell and, right there, the morals of the Kibbee family hit a snag, because Dick . . . horror of horrors! . . . is in the show business!

It's no snap, earning that ten million, and life for poor Guy is just one complication after another. But Hugh finally gets almost human on a quantity of highly alcoholized cough syrup and everything ends happily for all concerned.

It's Robert Lord's story, and Busby Berkeley directs the dance routines while Ray Enright handles the swell cast.

### TREASURE ISLAND

M-G-M

M-G-M is shooting that grand old classic of our youth, "Treasure Island," with Jackie Cooper taking an important part in the thrilling hunt for pirate gold.

Wallace Beery, as "Long John Silver," pirate de luxe, roars, snorts, and hobbles through the picture on a peg leg. Lionel Barrymore, as "Billy Bones," leers, sneers, and "yo-ho-ho's," right along with him.

Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Peterson, and Cora Sue Collins are the "nice" folks in the blood-and-thunder plot, and Robert Louis Stevenson, the author (need we remind you?) should be pretty well pleased with Victor Fleming's direction of his immortal tale.

The kids are going to eat this up.

### PRIVATE SCANDAL

Paramount

IF we ever hit a month in which there are no murder mysteries, well . . . we'll rub out somebody ourselves, just to keep the studios' record clean!

Lew Cody, head of a real estate firm, has unwisely invested the money entrusted to him, in floppy stocks.

When said stocks hit bottom, Cody confesses to his junior partner, Phillips Holmes, and calmly announces his intention to commit suicide, so that the howling customers may collect on his insurance.

That night, Holmes is out dancing with Lew's daughter, Mary Brian. Worried about his depressed partner, he leaves and dashes to the office, only to find that the deed has already been done.

The janitor sees him leave the build-

ing (and, why the guy wasn't sound asleep, like all good janitors, is one of the big mysteries) and naturally the finger of suspicion is pointed in that direction.

It's a shambles. Did Lew really commit suicide? Or was he murdered? . . . Aw, *shucks* . . . we already told you it was a murder mystery. Well, anyhow . . . that's all you'll get out of us.

ZaSu Pitts, as Lew's secretary, injects a bit of her priceless humor into the gory details.

The story is by Vera Caspary and Bruce Manning, with Ralph Murphy directing.

### HALF A SINNER

Universal

REMEMBER the grand old stage play, "Alias the Deacon," by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens?

You ought to. I'll bet Mama remembers. Maybe she even saw Berton Churchill in that grand old play, years ago? Universal is making it under the title of "Half a Sinner."

Bumming his way cross country, via freight cars, Joel McCrea meets up with Sally Blane, who, dressed as a boy, is doing a little bumming of her own.

Joel takes her under his wing and, at their first stop, Sally gets herself a job as cashier and general helper in the local hotel.

They are just nicely settled when the Deacon, with whom Joel has shared many a freight car, strolls in.

Pretending he has never seen the kids in his life, Churchill proceeds to deftly straighten out the tangled affairs of everybody in the cast, setting the stage comfortably for the two kids, who have fallen in love by this time, and bowing genially out of the picture with his boy scout work well done.

Director Kirt Neuman remains reasonably true to the original version.

### COCK-EYED CAVALIERS

RKO

WHEELER and Woolsey are at it again, as two vagabond knights of the "middlin' evil" days when knighthood

was in flower.

Bert has itchy fingers (kleptomania, to you) and, as they beat their way cross country, he picks up everything from a nobleman's watch to the local curfew bell.

Of course, there's no sense to any of it, but, what did you expect, anyhow?

Dorothy Lee comes in for her share of cuteness, along with Thelma Todd and Noah Beery.

Director Mark Sandrich manipulates the chuckles.

### ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Columbia

GRACE MOORE, delightfully slender, brings her lovely voice to the screen in this story, taken from the play

by Charles Beahan and Dorothy Speare.

After winning a radio voice contest, Grace takes the money and goes to Italy, there to study under the old maestros (not Ben Bernie).



# What to Expect in the New Films

Getting in with the wrong crowd, Grace is nicked for all she's worth and, to make both ends meet (or even one end vegetable!) the gal takes a job singing in a cheap cellar cafe for "coffee-and."

Lyle Talbot, an easy-going, lovable American lad, falls in love with her, but, by this time, Grace has met up with Tullio Carminati, the greatest voice teacher in Europe, who promises to make her the most famous soprano in the world if she will do as he says.

So, for a career, Grace refuses Lyle's honest affection and cuts for the mazdas and fame.

The romantic Tullio, although honestly trying to dodge Cupid's poison arrows, falls for Grace in spite of himself and the finale finds Grace headlining at the Metropolitan Opera House with wedding bells clanging, off-stage, for her and Tullio.

Victor Schertzinger directs.

## IT AIN'T NO SIN

Paramount

**M**AYBE it's just a California custom, but whenever a Mae West picture is shown, in conjunction with another feature, at the neighborhood houses, the management runs a slide to the effect that 'the P.T.A. requests that the children leave the theater' prior to the West fireworks.

And do the little rascals obligingly fold up their peanut brittle bags and go away from there? Heh... like fun, they do! They sit tighter than a Scotchman at a free lunch counter!

Which proves that as long as Mae can dish it out, every one of us, from eight to eighty, can take it.

The latest West opus, written by herself, has to do with the life of a burlesque queen in the Gay Nineties.

Adored by all the men (as usual), Mae gives her trusting heart to a young prize fighter, played by Roger Pryor.

Roger reciprocates (and who wouldn't?) until his manager, fearing for his career, frames a telephone call that puts Mae on the spot.

Believing that Mae has double-crossed his honest affections, Roger walks out of her life, leaving our "little Nell" crushed and broken, but still able to get to New Orleans in time for the opening of a right sinful gambling house, run by that swell bad mans, John Miljan.

To discourage Miljan's amorous advances, Mae takes up with a wealthy southern gentleman... Johnny Mack Brown, suh, who isn't a bit stingy when it comes to handing out diamonds.

There is a hold-up, reminiscent of Mae's recent tangle with gangsters; an exciting prizefight, and the eventual reconciliation between Mae and Roger.

Leo McCarey directs. And nicely, too.

## MAN WITH TWO FACES

Warners

**A**NOTHER murder mystery formerly called "The Dark Tower" and written by those old maestros, George Kaufman and Alexander Woolcott.

(Please turn to page 90)

# RADIO ANN—She Gets Her Man!



**W**HAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

## FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

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Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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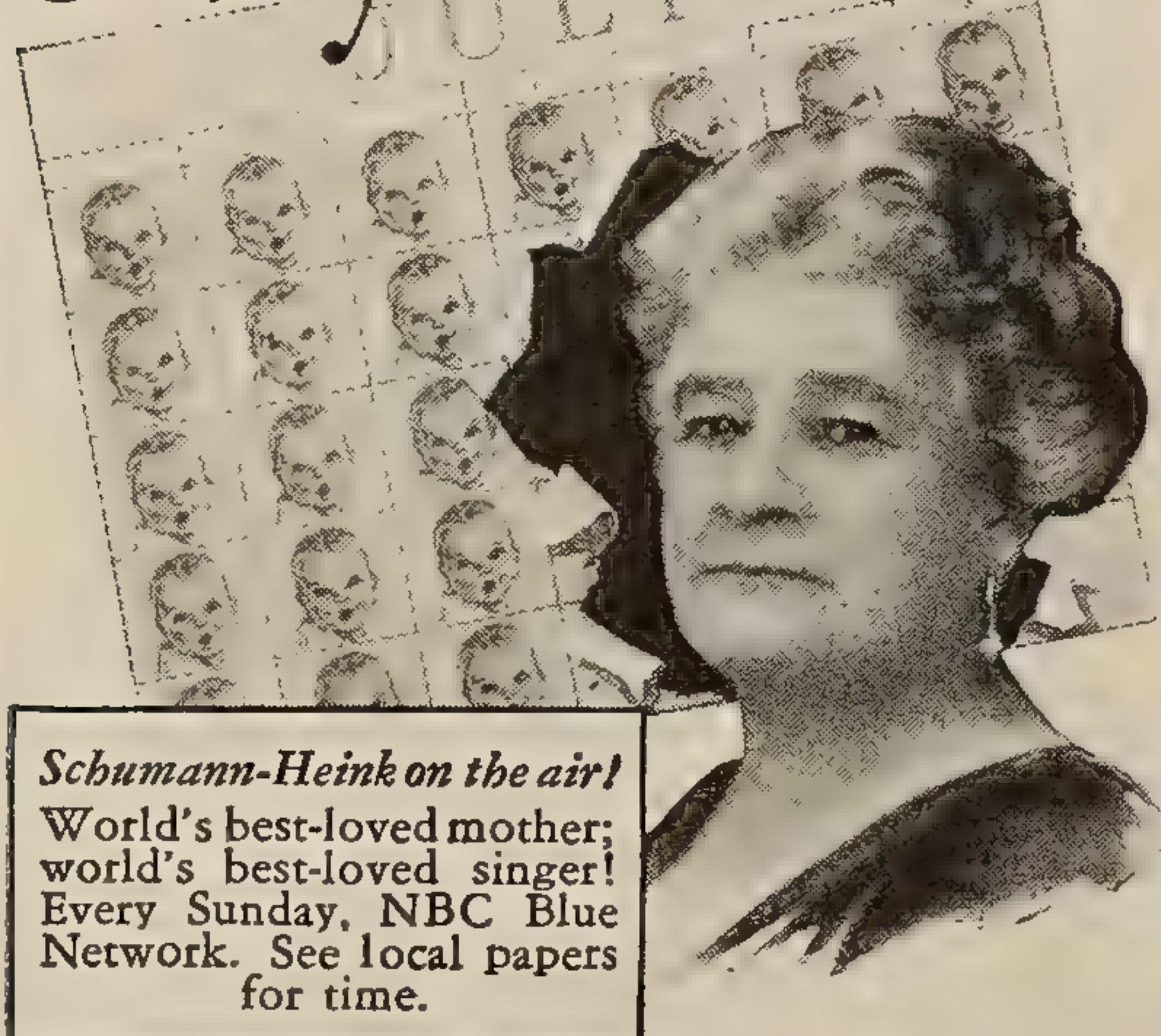
City.....State.....

See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine... and share in \$1,000.00 in prizes.





# "To Your Health.." July Babies



**Schumann-Heink on the air!**  
World's best-loved mother;  
world's best-loved singer!  
Every Sunday, NBC Blue  
Network. See local papers  
for time.

## —AND DID YOU KNOW

Your Birthstone is . . . . . THE RUBY  
Your Birth Flower is . . . . . THE WATER LILY  
. . . and these other famous people were born in July, too—  
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE • STEPHEN C. FOSTER • ADMIRAL  
DAVID G. FARRAGUT • JOHN PAUL JONES • JOHN D. ROCKE-  
FELLER • CALVIN COOLIDGE • GEORGE M. COHAN • BOOTH  
TARKINGTON • JOHN QUINCY ADAMS • MARY BAKER EDDY  
ELIAS HOWE • GEORGE SAND and CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

WHAT an imposing list of famous birth-  
fellows you July babies have! Maybe some  
day you'll be just as famous as they are—even  
more famous!

But that's in the future. First, you've got to  
get big and strong and learn to walk and talk.

And getting big and strong is where Ger-  
ber's come in.

For in just a few months you'll be demanding,  
yes, actually demanding, your quota of good,  
healthful, full-of-vitamins strained vegetables.

And listen, July Babies, when that time  
comes, whisper "Gerber's" in mother's ear.  
Because they're the best you can possibly get.  
On account of special Gerber processing—  
cooking with oxygen excluded—valuable vita-  
mins are retained in high degree. Gerber's also  
have important mineral salts.

And besides being better for you they save  
mother work—and besides saving her work  
they save her money too. Isn't that all your  
mother needs to know?

## Your Store's Baby Department

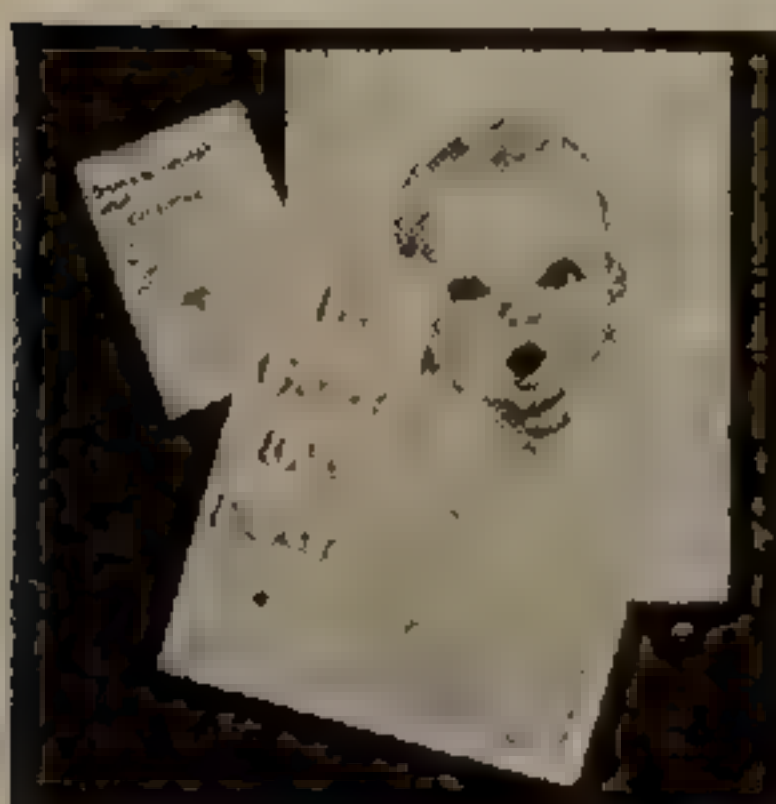
When you go shopping, look for the Gerber  
complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."



Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans. Ask Your Doctor

# Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby™-7



Gerber Products Company,  
Fremont, Michigan  
(In Canada: Grown and Packed by  
Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ont.)  
Please send me free copy of  
"Mealtime Psychology," by Dr.  
Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if  
you would like birth-month data  
for each month and a picture of the  
Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

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Address . . . . .  
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# What to Expect in the New Films

(Continued from page 89)

Eddie Robinson (not to keep you in  
suspense) rubs out Louis Calhern. But,  
Louis is such a death-deserving old  
baddie that we, and the police force,  
are glad enough to forgive and forget  
the whole matter.

Mary Astor is Eddie's sister, a popu-  
lar stage idol who has just recovered  
from a nervous breakdown and threat-  
ened insanity as a result of husband  
Louis' malign, almost hypnotical in-  
fluence over her.

Realizing that his sister is powerless  
to break the evil spell, Eddie disguises  
himself as a French business man,  
lures Louis to an out-of-the-way hotel,  
and kills him. Just like that.

Of course, because the script says  
so, director Archie Mayo has Eddie  
drop his trick moustache, right where  
you and I and the whole police force  
can see it without even squinting.

But, lucky for Mister Robinson, Da-  
vid Landau, a kindhearted detective  
(you heard me) who "understands,"  
finds the tea strainer and returns it to  
the perturbed Eddie, advising him to  
be more careful next time.

Isn't that just peachy?

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Universal

Chester Mor-  
ris, just a gay play boy, has more  
darn fun pulling chairs out from under  
old ladies, telephoning busy executives  
and making them "guess who," and  
stuff.

But, when Walter Woolf and Marian  
Nixon turn the tables on him by pro-  
moting a synthetic murder, well . . .  
Chester is scared to death and cuts for  
the State line without even stopping to  
pick up his tooth brush!

Which makes Chet just another  
disher-outer who can't "take it."

It's a lot of fun and, under the  
genial Eddie Laemmle's pleasant direc-  
tion, should deliver a few laughs.

The author, William Anthony Mc-  
Guire, must have had a lot of ex-  
perience with these Public Enemies, to  
give such a concise description of Life  
among the Practical Jokers . . . darn  
'em!

## SOUR GRAPES

RKO

come to the foolish conclusion that they  
no longer love each other.

Because she feels that she's missing  
something, Diana hies herself out un-  
der the moon and promptly falls in  
love with Ted Newton, her niece's  
fiance.

And, does Clive give a care?? Not  
him . . . believe it or don't, he thinks  
it's a pretty smart idea. So, out he  
goes (under the same moon, mind  
you!) and takes unto himself Steffi  
Duna, a beautiful dancer whom he has  
cured of lameness (or didn't I tell you  
he was a doctor?).

It's some fun, until Irene Hervey,  
Ted's erstwhile g.f., discovers that she  
is in an 'interesting condition' (don't

blame me . . . I'm practically copying  
it, word for word!) and that sort of  
takes Ted off the eternal triangle in  
order to make an honest woman of  
Irene.

Together again, their brainstorm  
over, Diana and Clive decide that real  
love is the calm and settled thing they  
were about to pitch overboard.

Worthington Miner directs the story,  
an original play by Vincent Lawrence.

## LITTLE MISS MARKER

Paramount

"King Arthur" complex, and how she  
inspires big, bad gamblers and race  
track touts to desist from their evil  
ways and lead bigger and better lives.

Little Shirley Temple plays the  
'guiding light' of the story and Adolphe  
Menjou plays a sad-faced 'book-maker'  
who makes a neat living off of 'fixed'  
races and doped ponies.

Charles Bickford is the "brains" of  
this crooked racket and, also, owner of  
a night club in which his lady friend,  
Dorothy Dell, entertains.

One day at the track, a stranger  
leaves little Shirley with Menjou  
as security for his I.O.U. on a  
twenty dollar bet. And here's where  
your credulity, if any, should be taxed  
plenty.

After the race, the stranger fails  
to show up. Not one single harassed  
parent, searching frantically for the  
little cutie, puts in an appearance.  
Alas, it would seem that the child, like  
Topsy, "jes' growed." So-oo-o, the  
more or less bewildered Adolphe takes  
her home with him, not thinking to  
notify police, orphan asylums, S.P.C.A.,  
or anything???

It was really necessary that the kid  
be foot-loose and fancy free, else who  
would be responsible for the regener-  
ation of the whole bad gang . . . Bick-  
ford included??

The tough mugs of the gang for-  
sake their evil ways to play "Little Red  
Riding Hood," and stuff, with baby;  
Menjou throws away the "speed balls"  
with which they had planned to dope  
the horse "Baby" loves, in order to win  
the race; even Bickford goes soft and  
donates a quart of his own blood to  
save "Baby's" life . . . Aw, it's wonder-  
ful! Baby fingers . . . oh-h-h Boy!

## MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

M-G-M

masculine half of the American pub-  
lic to slapping down their wives and  
sweethearts.

The story opens with the sinking  
of the excursion steamer, Slocum, that  
national catastrophe that took so many  
lives in 1904.

Orphaned by the disaster, two small  
boys are adopted by Leo Carrillo, who  
has lost his own son on the sinking  
boat, and the two are raised like  
brothers.

Growing to manhood, Clark becomes

## LITTLE MISS MARKER

a story by Damon  
Runyon, is all  
about a cute little  
kiddie with a



# What to Expect in the New Films

a racketeer, while his little pal (now William Powell) turned to the finer things of life and learns to be a lawyer.

Anyhow, right here, the author, Arthur Caesar, has fixed himself up with an angle that gives melodrama, up to the hub-caps and over.

Gable's girl friend, Myrna Loy, after vainly trying to persuade him to give up this life of crime, falls in love with Powell and marries him.

Bill is headed for the governorship. An ambitious mug, knowing of Myrna's past association with Clark, tries a bit of blackmail on District-Attorney Powell.

Clark hears about it, kills the rat to death, is caught (after all these years!) and sentenced to the hot seat.

Does Bill, now governor, exercise his right to pardon the self-sacrificing pal of his boyhood days? Or does he stand with bowed head and clenched hands, true to his oath of office?

Nobody knows but director W. S. VanDyke . . . and he won't tell.

## THE CRIME OF HELEN STANLEY

Columbia

**MORE** murder! Goody! . . . And what a plot, from the mysterious pen

of Charles R. Condon.

Gail Patrick, a statuesque movie star, is disliked by so many people that, when she finally bites the dust, it's a rare gamble as to just who did the dastardly deed.

Ralph Bellamy, as Inspector Trent, has the ticklish job of rounding up all suspects and picking the guilty person from the ensemble.

There is a trick ending that may, or may not, surprise you, depending on how easy you surprise. Personally, we thought it was kinda cute.

D. Ross Lederman directs.

## MIDNIGHT ALIBI

Warners

**BEFORE** leaving the Warner lot forever (?) Richard Barthelmess left that studio one

final grand performance to remember him by.

Beginning in the 19th Century with the tragic love affair of Helen Chandler, the story brings us up to the present, with Dick the head of a powerful gang and in one heck of a mess, because he wants to marry the sister (Ann Dvorak) of one of his gang lieutenants (Robert Barrat).

In the tangle, Barrat is shot and Dick is up for the job. Everything points to the chair, until Helen Lowell (the Helen Chandler of the 19th Century) swears that Dick was with her when the murder was committed.

Damon Runyon, the boy who knocked 'em over with "Lady for a Day," wrote the story, which Alan Crosland directs.

## THE DEVIL'S PAY DAY

Universal

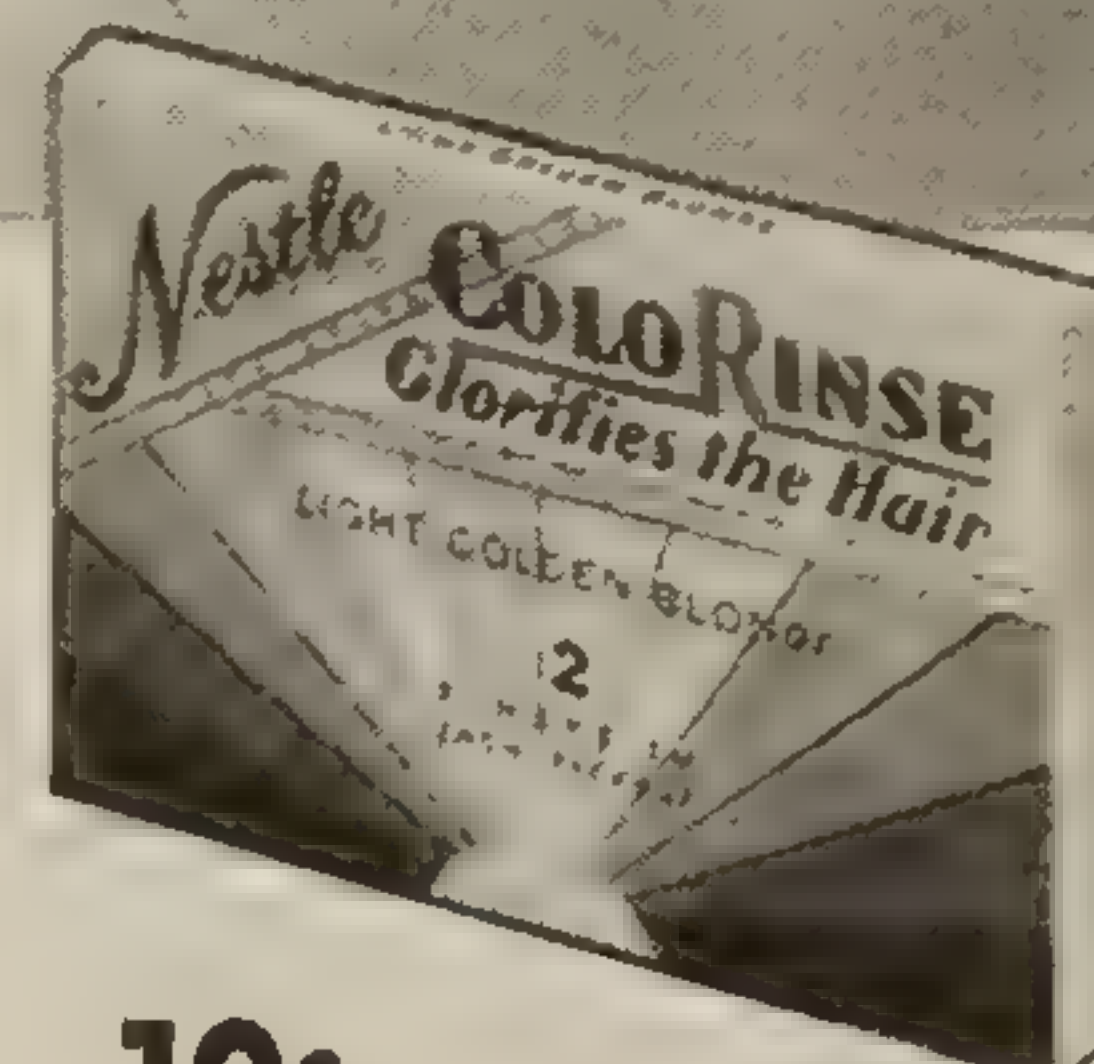
**WANT** a thrill? All right . . . look in them there baby blue eyes of Nils Asther. Knees getting wobbly?

Well, you're being hypnotized, you are. And you'd better stay away from there (Please turn to page 92)



**FOR GLORIOUS HAIR**, youthful and natural . . . free from that dull, faded look . . . be sure you use ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from . . . and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless.

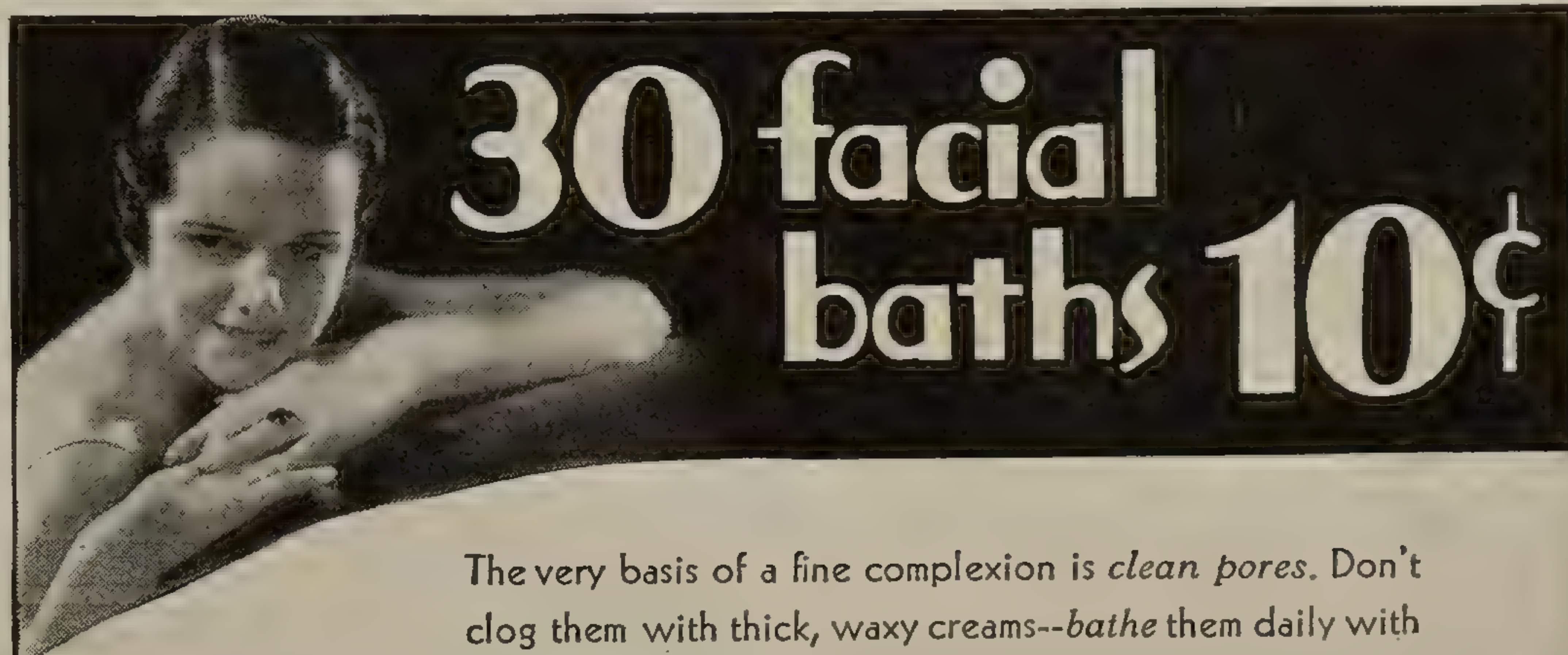
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# Nestle COLORINSE



**30 facial baths 10¢**

The very basis of a fine complexion is *clean pores*. Don't clog them with thick, waxy creams--bathe them daily with pure Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. Melting at body temperature, Vi-Jon's cleansing oils flow deep into the pores and free them of all impurities, leaving your skin sweet, fresh, lovely.

Anybody can afford daily "beauty baths" with Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. A 10c jar holds enough for 30 thorough cleansings. Cream of this quality -- and quantity -- usually costs four to 10 times as much. Light, dainty, delicately scented. Try it. Also try these other high grade creams:

VI-JON  
VANISHING CREAM

VI-JON  
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THEATRICAL CREAM

10c at F. W. Woolworth Stores

**VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM**



VI-JON LABORATORIES . . ST. LOUIS





When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



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FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of  
DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator  
—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana  
Corp., Ltd., T M-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

# What to Expect in the New Films

(Continued from page 91)

before you go home and murder the wife and kiddies!

Dr. Nils goes around overpowering people's minds and making them do anything he happens to think up, at the moment. And what he doesn't think of... tck, tck!

Gloria Stuart, Paul Kelly, and Alan Dinehart fall under his evil spell. Homes are broken up and happily married women walk out on loving husbands, all because Nils looks 'em in the eye and mutters; "Hokus pokus alla-gazam!"

Max Marcin wrote the story and directed it as well.

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Paramount

Lady Mary Cameron... is responsible for the original story, with J. P. McEvoy and Claude Binyon doing the adaptation. So, you might as well know that you're in for a flock of tummy laughs.

Gracie's Papa owns a department store and, with Papa away on business, Gracie runs the place in such a way that about the only thing Papa has when he returns is apoplexy.

To save his sanity, he offers George Burns, his pet radio announcer, ten dollars a mile to marry Gracie and take her on a long honeymoon.

So, Gracie puts on her little blue hat, and after the ceremony, she and George hop a train for the Coast.

On the same train, Joan Marsh (Gracie's sister) is eloping to California with Ray Milland, a crooner, whom she intends to marry as soon as she has become a great screen star.

Papa is frantic when he hears of this. Hiring two thugs, he orders them to fly to the Coast, kidnap Joan and Ray, and keep them away from the studio until he can get there himself.

Consequently, when George and Gracie step off the train, they are grabbed by enthusiastic studio officials who believe them to be the other pair they have been expecting.

On the set, it's a mess. Gracie is slowly driving everybody mad.

After a lot of amusing complications, Papa finally arrives to straighten things out.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Franklyn Pangborn, George Barbier, and William Demarest supplement the cast, with Norman McLeod directing the insane proceedings.

## AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN

Universal

right in the first reel, too!

Paul is an author whose fictional themes are drawn from his amorous experiences in real life. And the boy certainly managed to get around!

His last night on earth is the scene of a dinner party that is attended only by his ex-girl friends, and, if you don't think it's a shambles, you don't know your jealous Janes.

BURNS AND ALLEN are at it again, with a hey, nonny-nony, and a ha-ha-ha!

Patricia Ellis loves him, in a pure, sweet way, but when she unexpectedly drops in and finds Dorothy Burgess sleepy-eyed and wearing a suit of Paul's pajamas... well, all you have to do is figure out which one of the affectionate ladies did him in. And, according to director Edward L. Marin, you'd be surprised!

A nice cast, including Leila Hyams, Onslow Stevens, Phillip Reed, Lillian Bond, Joyce Compton and others.

## MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE

Columbia

college waitress, much to the chagrin of his wealthy family.

With not enough back-bone to stick up for his own rights, Don allows the family to separate him from his young wife. They also take the baby son she has borne and raise him to be like his spoiled papa.

Twenty years later, Jean is charwoman and general cleaner-upper at the very college where she met her Waterloo.

The boy, Dick Cromwell, spoiled as they come, has one of the rooms which his unrecognized mother cleans daily.

Amused by the interest she displays in him, Dick encourages the little old lady, who is supremely happy just to shine his boots.

Little by little, she breaks down his colossal fatuity and, in the last reel, sends him out to win the football game for dear old something-or-other.

Travis Ingham concocted this pure and simple melo-drammer and you'll probably like Lambert Hillyer's directorial soft pedal on the hokum.

## THIRTY DAY PRINCESS

Paramount

Kelland tale about a princess who settled down to a plebeian case of mumps, just when her country needed her most.

With a fifty million dollar loan under way and the real princess (Sylvia Sidney) sick in bed, what do the frantic foreign dignitaries do but drop in at the Automat and pick up an unemployed actress (Sylvia Sidney) who is (believe it or don't) the image of the mumpy lady!

For \$10,000,000, she agrees to stand in for the royal representative until the loan has been swung.

From here on, you know what happens, don't you? Come now... think hard! Why, of course!... there's nothing to be done but let the poor, but proud, newspaper man (Cary Grant) fall stem over stern in love with the synthetic princess and make him suffer through thousands of celluloid feet until the denouement, when he discovers that little Sylvia is no more a princess than I am, and he can marry her and live any way he wants ever after!

Marion Gering does the directorial work on this nice little fairy tale.

DONALD COOK, a football hero of 1909, marries Jean Arthur, a



I'VE BEEN CRAZY  
TO "PUT UP" WITH OLD  
CRACKED, SHABBY  
WINDOW SHADES!



...That's why women buy these

## IMPROVED WINDOW SHADES for 15¢ EACH

THINK of the thrill of replacing *all* your old, dingy shades with new Clopays at 15c each! Yes, they're full size shades that won't crack, fray, or pinhole. Recently vastly improved, too—made heavier, stronger. Wooden slat included. And you need trim only *one* side to fit narrow windows. Clopays easily attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz effects! Perfect, too, for summer camps and cottages. Send 3c stamp for color samples to Clopay Corp., 1308 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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**CLOPAY WINDOW  
SHADES**

### BLUE PRINTS

Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, you will want to see these blue prints before you build. Send 3 cents for each blue print you want to

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# MAKES IRONING EASY

TRY  
THIS  
FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



### THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 792, Keokuk, Ia.  
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

## George Arliss — Mystic

(Continued from page 64)

golf and the one who plays bridge and the one who can go "mad," as he puts it, watching a horse race. He loves the uncertainty of living which perhaps accounts for his saying that he is not a fatalist. Certainly it accounts for the joy in his eyes when a horse on which he has put a half dollar shows signs of coming in first. Whether or not the horse wins is of secondary importance; it's the race itself which brings the thrill to him.

His golf score he will not talk about, although under pressure he will admit that once he made the first hole in fourteen.

Sadly he confesses that he is certain he was never meant to be a golf player. The reason is rather amusing considering who he is and what he is. People on the links make him self-conscious. He feels he is holding them back, that he is gumming up the works for real players.

Of golf which he plays badly he will speak, sparing himself not at all, but of bridge which he plays well, he is reticent.

Many things George Arliss dislikes and among them are teas, public speeches, boresome dinners, airplanes, special delivery letters, racing automobiles. When he speaks of disliking teas, he makes it clear that he really enjoys a good cup of tea properly brewed by Mrs. Arliss, but his dislikes of other things are tied up with his conviction that the present generation lost much when it entered the era of speed.

He believes deeply that there can be no charm in living, no contentment and no real culture unless there is leisureliness as well as leisure. Filling free time with speed is to him a form of insanity.

"When it comes to airplanes and fast cars," he says, "I am like the old lady in Punch who preferred to travel by rail as God intended we should."

### FOR SMARTER TABLES

New styles in furniture and other decorations bring about new styles in table linen. From among the many charming types of doilies and spreads for your breakfast, luncheon or dinner table we have chosen a number that can be reproduced by the average home needlewoman. Here they are:

Jy313—Smart modern crochet designs for a bridge or luncheon cloth. Full crochet directions that you can easily follow.

Jy314—Coarse linen table doilies with bright stripes made from colored seam binding.

Jy315—Inexpensive luncheon or bridge set made from plain material decorated with bands and appliques of checked gingham and gingham napkins.

Jy316—Designs and diagrams for making cross-stitch designs for peasant table covers, including man, woman, flowers and animals.

Jy317—Six new and effective crochet edges made from crochet cotton and applied to the edge of linen or cotton table covers.

Jy318—Six fruit applique designs, made from colored linen or cotton for table spreads or doilies.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



**GRIFFIN  
ALLWITE**

*makes it easy to*  
**PUT YOUR BEST FOOT  
FORWARD**

*For only ALLWITE will clean, whiten and give that "new shoe" finish.*

ALLWITE actually removes spots instead of covering them with a chalky coating that soon wears away. ALLWITE won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and you can use it on all white shoes, leather or fabric.

This famous GRIFFIN quality is available in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube for as little as 10c.

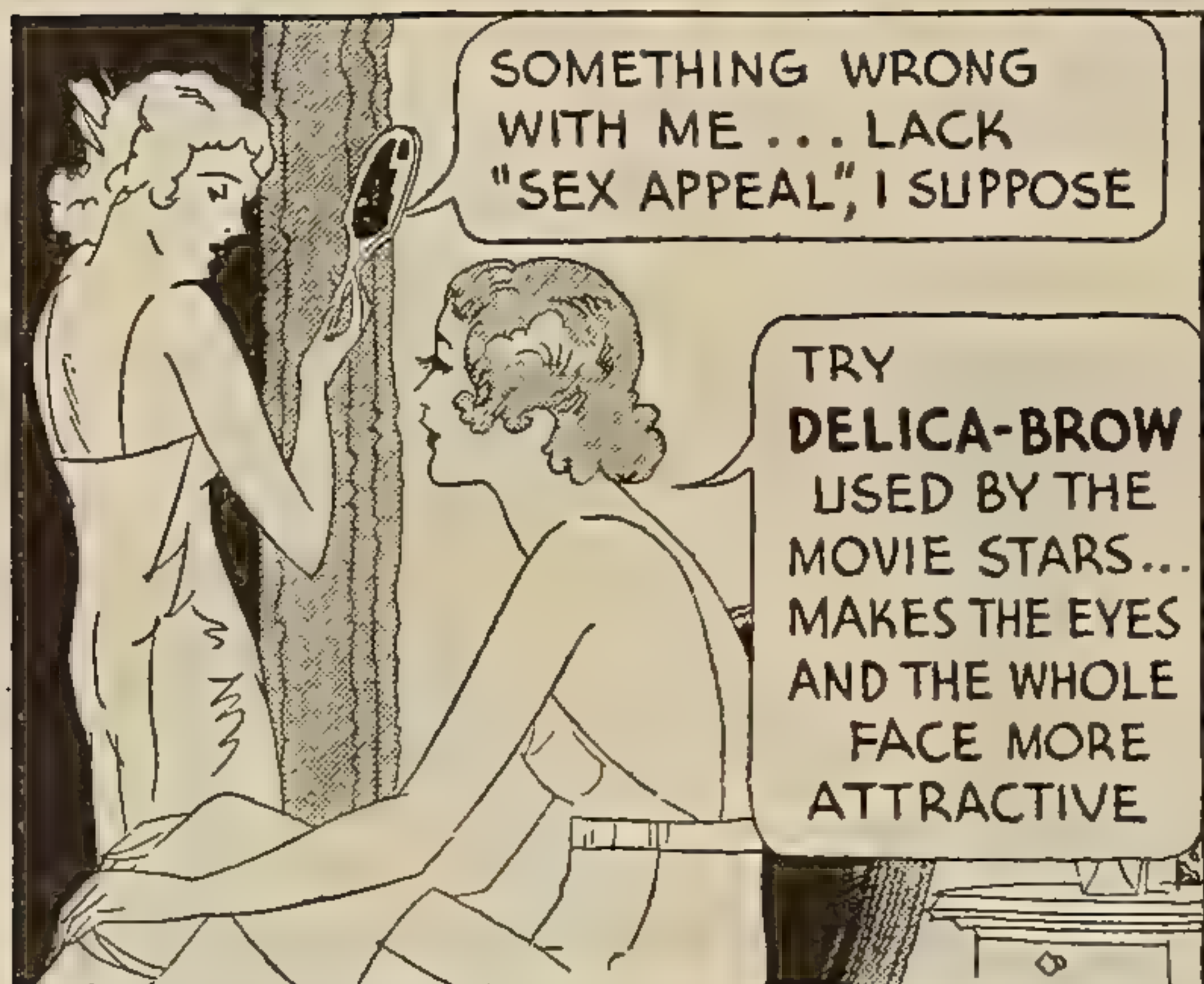


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# JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES



## Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same "eye-appeal" movie and stage stars do...instantly...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make *your* eyes literally wells of allure tonight—bigger, brighter...irresistible. DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.



# How Hollywood Men Keep House

(Continued from page 75)

The little barroom in the basement was changed into a fully equipped gymnasium, and there Lederer, following his breakfast or before, each day exercises strenuously.

Lederer has one very eccentric gymnastic exercise. Every night he climbs up to his room from the first floor veranda by a rope, and he lowers himself the same way, his valet having hung the rope from a big beam of timber jutting out above his bedroom window!

The actor likes his house run without friction. He prefers a little dust here and there to a loud word within his hearing.

But he seems to have a way with his subordinates, so that his household never knows a jar.

He likes simple food, and of course likes the food of his country, which his cook is learning to prepare. He leaves all ordering of food to her. And only once a week he holds an accounting with her of money spent. He does not leave that to his secretary.

And he doesn't mind how much money is spent for good, wholesome food, but he resents one penny wasted. And his servants know it.

## Jack LaRue's Homekeeping

Jack LaRue is in his seventh heaven, these days—keeping house in sunny Southern California, with his mother, Mrs. Josephine LaRue, and his four sisters.

"I kept house by myself in a little apartment," Jack explained, "before I had saved money to send for them. I did all my own work—cooking, washing, ironing, marketing and all the rest of it. I really enjoyed it. It was fun taking home a nice, juicy steak and cooking it, and can I make a tasty salad! And of course 'da spaggett!' But I'll confess something. I hated washing dishes. And I used to stack them and pretend they weren't there by putting a big red tablecloth over them. But the day always came when I had no more clean dishes, and then they had to be 'done'. Once I told a little boy that I'd give him a dime to wash my dishes. You should have seen the look of reproach he gave me when he saw the stack. I weakened and gave him a quarter.

"Then mother and my sisters came, and we took a good-sized house in Hollywood. I hired a cook. I was so happy. But mother seemed to be pining away. She wouldn't eat, went sad-eyed about the house. Finally I got it out of her. She was unhappy because she wanted to do the housework herself, just as she had always done. So I let the girl go, and mother brightened right up.

"She cooks what she thinks is best for us, and we eat it. What mother says goes. When I am not working, I help her, and I love it. I sweep the rooms and dust and help with the cooking. But I won't wash any more dishes!

"On Sundays I always make mother stay out of the kitchen and I cook dinner. We have Italian soup, spaghetti, a steak, fowl, or maybe lamb

chops or roast, and of course there is wine.

"I like to arrange flowers all over the house, too, and I give a whole hour at least once a week to the process. I think certain flowers go fittingly in a dining-room—roses and old-fashioned flowers such as daffodils, geraniums, marigolds, while stately chrysanthemums belong in a parlor or drawing-room.

"Yes, I get a kick out of keeping house. My sisters take sun baths and go to the movies. There wouldn't be enough for mother and me to do if they helped keep house."

## Tom Brown Throws Things Around

Tom Brown is the worst housekeeper in Hollywood. He says so himself.

"I leave my shoes in the sink, my hat on the frigidaire, and everything else scattered hither and yon," he said.

"No, he doesn't do quite that badly," Mrs. Marie Brown, his mother, explained indulgently. "He just leaves his clothes on the floor where he steps out of them, and nothing is ever hung up until he leaves, and I go in and put them in place. I am always scared to death to have any one come to the house while I am away, for fear Tom has been home during my absence, because the house is always a sight afterwards."

"Of course, you see," Tom broke in, "I have to go home and make some quick changes sometimes—"

"Quick or slow—it's all the same," Mrs. Brown demurred. But with a fond smile.

The Browns keep one servant in their eight-room Spanish hillside house in Hollywood.

Tom is crazy about onion soup and always wants it for dinner.

When Tom gives a party, it's always a can-opener party.

"Because that's fun and no trouble," said Tom. "I don't know how to cook, and I never intend to learn. No, sir-ee! I'm not going to have any girl rope me in for cooking and washing dishes!"

"Not even Anita Louise?" we tease.

"Oh, well—" says Tom, feigning bashfulness.

## Douglass Montgomery Lives in a Villa

Douglass Montgomery says his housekeeping is terribly complicated by his ownership of dogs. And now he has the dog of all dogs—that huge Irish wolf-hound, which already, though a mere pup, measures about eight feet from tip to tip.

"I did live in my own little bungalow near the family home on my mother's Pasadena estate," he said, "but that isn't really near enough to my work. And besides the dog seems to get into everybody's way out there.

"So I've taken a house in the heart of Hollywood."

Douglass frequently cooks his own food, which he likes to do. Even when living on his mother's estate, if he wanted his meals at irregular hours, he cooked them himself.



## NO MORE FRECKLES, WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN



No matter how dull and dark your complexion, how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation, will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T-10, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

**Nadinola Bleaching Cream**

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Rest Tired Arms  
Same Good  
Quality

Today's  
Big  
Value **5¢**

At Most Stores of  
F. W. Woolworth & Co.

## DEUBENER SHOPPING BAGS

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## WELCOME

The next time you come to New York plan to stop at a hotel where "Welcome" means something more than a word on the door mat.

If you stop at the Hotel Knickerbocker you will be guaranteed a warm, friendly welcome. Every courtesy will be yours. This is a fine new 400-room hotel and every room has its own private bath and radio. Write for booklet T.

Rates from \$2.50 Single  
\$3.50 Double

## HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER

Carl F. Johnson, Manager  
120 West 45th Street  
New York

## The People's Academy

(Continued from page 53)

More of Buster, Please

**W**HY can't we see Buster Phelps, the little boy who played Billy in "Broken Dreams" so lovingly, oftener, and in bigger parts?

After his marvelous performances in this picture, in "Little Orphan Annie," and "Handle With Care," it is a wonder some producer does not foresee a big future for this youngster and give him a real chance.

He is the outstanding child actor on the screen today.—Georgia Eustice, 1337½ N. Alexandria Ave., Hollywood, California.

*The appeal of the child star is universal. However, too much work might endanger their naturalness.*

### Always a Leader

**H**E is an actor radiating personality and charm, very handsome and possesses the great gift of natural expression. He puts his whole soul into a characterization, actually living the part no matter how trivial.

That is my analysis of Clark Gable. I have had the privilege of seeing him in person and can only state he is my choice for the screen's ideal leading man. He is a modest man, in no respect has he "gone Hollywood."

Count his laurels, M-G-M!—Emma Easterla, 6238 E. 16th St., Terr., Kansas City, Missouri.

*After "Men in White," M-G-M will be obliged to order a new consignment of laurels.*

### Mis-Casts

**W**HY "Riptide?" Such an excellent cast deserves a play suited to their talents.

It actually hurt to see the beautiful and accomplished Norma Shearer in such a role. And after just witnessing the fine performance of Robert Montgomery in "When Ladies Meet"—it's just too bad.—Florence German, 1175 West Wayne St., Lima, Ohio.

*When stars seem superior to their material, it is true proof of their greatness. You have paid Miss Shearer and Mr. Montgomery the highest compliment.*

### Suggested Team

**H**OW about making a team of Robert Young and Mary Carlisle? We fans think they would be great together. At the same time why not give "Bob" Young more roles like the one in "Carolina"?

Mary Carlisle has everything that a real star needs, plays piano, good looks, and a charming personality. Give her a chance. She's an actress, not just a plain movie star.—M. Conklin, 403 N. 40th Ave., W., Duluth, Minn.

*Unfortunately, their paths divide. Mr. Young seems destined for dramatic roles—Miss Carlisle for light comedy.*

(Please turn to page 96)

## KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED  
CIGARETTES



### SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshingsmoke. We want Kools".... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

### FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.





## MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

**W**OMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



**10c**  
**MAKES 1 PINT**

*New improved*  
**WILDROOT  
WAVE POWDER**

**RADIO GIRL  
PERFUME  
and FACE POWDER**

*Unseen Beauty Wins*

To visible beauty add this exquisite fragrance and you will have irresistible charm... RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded from French essential oils—to glorify the modern American Girl... And RADIO GIRL Face Powder spreads a delicate film to beautify and protect your skin. There is a shade for your complexion.

(Use this Coupon for FREE SAMPLES)  
"RADIO GIRL," St. Paul, Minn.  
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder.  
I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.) T-7

Name.....  
Address.....

# The People's Academy

(Continued from page 95)

## Loveless Films

**A**LTHOUGH I have been away from the States nearly two years, I receive film magazines. I remember well—I have not seen or heard of any film without love. In my estimation the ordinary man does not fight for love. So it is very tiresome to see one begging for love in the films. My word of advice is that the producers should wake up and make a loveless film.—*Louis J. Gluckstein, Leningrad 108, Uyboriski Rayon Laboratornaya Ul., Donne 11 17 K. B. 9, U.S.S.R.*

*Some loveless films have made a hit, as witness "The Lost Patrol."*

## Smoky the Magnificent

**J**UST when I was beginning to get "fed up" on the seemingly endless chain of so-called musical extravaganzas and wondering if producers would ever cease making them came a picture that is beautiful beyond description and so different.

"Smoky" was just a horse. But the story of his life, punctuated with gorgeous scenery, pathos and comedy makes a never-to-be-forgotten picture.—*Mary Lou Zebroe, 315 E. Del Mar Ave., Pasadena, California.*

*And yet you wouldn't want to see a procession of animal pictures, would you?*

## A Tribute to Mr. Van de Water

**Y**OUR invitation to express opinions of Mr. Van de Water's reviews of current productions is a pleasure second only to the privilege of reading his comments, and speaking for myself and others, I wish to say:

First, we like them because he is sport enough not to assume a dogmatic, superior attitude which precludes a difference of opinion.

Second, he is intelligent enough to give the public credit for the same quality, and voices the splendid truth that entertainment (pictures especially) should play up and not down to audiences.

Third, he has a friendly way of mentioning the good points of both actors and productions even when the results are not all he would like to see.

Fourth, because he is not afraid to praise when occasion deserves, thereby making his criticism constructive; not merely an effort to pick flaws, which convinces his reader of his sincerity.—*Annie Campbell Jones, 220 North Mount Vernon Street, Prescott, Arizona.*

*Mr. Van de Water realizes that movie audiences not only see and hear, but also think.*

## Laurels To:

**Fredric March**—For his fine performance in: "Death Takes a Holiday." It was a role that could have easily been over-done!

**Mae West**—For her outstanding personality. Whether you approve of her, or not, you simply cannot ignore her.

**Ralph Bellamy**—For his convincing manner in "Once to Every Woman." He has the kind of voice a doctor should have.

**Elissa Landi**—For staying different despite criticism from those who do not appreciate intellectuals.

**Marian Nixon**—Whose performance in "Pilgrimage" still haunts me. Why isn't she appreciated more?

**Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver**; for just existing! We don't see half enough of them!—*Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.*

*You've certainly picked a galaxy of winners, Miss King! The Order of Merit well becomes them all.*

## Motion Pictures vs. Drama

**I** AM glad to see that efforts are being made to include a course in photoplay appreciation in our schools. The drama has had its place in the curriculum for years, but there are many moving pictures of merit which never saw, or will see, the legitimate stage. The educational move is a sincere compliment to the great influence of the movies. On the other hand Hollywood must turn out better pictures in the future to meet the more cultivated taste of the public.—*Holly English, 262 South Street, Utica, N. Y.*

*We agree that education and entertainment need not necessarily be strange bed-fellows.*

## An Aid to Science

**T**HERE is a lot of chatter nowadays about the improvement of motion pictures. The public blames the local distributor, who blames the producer, who lays the responsibility back on the public, where it rightly belongs, if motion pictures need improvement.

Be that as it may, we must not forget that motion pictures have been and are an outstanding aid to science in presenting the latest achievements in this field in a visual way, that is understandable by people in all walks of life.

This has led to a great interest on the part of the general public in the study of science, as indicated by the large number of books borrowed and read from the various public and private libraries all over the country. Science did not have such an educational ally before the advent of moving pictures.—*Bert Morehouse, 238 S. Hudson Ave., Pasadena, California.*

*Science created its own ally.*

## Paul Kelly—Trouper

**I**T is not often that one finds an individual with sufficient strength in his own convictions to brave heart-aches, tragedy and gossip, and still come out ahead. An unfortunate past will not hinder the future of Paul Kelly. He has proved his mettle; established his worth. Good luck to a real trouper—He deserves it!—*A. Travis, 1627 South Carson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*





## Have You a Baby in Your Home?

Here are 7 Diagram Patterns for baby things . . 10 cents complete

One of the joys of a baby is sewing for him—or her. Diagram patterns are an easy new way to sew from patterns you make yourself. Complete directions and instructions are given for the following baby things:

- ★ The newest thing in knitted rompers with bunny decorations.
- ★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for short-sleeved jacket.
- ★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for baby bonnet.
- ★ Bear floor pad covered with glazed chintz.
- ★ Bird and animal appliques.
- ★ Pads for nursery chair made from scraps of colored cotton.
- ★ Small coat hanger and cap stand covered with satin ribbon.

Send 10 cents For a Complete set "BABY PATTERNS" to

Frances Cowles

**TOWER MAGAZINES**  
(INCORPORATED)

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## The People's Academy

*Paul Kelly's friends are all with you. His courage equals his ability as an actor.*

### Another Team?

WHO'S the most fascinating man on the screen? Good looking, well dressed and a great actor? Of course, it's Franchot Tone. But why isn't he cast as a star in more pictures? He has wonderful dramatic ability and played so well opposite Joan Crawford. They both played superbly in "Dancing Lady." Why aren't they starred together in more pictures? If you take my advice you'll be organizing a great team for the screen.

I hope this is published in your NEW MOVIE Magazine, of which I am a steady reader.—Margaret C. Rothermel, 209 E. Pine Street, Goldsboro, North Carolina.

*They will be teamed again in "Sadie McKee." And later perhaps in other pictures.*

### Boosting Bellamy and Sullavan

I HAVE been a silent reader of "The People's Academy" for a long time, but I can no longer be silent—and I hope this misses the waste-paper basket.

First, I want to say how much I enjoyed "Only Yesterday." I think it was by far the outstanding picture of 1933. Words can't express how marvelous Margaret Sullavan was. I hope (and so do many others' that we shall see her many more times.

And one more thing—Ralph Bellamy, that wonderful actor you hear so little about. Why not a Janet Gaynor-Ralph Bellamy team? They would make an ideal couple.

In the future I hope to see Ralph Bellamy play the lead in some very good pictures—and with Janet Gaynor.—Hazel Lasater, 502 West Lamone, Bozeman, Montana.

*Have you seen Ralph Bellamy in "Spitfire," or Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?" They improve with each performance.*

### COOKING ON THE ICE

This month's recipes tell how to make a wide variety of dishes with the aid of the modern refrigerator. Here are the circulars:

1. Modern mousses and parfaits
2. Refrigerator ice creams and ices
3. Chilled desserts
4. Ice Box cakes
5. Frozen and chilled salads
6. Chilled meats and vegetable dishes
7. Beverages
8. Refrigerator pastry and rolls

If you would like copies of these circulars, send 10 cents to Food Editor, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look—and the irritation—that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free—and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores—50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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## X-BAZIN

removes hair

### FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you. Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. G-40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores. . .

## POISON IVY Conquered!

Colloidal Solution Sets Records For Drying Up Blisters, Relieving Itch

ARTICLES in medical journals and text-books praise a poison-ivy treatment to which doctors have been giving more and more attention. This treatment, using "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) soothes itching like magic; marvelous for quick drying of blisters, preventing spread of infection and giving relief for burning and pain. You can now use this "CAC" treatment yourself! Ask your druggist for it by the name HYDROSAL. In either liquid or ointment form, HYDROSAL is highly effective and amazingly quick. Excellent for such skin disorders as eczema, boils, burns, sunburn. Be sure to get the right name however—HYDROSAL.

**Hydrosal**



# Enjoy Skin Comfort From Head to Foot



Relieve  
Complexion  
Blemishes



Allay Bodily  
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WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

Perhaps you have considered the Resinol treatment for complexion faults only, because it so successfully helps to clear up clogged facial pores, blackheads and pimples, and to make ugly complexions clearer, smoother, lovelier. Yet it does even more—it soothes and promotes healing of skin irritation anywhere on the body.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts.

Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 4-J, Baltimore, Md.

**Resinol**  
Ointment

**WON'T RUB OFF!**

**REALSHINE  
SHOE DRESSING**

is the perfect finish for shoes, purses, gloves, belts and all summer accessories and sportswear. Regular Realshining every week saves money—keeps shoes new.



**10¢**  
AT YOUR  
5 AND 10 CENT  
STORE

**Realshine**  
**WHITE**  
SHOE CLEANER & DRESSING

REALSHINE CO., INC. • GALVESTON, TEXAS

# Junior Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 6)

Mae West's picture, "It Ain't No Sin," Katherine arrived on the set only to see the director go into spasms and tell Katherine she was too terribly thin for the part. Miss DeMille was sent to the Wardrobe Department immediately and padded from head to foot (so to speak), before being permitted to appear before the cameras.

\* \* \*

What, with all this run-around, Rochelle Hudson's been giving the press on her marriage plans—I packed my pencil behind the left ear, struck out for the Fox lot, determined to get the low-down on the goil's love life. Here she comes now.

"Rochelle, what's this I hear—"

"Oh,—oh,—I know what you're here for—and I'm telling you I'm not married—but I have hopes. There's your answer before you start. Say,—do you want to know something funny? I just finished a picture with Warner Baxter, and the stand-ins for Warner and me are so sore they won't even speak to us, because we refused to let them work for us in the big love scenes. You see, the fellow who has been standing in for Warner for five years (while the camera men and electricians make the necessary adjustments) has quite a crush on the girl who does that job for me. We had lots of fun and had to take the scene over about twenty times. Say, you know what? . . ."

"No, I don't know what. What?"

"The old meanies wouldn't let me wear my engagement ring in the picture. It was heart-breaking."

"Which reminds me—about the marriage question—"

"Oh, did I tell you? I just found my dog after a whole year. Can you beat it?"

"What? The dog?"

"No, silly."

"O. K. But, what about this? Who is the lucky guy?"

"I was just going to tell you about something else. I'm going to be a gold-digger this Summer."

"This Summer?"

"Yes—my father has an eight thousand acre ranch in Kansas, and he just found gold on it, so I'm going back home to help him dig. By the way, how do you like my sun-tan? I've been down at Palm Springs and got so brown that the camera men had a terrific time photographing me for the end of the picture. I sort-a thought I could just do a natural fade-out at the end. Cute, eh? S' long."

So, you see, fellow reporters, that's how I found out all about Rochelle's marriage plans.

\* \* \*

NO—Tom Brown is not ready to be married. No—Tom Brown has not thrown over Anita Louise for Ida Lupino or any one else. NO—Tom is not engaged to Anita—although they are in love with each other, but both realize they are very young in pictures as well as real life, and have much ground to cover before they can think seriously of being engaged or married.

Ida Lupino's friends call her "Lupy." You can call her what you like, but first let me tell you about this new club she started. It is tagged "Lupy's Lousy Lot"—and the members meet

around Lupy's swimming pool every Sunday afternoon and have much fun, and stuff. Of course, it's not a real organization and doesn't interfere at all with the Puppets, but is merely an informal sort of thing, with Ida Lupino, running around pushing people into the pool. Ducky—what?

\* \* \*

Following the refusal of the Wampas to pick 1934 baby stars from among girls under contract to studios, Paramount announces its six "protégées"—a sextette of beauties in whom the studio sees possibility of future stardom. These girls were selected from a group of twenty prospects by the vote of all executives, writers, directors and players in the studio. Paramount will give these girls especially written roles in the strongest possible vehicles, so they will have every opportunity to prove themselves. The six protégées are: Evelyn Venable, Frances Drake, Dorothy Dell, Helen Mack, Elizabeth Young and Ida Lupino.

\* \* \*

While on the subject of young stars, there are few people who really know the reason for the Wampas selection—or even where the name originates. "Wampas" is a coined catch-word, derived from the initials of its more dignified and official name—"Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers Society." Made legal by its constitution and made famous by its activities, the word "Wampas" has become so well established that many of its members have forgotten where it originated. Wampas girls selected for 1934 include: Judith Arlen, Hollywood; Betty Bryson, Los Angeles—niece of Warner Baxter; Jean Carmen, Portland, Oregon; Helen Cohan—daughter of George M. Cohan, famous New York stage star; Dorothy Drake, Santa Monica, California; Jean Gale, San Francisco; Hazel Hayes, La Crosse, Kansas; Ann Hovey, Mount Vernon, Indiana; Lucille Lund, Buckley, Washington; Lu Anne Meredith, Dallas, Texas; Gigi Parrish, Cambridge, Mass; Jacqueline Wells, Dallas, Texas, and Kathryn Williams, Seattle, Wash.

\* \* \*

"Mother, let's sell this house and move," said Patricia Ellis a few days ago, when her mother returned from New York. "There's something queer going on and I can't make it out. Several times after you left I heard my name distinctly called, first 'Patricia',—then 'Pat, Pat'—and when I answered, there was no one there. Then, I heard Bob's name called and he hadn't been here all day. Let's get out of here—let's move!" But Pat's mother was calm, though admittedly puzzled. "Well, dear," said Mrs. Ellis, "we'll wait and see if it happens again." It wasn't long. Out of the blue, came the voice—"Pat, Pat—Patricia,—Hey Bob"—but at the same time, a neighbor's voice was heard to say, "Polly, keep quiet, you'll disturb the whole neighborhood with your squawking." So the mystery is solved—Pat's nerves are settled, and Mrs. Ellis won't move.

\* \* \*

William Janney's pals have started calling him "Dagwood"—you know, the funny paper guy—because he's getting so absent-minded. But don't blame Billy.



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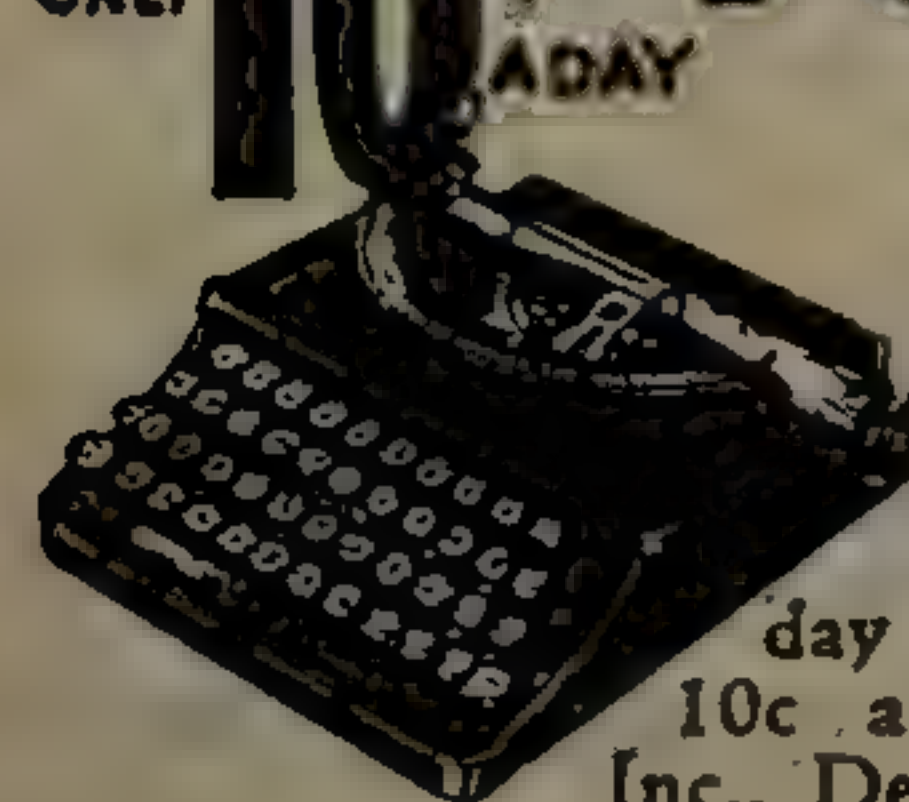
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## Junior Hollywood Gossip

That Jacqueline Wells is beautiful enough to make anyone slightly vacant. . . . Joan Marsh wins the brass shoe-lace for having the smallest feet of any actress her age in motion pictures. . . . One of Paramount's young ingenues has finally decided the only way she can keep from eating those chocolate sundaes and things that put on pounds, is to leave her purse home every morning. But the little gal has too many boy friends who are anxious to take her ice-creaming. . . . The new talent in Hollywood is going to have its chance, so keep your eyes open for the new names on the younger set roll call in pictures next year. You'll be hearing from Barbara Pepper, Cynthia Lawton, Frank Tennil, Sydney Kent, Grace Durkin, Mary Blackford, Marie Wilson, Robin Ainsley and Dawn O'Day. They may change their names, but I'll let you know. . . .

All of which reminds me that seventeen thousand extras are struggling for existence in Hollywood. Each undoubtedly started with the thought, "if I don't succeed in a year, I'll try something else." But as each has discovered—once the motion picture business gets you, you can never tear yourself away. Eighteen-year-old Pancho Lucas gave up acting three months ago to take a law course at the University of Southern California. Last week, however, Pancho was found talking with the casting director of Warner Brothers, whom he contacted between college classes. There was a chance Pancho would make another picture and all the law books since Blackstone couldn't keep Jean Parker's good-looking boy friend from answering the call.

The guests at Pat Ellis' party are: Top row, left to right: Jean Muir, Miss Ellis, Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Kirkland, Mary Carlisle, Anita Louise and Grace Durkin. Bottom row, left to right: Henry Wadsworth, Dick Cromwell, Philip Reed, Tom Brown and Paul Kay.

## Cleopatra Was No Different

(Continued from page 29)

collected would make a modern woman green with envy. Her evening gowns were countless and glittered with precious stones which were used in bands of trimming. Diaphanous materials, fashioned in slinky lines, frequently had flowing or trailing scarfs, even as the 1934 evening gowns.

She also had quite a collection of sports clothes, for Cleopatra was no clinging vine. She played at games with Caesar and Antony, and she went to war with them.

But in the evening, presiding over great feasts and entertainments, she was at her best. Then she made an elaborate and careful toilet. She started with a milk bath, followed by a massage with scented oils and lotions, until her body was aglow with youth and fragrance.

(Please turn to page 100)

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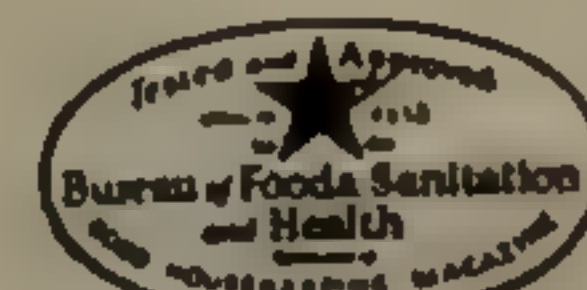
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# Cleopatra Was No Different

(Continued from page 99)

On her body went a gown of costly fabric, encrusted with precious gems. On her feet went tiny bejewelled sandals. And in her hair were placed jewelled pins and hair ornaments. Powder, rouge and eye-shadow beautified her face.

Her toenails and fingernails glittered with a fresh manicure. An aroma of seductive perfume wafted from her. In short she was a perfect specimen of the carefully groomed woman of 1934.

Cleopatra was beautiful, after a fashion. But her beauty was not so striking as to dazzle men by any means. That is why she employed so many beauty aids. Of course she had sex appeal and was a master in the art of love. But you can find many women today who equal her combination of beauty and sex appeal.

**H**OWEVER, beauty and sex appeal cannot fascinate men any more than beauty and sex appeal can make stars in motion pictures. Success comes only when beauty and sex appeal are combined with brains.

You may rest assured that Cleopatra had extraordinary brains. When she set out to charm a man she used every ounce of brain power at her command. She worked continually to amuse the man she loved, and she developed great knowledge of every topic that interested him.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has had four husbands to Cleopatra's two, understands this same secret for attracting men. When an interviewer asked Peggy her technique in attracting men, she said, "Be a pal." And that is exactly the technique that Cleopatra used. Plutarch, the historian, says of her:

"She had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his (Caesar's) wishes. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted and fished with him, and when he exercised in arms she was there to see . . . she also fascinated him by the art of love."

To attract a man is one thing. But modern women have come to realize that it is more difficult to hold a man once they have attracted him. And the woman who can be an unfailing pal to a man will have no difficulty holding his love.

**M**AN'S life, you know, is divided into three different parts. First there is his everyday business life, then his sports life and finally his love life.

Cleopatra, by using her brains and natural charms, became a perfect pal in all three of these divisions. She made love a business, and eventually she succeeded at it. She never acted spoiled, petulant or out-of-sorts. No matter what her inner feelings might be, she always appeared affable around the man she loved.

However, Cleopatra was not always victorious over the men of her affections. She loved Caesar passionately, but he never returned her love with the same ardor.

Caesar, you see, had been married four times when he met Cleopatra, who was then an unplucked rose. Caesar taught her the ways of love, but he did not return her love. He merely pretended to be fascinated by her charms because he saw that through Cleopatra he could obtain the vast wealth

and territory of Egypt for the Roman Empire.

Cleopatra, on the other hand, was flattered by the attention of Caesar. He was a fine gentleman, a great warrior and a famous statesman. And he probably was not loath to accept her love, but he never lost sight of his goal to control the vast wealth of Egypt.

So, you see, Cleopatra was not infallible with men. She was deceived by Caesar even as women before and since have been deceived by men.

**T**HE manner in which Cleopatra managed to meet Caesar is amusing. Ptolemy, her brother, was in command of Alexandria when Caesar conquered the city. Cleopatra had been driven from the palace by her brother, but when she heard that the great Caesar had captured the city, she determined to visit him.

To escape discovery, she had herself concealed in a roll of bedding and carried into the city on the back of a faithful servant. The servant placed the bedding before Caesar, and out sprang Cleopatra. There she was, a fugitive at Caesar's mercy. And what happened?

One historian says: "They talked all night that night and before the sun rose Caesar had decided to put Cleopatra back on the throne."

You might guess that their talk covered a lot of territory!

The Romans were very bitter against Caesar because he tarried so long in Egypt with Cleopatra. And after Caesar was assassinated, his successor, Marc Antony, ordered Cleopatra to come before him. Antony intended to put her in chains and lead her through the city as a disgraced captive.

But here's what happened. Cleopatra "came sailing up the river Cyndus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like sea nymphs and Graces."

Antony immediately fell in love with her. Instead of taking Cleopatra to Rome as his prisoner, Cleopatra took Antony to Egypt as her captive of love. And he lingered so long in loving her and feasting with her that the Romans finally overthrew him.

**A**LTHOUGH she lived 2,000 years ago, Cleopatra really wasn't much different from the women of today. She employed much the same beauty aids and love technique.

She loved but two men and married both. And she had children by them and was loyal to them even unto death. She was not ravishingly beautiful, but she learned to make the most of what nature had given her.

Alexandria, where Cleopatra lived, is described as a city of sun, cool ocean breezes and white buildings. There was always a blaze of flowers, so we are told. English hollyhocks, fox gloves and stock grew side by side with plants of southern Europe.

Why, ancient Alexandria might have been modern Hollywood and Cleopatra might easily have been a movie star!



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## Garbo's Destiny

(Continued from page 37)

found that the less people could find out about Garbo, the more they wanted to know, and the studio proceeded to spin a web of mystery around her.

"Duse and Bernhardt were constantly in personal contact with the public; and they were as dazzling off-stage as they were behind the footlights. They were truly great. On the other hand, Garbo would probably faint if she had to attend a reception for the newspaper and magazine writers.

"By saying she is not great, I do not mean that she isn't a fine actress and a charming woman. She is just a wholesome, natural person. For instance, it's difficult to think of the 'mysterious' Garbo as the giggly sort, isn't it? But it's a fact. On the 'Inspiration' set, Bob Montgomery's customary banter and ribbing among his fellow actors had Garbo in continual spasms of giggling—as much at home and having as good a time as any of the others on the set.

"Garbo herself doesn't think she's great; that's why her fellow actors do not feel that she's being high-hat when the prop boy places a black screen back of her during the shooting of a scene. They understand that she is shy, and they realize that she can do her best work if a gang of extras, technicians, and actors aren't watching her. And so they respect her and leave her alone as much as possible.

"She is almost as diffident today as she was five years ago. A suave, well-poised actor like Lewis Stone scares her to death. As far as I can see, Greta Garbo differs from any shy girl with an ability to act, only in that she has the gift of shaking off this shyness while being photographed."

JOHN GILBERT says, "I played opposite Garbo at practically the beginning of her career... 'A Woman of Affairs,' you remember. And now I have just finished playing opposite her in 'Queen Christina' her most recent picture. In the latter picture, I was aware, of course, that her screen technique had improved immensely. That is natural; she has become confident of her English and of her growing knowledge of American customs.

"What is generally called *genius* is not as mysterious as it is claimed to be. Every great person is *great* because he or she appeals to a large number of people through a remarkable ability to understand humanity. Greta is great, because shy as she is, she understands and deeply sympathizes with a wide range of human problems. Her ability to give understanding interpretation to her roles is not due to a self-imposed divine inspiration, but to the ease with which she can project herself in the part she is portraying. Her imagination is so limitless that she can—on the screen—be a disillusioned circus performer or a queen trapped by her own regal power and laugh or weep in either role with equal sincerity.

"When Garbo says to a camera 'all this great joy I feel now, Antonio' she means it from the bottom of her heart. As she develops as a woman, so Garbo's technique in interpreting the vast scope of her imagination will grow. To that extent, a thing which only the future can divulge, Greta Garbo will become a screen immortal."

(Please turn to page 102)

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WAVE SET**

# Garbo's Destiny

(Continued from page 101)

CLARK GABLE pulled in his belt a notch and leaned back reflectively against the sound stage. "East is East, and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet," he said. "—And neither shall the stage and screen. Miss Garbo is a screen actress; I can only talk about her in that light."

"When you think of the screen's most enduring personalities, the people who have survived the years and all the changes, you think only of a small handful of men and women. And I sincerely believe that Greta Garbo will always be numbered among them. Each one of these so-called immortals has offered to the world something new and different, something which cannot be duplicated. That I believe, is the fundamental truth upon which her amazing success has been built."

At this point Clark lighted a cigarette and puffed at it dreamily in silence. I began to think that in humpty-dumpty fashion he had finished with the interview, but suddenly he continued, frowning, as though arguing something out with himself, "She possesses something more than beauty and acting ability . . . I can't name or define it . . . The word *personality* does not cover it—" Suddenly returning to earth and smiling his good-natured smile "—But everyone feels it, the people with whom she works as well as the audiences who see her on the screen. I don't think that Miss Garbo, herself, is aware of it. As a co-worker she is always cooperative and cordial. She has a thoroughly human sense of humor and understanding. She has the strength of will to live her own life her own way. But, in spite of this humanness and this cordiality, she has Something—which must be spelled with a capital 'S'."

"It's that capital 'S' that makes you repeatedly refer to her as 'Miss' Garbo," I interrupted.

Clark grinned and nodded his head. "She's an individual," he concluded. "No one else is, or can be, like her. And all immortals are individuals."

CHARLES BICKFORD, Hollywood's red-headed, two-fisted, he-man, who in "Anna Christie" played opposite Garbo at the most crucial moment of her career—her talkie debut—believes that the famed Swedish star has genius.

"Her power comes from within," Bickford says. "She doesn't know what her power is any more than she knows what makes her eyelashes so long—they're the real thing, by the way. She only knows what I do, that when she goes before the cameras she is able to project herself into her role—forget shyness—live the role. That's genius."

"Genius isn't discovered. Genius just is. Stiller didn't think he was bringing a genius to America. He had a good job in America; he was in love with Garbo; so he did what any man in love would have done. He said, 'I have an actress friend; she's good. If you want me, you'll have to take her too.' And so M-G-M took Garbo, and no one was more surprised, when the box office recorded her a smash hit, than Stiller, Garbo, and M-G-M!"

"As for her immortality, I don't believe that Garbo will ever rest in a niche beside Bernhardt and Duse unless she follows her screen career with

a stage career. An in-the-flesh role, uninterrupted by repeated mechanical changes of scene, or breaks in continuity, such as is only possible behind the footlights, is the only medium by which an immortal characterization can be performed. If in the future, Garbo overcomes her dread of public contact—which I doubt greatly she will do—and gets a few good stage roles, I would be the first to predict her immortal triumph.

"Garbo's present hold on her public isn't all due to the 'mystery woman' publicity which has been built up around her. Other screen actresses have tried to be retiring and silent, but in no case have they succeeded in mystifying the public, for the obvious reason that they weren't altogether sincere. Garbo is shy from the very bottom of her heart. She dreads and dislikes to be noticed or touched by strangers. She is simple and honest and direct with her friends and associates on the set. And through the medium of the silver screen she brings a lot of pleasure and fine interpretation to the movie-going public. With these things in her favor, I can't understand an attitude that begrudges her the right to be shy and retiring off-screen, if it so happens that it isn't in her nature to be otherwise."

"Garbo is an artist. She isn't waiting to amass a great fortune and then scuttle back to Sweden with her American dollars. She loves every minute on the set. She was born with that love of acting, seldom so pronounced in women of this age—I mean acting, not just showing off—which enables her to give the inspired performance you see on the screen. What she is off-screen is of no importance—a mystery woman—a myth created by writers for the sake of sensationalism—in reality, a natural girl who wants to be let alone."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S ten-league legs had carried him halfway across the M-G-M lot before I caught up with him. "Aw, for the love of Mike!" he puffed. "Why don't you ask me something easy—I don't understand the woman—I was so nervous and excited when I was assigned that role with Greta Garbo in 'Inspiration' that I was practically inarticulate. And I still don't know what there is about her . . . I don't know what to say!"

"She affects me that way too," I encouraged. "What is it Garbo has that other actresses lack?"

"Well," Bob resumed, "I don't know what I expected Garbo to be, certainly not just an ordinary woman, or, comparatively new in pictures though I was, I wouldn't have been quite so jittery. And what did I find?"—lifting his eyebrows in one of his arch smiles—"A gal who did everything in her power to make it pleasant and easy for me, and a swell actress to get along with! Needless to say, I soon got over the jitters, and in fact had a lot of fun kidding with her. Nothing gets by Garbo—she has a great sense of humor!"

"About this immortality business, I believe that my first feeling, that strange mixture of awe and excitement, that belief that she is more than an



## Garbo's Destiny

ordinary woman, is the secret of Garbo's hold on the publics of the world. She has built about herself a wall of mystery and inaccessibility. People, watching her on the screen, feel that. While other actresses are warm, flesh and blood women with human feelings and frailties, Greta Garbo seems made of different clay.

"Of course she's shy and justifiably silent about her private affairs—but that isn't what I mean by calling her 'mysterious.' I mean that certain something that makes Garbo an enigma even to herself. Bernhardt and Duse were open books, compared with Garbo! Yes indeed! . . . Garbo will rank with the immortals, with Bernhardt and Duse of the stage, not because she is a greater actress than many other women of motion pictures, but because she has this personality that is so outstandingly unique and undefinable."

And thus the men in her American picture career predict the stellar destiny of the one and only Garbo. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die," said some scribe. And with that the case, whether or not we ascribe greatness to Garbo's repeated screen triumphs, it is safe to say that her destiny lies the way of the Immortals.

## Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 53)

Jack LaRue fetched Bobbie LaBranch. By the way, that valentining of Jack and Ida Lupino seems to be all off.

Hollywood birthday cakes are proverbially large, but Sari's was just about the biggest any little girl has had to cut. Alison Skipworth helped her serve that and the turkey sandwiches. And Alison also handed out some funny wise-cracks at the same time.

Sari started to eat her piece of cake, and Alison glanced at the huge pile still remaining after everybody was served.

"That's what I call eating your cake and having it too!" she remarked.

The only hot-cha happening at the party occurred when Jack LaRue and Bobbie LaBranch knocked over a table while doing imitations of Bing Crosby.

Jimmy Durante is on the spot. He admits it, and it's all the fault of his talents.

"All the big song writers are gang-ing against me since the composer in me started coming out," said Schnozzle. "Since I wrote a coupla songs for my new picture, RKO has been hot to have me do some more. The other studios are after me, too, and I'm expecting a call from grand opera. The other composers are after my scalp. But, shucks, a guy can't help it if he's talented."

John Miljan and John Mack Brown were arguing next summer's bathing suit trend for women, when Mae West glided in.

"What do girls do with their bath-  
(Please turn to page 104)

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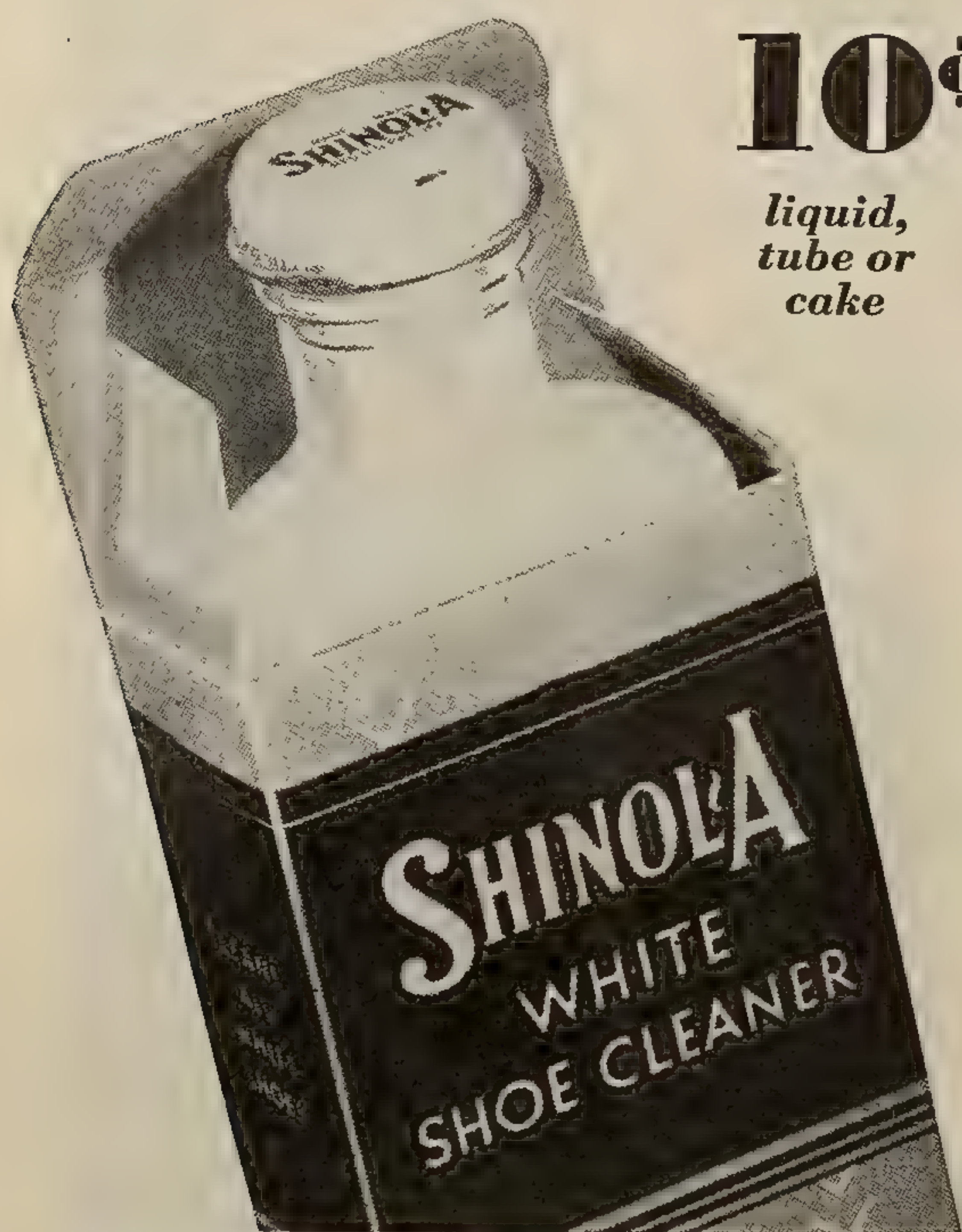


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# Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 103)

ing suits in the Winter?" queried Brown.

"Use 'em for book-marks," cracked Mae.

Speaking of surprise parties, Joe Cawthorne was given a nice one on his birthday by Queenie Vassar Cawthorne, his wife.

John Barrymore goes almost nowhere to parties, but he and the Cawthornes are old friends, so he was present.

And John is always good for a lot of laughs.

We were discussing a very old book, printed in the early eighteen hundreds, concerning one Lord Barrymore, patron of the theater, which John possesses.

"The Lord Chamberlain or somebody was talking about a certain person," said John, "whose escapades are related in the book. Said the L. C.: 'Yes, he associates with drunkards and such like folk. And now he's got so low that he's associating with the Barrymores!'"

Queenie Vassar, once the toast of New York, has a voice that still is lovely. She with many others at the party, including Otto Kruger, Bobby North, Adele Rowland, Joe Cawthorne, gathered 'round the piano and sang the old songs, which Conway Tearle played, all from memory.

And Joe danced a hornpipe. Good jigging, too!

John Barrymore was standing near the telephone, rustling the leaves of the telephone directory, when Maria Alba came within his line of vision. She was looking lovely in a black gown.

"Charming! Charming! Stand still!" exclaimed John, as he continued to turn the leaves of the telephone book, trying to divide his attention between practical and aesthetic subjects.

And Maria stood still until John finally abandoned the telephone book to talk to her.

Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner aren't going to leave their old Glendale home. Though they own a gorgeous Spanish house in Beverly, they prefer the old-fashioned home in Glendale.

"I doubt if we'll ever live again in Beverly," said Louise, at the party that night. "We love that old-fashioned house so much. And mother loves it. I have a wonderful garden there, you know, and I love working in it. It's all right, out in Glendale, for me to go around in khaki short skirt and soiled gloves, with my hair not done in the latest fashion. In Beverly everybody would be shocked to see me in my garden looking like that."

Richard Dix is very devoted to his little daughter, Mary Ellen.

She is with him two or three times a week, when he takes her out in his big automobiles and then home to dinner at his house. There they play games, and Richard is teaching her the alphabet. She loves to toddle beside him on his ranch, too, and there is a pony there for her to learn to ride some day.

And if Richard is devoted to any lady except Mary Ellen, nobody has found it out to date.

Dorothea Wieck's husband has returned to Germany, but Dorothea is a devoted wife, and writes him every day, composing long letters when she is not working in a picture.

Virginia Bruce is not letting her divorce from Jack Gilbert make quite a recluse of her. She is going to the Cocoanut Grove and other pleasure spots to dine and dance. But never with an escort—always with groups of married friends. She looked very pretty the other night when we saw her at the Cocoanut Grove with Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw.

William Janney had his fortune told the other day, and the fortune teller told him he would soon be married, describing Jacqueline Wells to perfection as the lady in the case. Whereupon William admitted to us—we were with him at the fortune telling—that she is wearing the Janney family signet ring now, but he hopes to exchange it for a diamond in the near future.

There's one baby star that the Wampas stork wasn't allowed to deliver.

She is Mary Rogers, daughter of the famous Will. The Wampas boys—members of the publicity organization which elects baby stars every year—wanted to put Mary on the list. But Will Rogers put his foot down.

"Not that I object to Mary's having a career, nor that I have anything against the Wampas," said Will, "but if Mary does have a career, I want her to work up to it without any outside help."

Neither divorces nor broken love affairs seem to put a crimp in the serenity of social groups in Hollywood.

Take an incident that left outsiders gasping, last week, when Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, and Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were sitting together at a table at the Cocoanut Grove, all having a grand time.

And ever since Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were divorced, they have continued members of the same group which included George Brent, Ruth's second husband. And now that Ruth and George are being divorced, may we not expect to see Ruth at parties attended also by both her ex's?

"Main event in the big tent!" exclaimed Joe E. Brown, as he met us at the front door of his Beverly home.

That meant that his party was being held in the huge marquee that had been erected in his rear garden.

Dick Powell had flown all the way up from Caliente to take Mary Brian to the party.

Mary told us a funny story about herself. She said she had been erecting a summer house near her home in Toluca Lake district.

"But some of the neighbors took it for a wayside beer stall or something of the sort," related Mary. "They sent word to me that I would have to get a special permit to sell beer there!"

There is one dad who isn't going to be sore if his son adopts the circus





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**DE WANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER**

## Having Fun in Hollywood

as a profession, and that's Joe E. Brown. It seems that his son Joe rather fancies the profession.

"If a son of mine wants to go out as a circus performer it's all right with me. Of course I wouldn't want him to have the hard knocks I had, but he probably wouldn't have. Circus life isn't as strenuous as it used to be, and it is a wholesome life."

And one of Joe's sons is now working his way around the world on a boat as a sailor.

Ever since his wildly hectic time with the dear public, back in New York, during his personal appearance tour, Clark Gable has longed for a quiet little hide-away, far from the maddening throng, and now he has it.

Clark has bought a funny little cabin on the edge of the desert, near Victorville, California, where he spends quiet week-ends. The cabin has no telephone, and the nearest telegraph station is fifteen miles away, down a rutty road.

You are really not in the Hollywood swim, unless you go from party to party.

So many Saturday night affairs are held that progressive partying is coming to be the rule on that gay night in movieland.

So it was that many guests from David Selznick's big party at the Venetian Room in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel went on to Winfield Sheehan's big party at his home.

Leis and Hawaiian dolls gave color to the David Selznick party, so that everybody arriving at the Sheehan party from the other one wore the Honolulu emblem about his or her neck.

THERE was a lot of dancing at the Sheehan party, but Norma Shearer, who looked lovely in a powder blue evening gown, though besought by many partners, elected not to dance, but to chat with the guests instead, especially with the other young mamas present.

Irving Thalberg, Miss Shearer's husband, however, danced once with the guest of honor, the lovely Madeleine Carroll; Ketti Gallian stepped a fox trot with Winfield Sheehan, and Ronald Colman waltzed with Heather Angel.

Madeleine Carroll is not unmarried, as so many admiring males wish she were. She is the wife of Capt. Philip Astley.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter were among the guests.

The Sheehan party became an almost from dusk-to-dawn party, with some of the later guests including Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Janet Gaynor, Maurice Chevalier, and Kay Francis.

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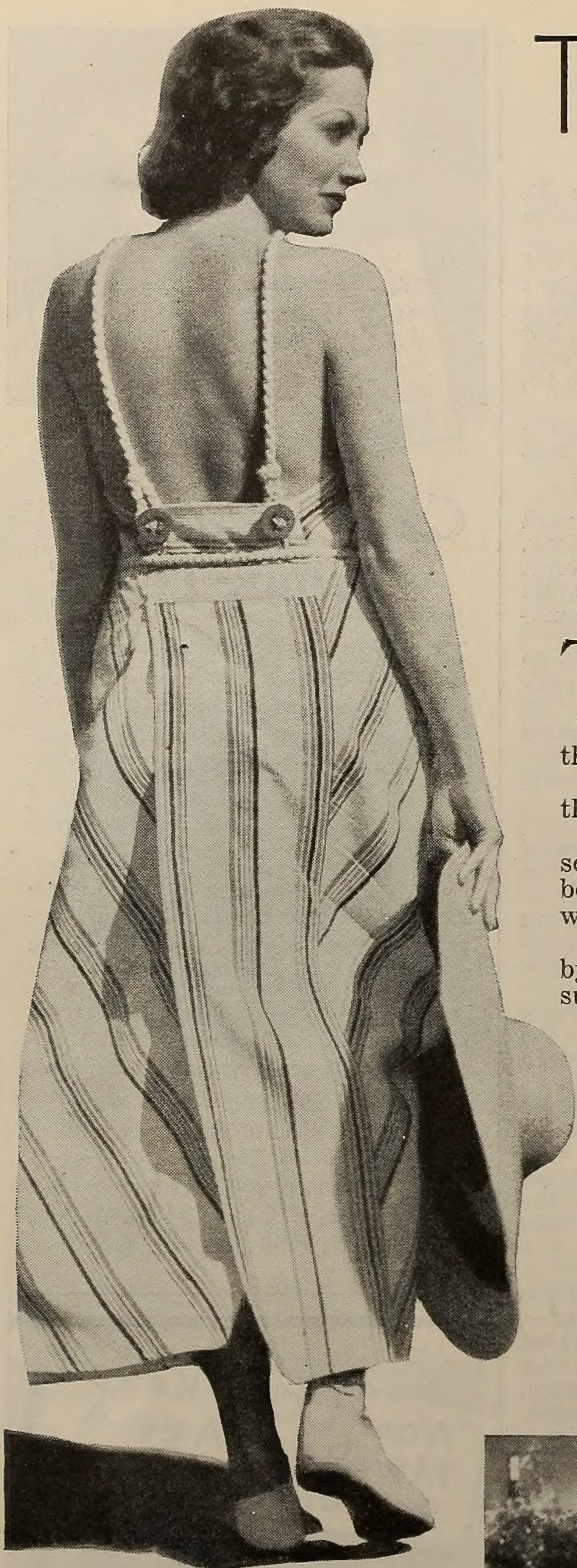
BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



# Taking the SUN in Hollywood

**Adrienne Ames, the most thoroughly sun-tanned woman in Hollywood, avoids over exposure by the regular use of sunburn oil**

By ANN BOYD



Paramount Photos

Here is the newest fashion in bathing frocks of white and red stripes with shoulder straps of white rope, as worn by Adrienne Ames, Paramount player.

Adrienne Ames has chosen a new red, white and blue striped sweater and white jersey slacks which she slips on over her low-backed bathing suit after her daily sun bath

**T**O tan or not to tan? That is the burning question in Hollywood today, what with Winter far behind us and Summer in full swing.

As in everything else, there are extremes among the stars on this particular subject.

Adrienne Ames is probably the most thoroughly tanned woman in these parts.

From an erstwhile "white sister," the lovely Adrienne slowly blossomed into a perfect shade of buttered toast brown. I say slowly because, realizing the drastic effects of over-exposure, Miss Ames went into the thing wisely and without haste.

Rubbing her entire body, face and all, with a sunburn oil, she began by spending but five minutes a day (back and front) in the bright sunshine.

Little by little, she increased this time limit until the desired shade of tan had been acquired. Then, the treatment was reduced to keep that particular tone, as is.

The eyes must have it, too, although in a much less degree than the rest of the body. The delicate optic tissues should at no time be subjected to the penetrating rays of the sun, but in order to obtain an even tone of tan around the eyes Miss Ames does not start out her tanning treatment with dark glasses. To start with, she sits in the sun for five minutes a day without the glasses and after that wears them until the treatment is finished.

To remove any excess oil after a daily tanning process of this sort is completed, Miss Ames finds it best to rub the body briskly with a turkish towel wrung out of warm water. Then hop under the shower, and . . . there you are.

Then there are other girls who, like Sidney Fox, present the other extreme in summer complexions. While Sidney is naturally as white as a lily her greatest difficulty is the fact that instead of tanning nicely, only a little exposure to the direct rays of the sun turns her skin a painful shade of pink.

The best plan for girls of this type to follow is to remain in the shade as much as possible. If exposure is unavoidable, a liberal use of oils and creams especially designed for protection against sunburn is the surest prevention against injurious and painful results.

Once the skin has become tan or freckled there are mild bleaches that may be used to advantage.

Lily white, untanned skins, or evenly brown skins—both are favored by Hollywood stars during the summer months. Make up your mind which suits your type and complexion best, but remember that no one admires a burned skin nor the rough blotched appearance that comes after the skin has once blistered. With a little patience and the use of specially prepared cosmetics, summer sunshine will offer no obstacle to your year round quest for beauty.





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Called "SAVAGE," because its maddening hues and the completely seductive softness it imparts to lips, found their inspiration in primitive, savage love. Also, because its extreme indelibility permits Savage to cling as lip color has never clung before . . . *savagely*! Of course, it is different from ordinary lipstick. Put it on—rub it in—then, delight in finding that nothing remains on your lips but ravishing, transparent color. Four really exciting shades; and you are invited to actually test them all at the Savage Shade Selector prominently displayed wherever Savage is sold.



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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



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